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THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

*The Life of Bishop Gray.**

ALL good churchmen in South Africa will hail with pleasure the publication of these long-expected volumes. The work is only edited by the Rev. Charles Gray, Vicar of Helmsley, in Yorkshire, but the real writer's name does not transpire. He or she appears, however, to have had access to a very interesting collection of letters, and the Bishop's journals, diaries, and general correspondence have furnished the compiler with ample material out of which to weave a most instructive and fascinating biography. Even in his teens the late Bishop seems to have had a strong bias for the Church; and his tastes, proclivities, and general tone of thought early marked him out as likely to be a worthy successor to the honours and repute acquired by his father, the late Bishop of Bristol. It is, perhaps, not very generally known that during the celebrated Bristol riots in 1831—when Colonel Brereton, commanding the 14th Cavalry, temporised and tried to make himself popular with the mob, walking up and down College Green, fraternising with its leaders—the father of our late Bishop had to suffer largely from the mistaken clemency of the military authorities. Colonel Brereton destroyed himself rather than face the court martial impending on him for giving up the town to revolution; but the Bishop's palace was effectually plundered and set fire to, and a wild attempt was made to burn down the cathedral, which fortunately was frustrated; but the riots cost the good old prelate over £10,000, including the loss of library and valuable papers. At that time his namesake Robert was barely twenty-two, and the events of that eventful Sunday made a deep impression upon the son. As his brothers and sisters were rather delicate in chest, it is not a matter of surprise that serious views of life were the result of witnessing the early deaths of his sister Fanny and his brother Augustus. From his earliest age Robert Gray had looked to the priesthood as his vocation; and this season of sorrow seems to have quickened his earnestness and desire after holiness very considerably. A little

* "Life of Robert Gray, Bishop of Cape Town, and Metropolitan of South Africa."
Edited by his son, the Rev. CHARLES GRAY, M.A. Rivingtons, London, 1875.

book, dated April, 1853, and headed with the words of St. Paul, "Pray without ceasing," contains sundry prayers evidently written for his own use. One of these prayers was so remarkably fulfilled in the after life of him who prayed it, that we must quote a few sentences. "Give me skill and conduct prudently to steer my course through all difficulties in my way; and give me patience and courage to withstand all assaults and opposition which I may have to encounter. Open to me a door of utterance that I may speak Thy word as I ought to speak; and make me faithful in my sacred calling, doing Thy work as a workman that needs not to be ashamed; not preaching myself, but Christ Jesus my Lord; not seeking the praise of men, but the honour of my God." On the 17th January, 1834, he was ordained priest by the Bishop of Bath and Wells; and after his father's death he went to take possession of the living of Whitworth, to which he had been presented by the Chapter of Durham Cathedral, and had been duly "read in" on the 27th April previous. Here he evidently spent a very happy time, though in his journal he protests strongly against the many claims upon his time, showing the struggle going on between his own genial love of society, where his bright hearty presence was always eagerly sought, and the conviction that such indulgence militated against his higher duties. He seems, however, to have worked very hard in his parish; but the want of a house at Whitworth was an exceeding annoyance, and he had so much trouble in stirring up his patrons to get one built for him, that in one of his letters to his sister he writes thus: "I am afraid my business in Whitworth will end in my resigning the living. The best prospect I have at present is to get a house by a sacrifice of £100 to £150, and reducing the living to about £120 per annum. What with one thing and another, I am much depressed.

‘ This world’s a wilderness of woe,
And life a pilgrimage of pain.’

Were I prepared to do so, I would be very thankful to leave it, privileged as I am to be an ambassador of Christ, and commissioned to preach His Gospel."

Accordingly we are not surprised to read of his subsequently accepting the offer of Hughenden. The *pros* and *cons*, deliberations, conflicting duties, self-searchings, and anxieties of this time are characteristically set forth in a document evidently never intended for publication, but which clearly enough shows how very conscientiously our late Bishop weighed everything in the balance of his judgment before coming to a final decision on Church matters. Yet after all he did not go to Hughenden, and the main obstacle to the exchange was Miss Sophia Wharton Myddleton of Grinkle Park, who became so well known and loved in after years, wherever her husband went, as his unwearied, devoted wife—as admirable a helpmate as any man leading a life of exertion and trial could imagine or desire. In his journal there is the following record of how much he expected from his marriage :

“Grant me, O God, a grateful heart. Grant that we may prove helpmeets for each other not only in this life, but in our passage to another and better. Grant that she may prove a blessing to myself, a blessing to my parish, a blessing to all around her; and, oh! do Thou grant her Thy blessing.”

Mr. Gray's great love of general literature, and the lively interest with which he followed out every variety of subject—geology, natural history, legendary lore, biography, and history—no doubt tended largely to promote his usefulness and to widen and strengthen his vigorous intellect. In later years, says his biographer, he used to recommend the clergy to read general subjects, and keep their minds alive to the questions and sympathies of the day; but at this time he was scrupulous as to his own discursive studies, and took himself severely to task for them. His day was mapped out, and cannot be called idle, especially if compared with the ordinary standard of parish work forty years ago.

One of those fits of discouragement which must from time to time shake the resolutions of the best and steadiest workers, swept across Mr. Gray about this time, and he gave way to many very despondent letters to his family about the general neglect of Sunday by his parishioners, and the difficulty he felt in keeping them up to the mark; but youth and natural buoyancy of spirits soon dissipated these lowering vapours—in spite of his admission that his conversation with his people was not sufficiently to the point, that he was not always warning, teaching, exhorting, rebuking; and that in short he gave way too readily to worldly conversation, and was not sufficiently faithful. He condemns his own pettishness and impetuosity of temper, thinks his feelings too decidedly worldly, and considers it one of the marks of God's kind Providence, that at Whitworth he was placed very much out of the way of general society, and that he had married a wife who would never *wish* to dine out. These severe examinations are prominently brought forward in the arguments *pro* and *con* as to his accepting the offer of Crossgate living near Durham. Here he records his opinion that he was altogether unsuited to the wants of that parish. “It requires a man of commanding mind to take the lead, influence others, direct the minds of the principal laity. My ability not sufficient; temper too yielding and pliant, work possibly beyond my strength; much temptation in society of old friends; should fear yielding too much to that. I am rather too young, deficient in knowledge; mind not made up upon several very important points upon which I might be called upon to act; might possibly be led to changes of opinion, and from that cause lose influence and respect.”

It certainly was not the Priest's fault if his parish did not advance as he desired, or had at first thought it did. Probably his own increasing perceptions as to what was to be looked for had something to do with his dissatisfaction. He was ready enough to believe himself to be at fault in the failure among his people, whereas the coldness

and callousness to impressions were significant of his congregation, who did not respond to his exertions. But in 1840, a new sphere of activity was opened up to Mr. Gray by the acceptance of the post of Secretary to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. Here he found ample scope for his restless energies in writing and dunning all who could forward the cause he had most at heart; and this no doubt was the first step that led to his being called to his great missionary work for the Church in South Africa. Various practical matters, too, grew upon him as his Church principles became more and more fixed, for in one of his journals of that year, we come across the following striking passage—from one so young:—

“I am more and more convinced that what are called CHURCH PRINCIPLES are the true Gospel principles. My danger lies, I believe, now in the fear of man. I dread giving offence, and perhaps losing the good opinion of those I esteem by decidedly avowing my principles. My idea of my duty, if I would be faithful to my God, is to speak the truth in love, with tenderness and consideration for weak consciences. Perhaps, however, I am justified in not laying too great stress on Church principles, on the ground that they are not able to bear it. Oh, for a single eye—a mind free from prejudice—loving truth, desiring above all things the promotion of God’s glory. We do not know, oftentimes, what spirit we are of; but if I do know my heart, I believe its desire is to glorify God. I *really from my soul believe* that if I could look upon Dissenters as God’s ministers, and doing according to His Will in preaching the Gospel, I would, notwithstanding their rancour and hostility to my own branch of the Church of Christ, receive them as such, give them the post of honour, and be content to be a doorkeeper in the house of my God.”

Again, early in 1841, after reading Fremantle’s “Letter on Eastern Churches,” he says:—“I trust we shall soon make an effort worthy of our Church, and in accordance with her principles, to commence a friendly intercourse with the Greek and other branches of the Catholic Church. There seems to be a great opening and cheering prospects.”

Extracts like these show—that it was no sudden inspiration on the part of our late lamented Bishop to try and effect an union of all the leading Churches in his South African diocese. Long before he could have dreamed of ever being raised to the Episcopal throne, he harboured the bright vision of joining estranged brethren in a common fold.

At this time also, the warmth and spirituality of Dr. Pusey’s writings took a strong hold on the imagination and faith of Mr. Gray. He remarks in his journals upon “the deep personal piety,” and the “beautiful spirit” in which these letters and tracts are composed and distinguished; being especially touched by the sincerity and purity of the writer, so congenial to his own mind. Little did he then think, what a perusal of this author would subsequently lead to in other climes, while attempting to put his principles into practice.

We now come to that stirring portion of his life when, being thirty-six years old, he was offered the vicarage of Stockton-on-Tees, by the Bishop of Durham. The offer was very kindly made, but he took some time to make up his mind, but finally accepted it,—one of his chief reasons being the little good he was doing to his congregation of pitmen and colliers at Whitworth. “There are many things,” he writes, “to make the sphere a useful and not an unpleasant one, and I see a great work before me. The town has about 10,000 souls, 6,000 under the Vicar, who keeps a curate, and about 4,000 with a new Church which C—— lately had. The value of the living after paying the curate is about £350. There is a very tolerable house. The people are, I believe, a very excellent body with a hearty Church Spirit, and a great desire to pull well with their Vicar. There is, of course, a great deal of dissent. The Methodists are a very influential body. . . . I do not expect to gain anything; there are many things to be done, in all of which I must take the lead. I am satisfied, however, that I have done right, and these pitmen only prey upon my spirits and weigh me down, without my doing them any apparent good. I have had a very kind and affectionate letter from C——, but full of earnest cautions not to upset everything I find *at first*, and begin my work by a battle for the surplice and the rubrics! How little men understand each other! And what an utter nincompoop (if you understand the word) he must think me! I am going to order a black gown immediately, and I shall again submit with the best grace I can to the usual twang of the clerk, and the loss of the offertory and church militant.”

The necessary parting with his old parishioners was very painful. The Church was crammed to hear his last sermon, and the people presented him with a handsome piece of plate; but no sooner had he reached Stockton-on-Tees than he threw himself heart and soul into his work. As he very naively remarks in a letter to his sister Annie—“Having preached my first trying sermon, in which I thought it right to lay my views of duty and of doctrine before them, I shall henceforth preach plain, practical sermons for a time. If I can get a hold of the people, I may then *give them strong meat as they are able to bear it*. I am, of course, cautious, in not speaking too strongly, but I suppose I shall be thought somewhat high.”

In September, 1846, the Bishop of Durham appointed him Honorary Canon of his Cathedral, as a mark of his personal regard and approbation of his public services in the cause of religion and education. He was very much gratified by this mark of honour, and expressed himself very fully to that effect. In reply to this acknowledgment, the Bishop made him a private and confidential offer of the living of Whickham, which in point of income and situation was superior to Stockton, but for very good and sound reasons he quietly declined the tempting offer. The Bishop highly approved his reasons, and was very much pleased with his answer, and com-

mended the motive which led him to refuse it. Shortly afterwards a colonial bishopric for Adelaide (South Australia), or for the Cape of Good Hope, was conditionally offered to him, and after fully consulting with his friends, he selected the see of Cape Town. His final answer to Mr. Ernest Hawkins, who was empowered to make him the offer, is here subjoined :—

“If, from your position, you know, or have reason to think that the Archbishop has before him, or you are prepared to lay before him, the names of other men whom you deem equally qualified for the office, I had rather not be named. But if there is really a dearth of men who are both competent and willing to undertake it, I would place myself at the disposal of the Church, for, I think, in that case, I ought not to shrink from what then might appear to be a plain duty. Pray understand, however, that as far as inclination and temporal interests may fairly be considered, I greatly prefer remaining in my present post, where I trust I am in some degree useful. I have no *wish* whatever to go, but I am willing to obey any call of God. I cannot judge for myself whether I really am wanted, but if those who are over me in the Lord think so, I am ready cheerfully to go to any post that may be selected for me, though, as a matter of feeling, I had much rather remain in England. . . . You ask about health, my only doubt on that score would relate to the effect of extreme heat on my constitution. On this ground, as well as others, were I to go, I should, I think, *PREFER* the Cape.”

As soon as this was off his mind, Mr. Gray began to look for men to accompany him. At the very outset the money difficulty stared him in the face. Where were the funds to come from to secure the moderate salaries of the clergymen who would be required to build up a church in South Africa? By the beneficence of Miss Burdett-Coutts, the Bishop of Cape Town would receive about £800 a-year; but it would require a capital sum of at least £50,000 to form an endowment fund, out of which to meet the financial responsibilities incurred by the Bishop, should all his plans be set afoot in South Africa. He was much discouraged by his visit to London to see the Colonial Secretary about finances, and thus writes in May, 1847 :—

“I was much disappointed with all I heard in London. I have had no prospects held out to me of assistance from any quarter. The Society (S. P. G.) has not given a shilling, and Lord Grey holds out no prospect of anything from the Colonial Office or from the colony. Added to this, I am informed my income is to be £750, instead of £900, and I have no certainty of anything for outfit on voyage, which will cost £1,000. Then the whole *status* of the Bishop, as to power, discipline, &c., is most painful and disappointing. But I cannot enter into this. The Bishop of Tasmania is at home to settle this point, but is failing. Altogether, I feel that we are placed in a most cruel position. We have all our higher feelings of duty and devotion appealed to, and the Church and State leave us to shift for ourselves. I could not get a decisive answer from any one upon any

point, either Archbishop, Bishop of London, Archdeacon Harrison, &c. Barring the fact of a zealous right-minded committee for the Cape, there is no one encouraging feature in all my case. . . . The whole responsibility of supporting the clergy whom I may take out with me must devolve upon me, and I do not see how, with the very limited means at my disposal, I can guarantee to more than one or two, incomes adequate to their support. I have already applications from ten or twelve clergymen to accompany me, but I have not hitherto dared to engage more than one."

A few hurried notes (without any date), says his biographer, are the only record of this busy wearing time, when so many contending interests and hopes and cares were pressing heavily on the Bishop-designate. In May, 1847, he writes to his brother-in-law :—"I have now about £300 a year for *five years*, and £175 from S. P. G., *if they have it* to give. I have no certainty of anything more from any quarter, and I must be responsible for a *life* income to all whom I take out. Now, I am pledged already to £550 a year, and I have to find £350 more for men whom I personally know, before I can close with strangers. But I do not despair, and I know full well I must risk something, though here I must not really involve myself in difficulties with an income of only £450 from the See, after paying house rent. I feel that I am not in the position in which a Missionary Bishop of the Church ought to be—dependent altogether upon what I can raise for myself. I had no notion of the utterly helpless condition in which I should be till my consent was given. I may very easily be ruined, and it requires that I should at least see some prospect of being able to provide for men before I engage their services."

Even in 1847, the sleeplessness which to the end of his busy life was a perpetual thorn in the flesh to Bishop Gray, was increasing upon him, and every day of excitement or anxiety, of strain in preaching or speaking, was sure to be followed by a night of wakefulness. Bearing in mind what a ceaseless chain of such excitement and anxiety, of preaching and speaking, his life henceforth was, it is marvellous that he should have held out so long, and that at the close of his episcopate he should still have preserved as clear and vigorous a brain as ever.

The space at our command will not admit of further details as to his troubles and annoyances before fairly landing at the Cape ; so we will at once pass over this interesting period of his life and glance at the state of the Colony when he first arrived here on the 20th February, 1848, accompanied by his wife, four children, the Rev. and Hon. H. Douglas, Archdeacon Badnall, Mr. Davidson, and others, in the *Persia*. At that time, his biographer considers that "the religious state of the Colony was as neglectful and hopeless as could well be. Every form of dissent and Protestantism thrived and held a better position than the Church at the time of Bishop Gray's appointment ; and the condition of this diocese, and the work imperative on a true-hearted Churchman, were assuredly enough to

break most men down, unless, indeed, they possessed the deep faith, warm love, rare gifts, and indomitable energy of him who, by God's Providence, was now sent to be the first bishop of that southern land. Even he, as we shall see, often quailed beneath the pressure, well nigh too heavy for human strength." He writes to his sister, "Church matters are in a very bad state. I am told there is a party ripe for anything, and full of suspicions and jealousies. The Baptismal Regeneration Controversy is raging, and the pulpit of the Cathedral has been employed as a vehicle for proclaiming *Évangélique* Alliance men's pamphlets against that doctrine of the Church."

Having settled down at Protea, where there were over 30 rooms, he immediately determined upon getting up a school or theological college, and preparing the place for sixteen pupils. He found the cathedral burdened with a debt of £7,500, and no clergyman resident in the town, though the ministers of all other bodies did live there. Of these he took most kindly to the Dutch Reformed Church, and says so repeatedly in his journals. Mr. Faure he especially liked; and of Sir Harry Smith and his wife he remarks, "Nothing can be more considerate or more warm-hearted than they are. I already feel an attachment to him, and am much struck with the religious turn which his mind takes upon viewing any object. He is not, perhaps, much of a theologian, but I am sure he is devout. He will help the Church in every way he can." Later on he writes, "My plan for raising funds is this: First, get all the free subscriptions possible; then approximate (not give a property, but assign) sittings to certain houses for ever, at a certain fixed rate per sitting, say £10, £12, or £14. The parties have a right to occupy them for ever, but no right to lock up, sell, or let. If they do not attend Church, but become dissenters, churchwardens to re-appropriate. By this means I hope large sums may be realised, and no principle given up. But the churches are corporate, or church property, as our parish churches in England. I find, as might have been imagined, everything relating to religion, whether in the Church or out of it, in confusion and disorder; and principles are admitted and acted upon, and plans have been adopted, which I am persuaded might have been averted had a bishop been here from the beginning. The whole question of education is decided against the Church. My policy at present, however, is clearly to turn the existing system to as good account as possible without committing myself to it, and this I am endeavouring to do. I do not see my way yet at all clearly as to the education of the higher orders in Cape Town, but something must be done. . . . Sir Harry Smith is a real good Christian man. We are already intimate, and he talks quite confidentially with me; he finds it impossible to make a friend of any public man, as all are so sensitive and jealous of attention being paid to one more than another. He and Montagu, the Colonial Secretary (a very able and influential man), will do all they can for the Church quietly."

In another letter written on the 11th April, 1848, and of course

never intended for publication, he shows his brother, Mr. E. Gray, who acted as his financier, how great a pressure money matters were on him from the very outset.

"I have sent in an application for a grant for additional clergy, an endowment for an Archdeaconry, and a fixed addition to my income, having first discussed the matter with the Colonial Secretary and Governor. These will be agreed upon and put in the estimates. I hope and believe they will be carried; but it will raise a storm, and we shall still need the sanction of the Home Government. . . . Before this reaches you I hope you will have got transferred to my Cape Fund Account all that you can get from the Four Bishoprics Fund. This is our time wherein to work, and perhaps our last chance. There will be ere long (though I only know it from confidential intercourse) a Representative Government, *and then our game will be up.*"

From the very first Bishop Gray saw clearly enough for himself that the Colony was not ripe for ecclesiastical rule; but he determined to make his authority felt, and to rule his church in the firmest manner. To this end he kept on importing earnest, hard-working ministers of the Church of England, and standing up bravely for true church principles. Of course, this soon got him into scrapes, but he persevered nevertheless.

He tells his brother in May, 1848, "I have a great many schemes in my head, and some will, I fear, fall to the ground, for it is impossible to take them one by one. It is really overwhelming to find what a number of things are being started. There is not a parish, scarce a district, in the Colony, from which pressing applications do not come for assistance. In Cape Town:—Church to be built, £6,000—entirely for poor sailors—schools (for which I have got a grant of land), parsonage house; Green Point, purchase of a school; Papendorp, ditto; Rondebosch, new church, £5,000, house; Wynberg, enlarge church, schools, parsonage; Simon's Town, infant school. All these just round Cape Town. And so I might go on through the Colony. It is waking, I hope, from a long slumber; but I fear our means will fall sadly short, especially as building is *twice the cost* it is in England, and very bad."

"One great scheme I have is to buy up the South African College which is a failure, and has £400 a year from Government. I mean to make a dash at it, though I scarce expect to succeed, and shall probably excite the jealousy of the Dutch and Scotch. My proposal, however, is really a most liberal one, and so palpably for the benefit of the Colony that I may succeed. If I do carry my point, it will be a glorious move. If I fail, then I shall instantly commence my own College; but I wish to get the South African that there may be no opposition; and besides they have buildings, and a sum of £3,500 formally transferred to them. I get on very well with the Dutch Clergy, and hope in a few days to get their three leading men in these parts to dine and spend the day with me. The Dutch are

not active—have no energy in them—do not know how to give, or to start great works. I think we shall beat them. . . . The whole question of education is puzzling me. I don't see my way clearly. I can't see quite the line I ought to take. Sir John Herschell's system now costs the Colony £4,000 a year, and is sectarian to the backbone. The Church does not, I believe, get £300. In Cape Town we have £50 out of £1,600. My plan now is to grumble incessantly, and get what I can for my own schemes."

And a very good plan too, if we are convinced, as was the Bishop, that our plans are all for the honour and glory of God. At this distance of time one can afford to smile at the very great difference between things as they struck the Bishop then and their appearance now. But in fact, Robert Gray was always in a bustle and hot water with his neighbours, and kept his mouth open for every plum that came near him. To this end he conquered the hero of Aliwal by his tact and suave diplomacy, and got Sir Harry Smith and Mr. John Montagu to back him up in all his moves. With the aid of Mr. Davidson and with a view to give strength and unity of action, courage, and information to churchmen, he determined to start a newspaper, as the press, in his opinion, was everywhere sectarian, and the Government had no organ to ventilate its opinions and ideas. Seeing clearly that within a few years of his arrival, an Elective Assembly would displace the Existing Council of Nominees, he determined to do all he could within those two years to get grants of land from the Governor, and increase the number of Church of England electors on the register, and add to their moral weight in the country. He, therefore, urged his friends in England to help him with the means of placing fifty zealous labourers in the field by 1st January, 1850, so as to shame the Government into helping the cause of the Church. With the same object, he decided on making a visitation tour through the Colony, to prove the depth of its spiritual wants, and spy out the nakedness of the land. The whole of this long round of over 3,000 miles was got over in about six months hard travelling, and he enjoyed the rough and tumble life very much indeed, visibly improving in health and spirits, and conducting himself like an old campaigner. One of his feats was to ride tremendous distances. As Sir Harry Smith said of him, he galloped, preached, confirmed, talked, speechified all in a breath, and all equally well. He rode ninety miles in one day—leaving Graham's Town at 4 a.m. on the 6th October, 1848, and reaching King William's Town, at 7 p.m., the same day—and in time to be present at the Governor's memorable meeting with the Kafir Chieftains on the next morning. On Monday, the 9th October, the Bishop started again at 5 a.m., galloped forty miles before breakfast at 9.30, when they reached Fort Peddie, where he arranged the sites of church, school, and parsonage; held a service in the barrack-room, the big drum being his pulpit, and his robes worn over leathers and jack boots! At 1 o'clock they started again, and arrived at Graham's Town by

8 a.m. So much for quiet and restful travelling. One of the results of this flying visit may be gathered from a note where he concludes : —“ This diocese is really a much more important one than I had any idea of when I was in England. If instead of £1,500 a year, I had £3,000 or £4,000 at my disposal I could establish the Church everywhere, but I shall have great difficulties with my present scanty means. It is almost a mystery to me to see what a field there is before us after our long neglect of this Colony. The Methodists are a very strong body in this Eastern Province, but they are not in a healthy state. They are oppressed on one side by a fearful amount of worldliness, on the other by a wild fanaticism. Had our clergy been leading men a good deal more might have been done. I am just now contesting an important principle—the conveyance of all Churches to the See. The existence of our Church in this land depends upon it. I hope it is not too late to put things in almost every case upon a sound footing, but I shall have great trouble and labour, and some abuse in effecting it. At present there is nothing to prevent several of the Churches from being turned into conventicles. The Diocese of the Cape has this peculiarity to distinguish it from other Colonial Dioceses. There are towns, or, as we call them, villages, standing, and with considerable populations, in all of which there are many members of the Church, for whose spiritual oversight nothing has hitherto been done. The work which presents itself before me is the immediate supply of those places whose circumstances are very similar. It is not like the Canadas, or Australia. What we have to do here is not to supply the wants of a continual tide of emigrants as fast as they arrive, but to plant ministers in towns and villages which have grown up without them, and where the people are making efforts to remedy the evils under which they have long groaned. There can be no doubt that the first visit of a Bishop amongst them has roused feelings, hopes, and expectations, which had almost died away. I must not disappoint them, if I can help it, or suffer them to sink again into listless inactivity.”

In these pregnant sentences we can trace the secret of the late Bishop's constant calls upon our purses at home and abroad. With his rapid powers of organization he soon gathered together scattered units and committed us to a support of the churches built, and the ministers planted by him everywhere. He never spared himself, and his wife was a splendid coadjutor, and a more persistent couple of beggars never existed. Here is a specimen : “ I sent an awful letter to Government yesterday, asking for £900 a year for nine clergymen, and grants of land, and assistance towards churches. Montagu looked very grave after reading it, and the Governor is digesting it to-day. I could have asked for more if I had thought it prudent, but I have already asked for more than I shall get.” Again, he writes to his brother Henry at Bristol : “ I hope you will be able to raise something in the old diocese, though I do not expect much. We hear so constantly from England, and the communication is so

regular, that you seem only, as it were, a step from us ; and I am under the necessity of making such long voyages and journeys over the diocese, that I shall think nothing, some of these days, of a trip to England. I dread more an eight or ten months' campaign for the purpose of raising funds for the support of this mission. It was that that knocked me up. I expect to sail for St. Helena about the 20th February—just one year from the date of my arrival. Thank God, much has been done in that year, and the diocese, I trust, getting into order. The Church should have sent out an abler man here. It is a post that requires the very choicest of her sons, and I feel that I do not and cannot fill it as it ought to be filled. However, amidst much weakness and infirmity, I do desire to spend and be spent in doing my Master's work, and trust He will forgive what is wrong, and accept of my poor worthless services. I am thankful for such advisers as I have. Badnall is a very sound judging man and shows more ability than I expected. Davidson, too, is of very great use, and has a great deal of work to do. He wanted me not to pay him, but I have insisted on his taking £100 a year. He earns it well. I do not know what I should do without him."

As a specimen of the kind of work to be done, and the class of men sent out here to do it, these copious extracts from the life of Bishop Gray show very clearly that his post of honour was a very arduous one, and that his letters to his friends were never intended for publication, but told of his daily difficulties in the simplest language. His opinions, therefore, as expressed in these two volumes, may be strictly accepted as his own ; and though the compiler might have used the pruning-knife more judiciously, and omitted much that is now published to the world, for our own part we indulge in no unkindly criticism when we say that this biography might have been a better one had the materials been more skilfully woven. It is quite beyond our power to give more than a very slight sketch of what his first year in this country exposed him to, so as to justify the very high-handed way in which he undoubtedly exercised his intellectual powers over his clergy and fold. If we compare the state of things, now that we have another Bishop amongst us, with what he would have had to go through had he arrived here in 1847, we shall make some allowance for the difficulties of a Bishop's position in the colonies. We must, however, reserve for another "paper" a full discussion of the causes that led to his subsequent entanglement with a number of his clergy, and possibly embittered the closing days of his life. Fighting, as he did, for the advancement of the Church and the Cross, and not for his own personal glory, it is hard to see how he could have acted otherwise than he did towards Secular Courts and Privy Council judgments.

“The Dear Old Land.”

A glorious land is the “Dear Old Land,”
 Our fathers’ island home ;
 Though its moorlands are cold when the snow lies deep,
 And the mists round the sides of its mountains creep,
 And the waves are white when the March winds sweep,
 As they dash on its cliffs in foam.

’Tis chang’d since the days when the Druid old
 Was seen in the forest glades ;
 When the wolf was track’d to his mountain den,
 And the wild boar rous’d in the gloomy glen,
 And the chase was a sport to test the *men*
 That rang’d through the leafy shades.

When the victim bled on the altar stone,
 Or died in a fiery grave ;—
 When wild woods shelter’d the outlaw’s band,—
 Where the salt marsh mingled sea and land,
 Proud mansions rise, or cities stand,
 Or golden harvests wave.

A story of fame has the “Dear Old Land,”
 And it dates from the days gone by ;
 When Right with Might the strife began,
 And Freedom’s voice with the Fire—cross ran,
 And the waken’d Serf rose up,—a MAN,
 To conquer his rights, or DIE !

There were hardy souls in the “Dear Old Land,”
 In the stern dark days of yore,
 When the arm could *do* what the heart could *dare*,
 And the threats of a tyrant were “empty air,”
 And they made him tremble in his lair,
 As they rous’d themselves in power.

A story of fame has the “Dear Old Land,”
 And it is not ended yet.
 Wherever the sea’s wild waves have curl’d
 Her fleets proudly sail with flag unfurl’d,
 And many a lesson they’ve taught the world,
 Which the world will not forget.

And tell me the land, o’er the earth’s broad face,
 Where her “Braves” have not been found,
 From East to West, with the glorious sun,
 The sound of their drums when the day is done,
 From realm to realm goes rolling on
 Unceasing the wide world round !

But the warrior's fame has stains of blood,
 And it raises the widow's wail ;
 Look we then on the glories whose milder rays
 Will bring no tears to the eyes that gaze ;
 Whose trophies of triumph, whose songs of praise
 The tenderest heart may hail.

There are spirits of *might* in the "Dear Old Land,"
 That have seiz'd on a giant grim,
 And the burdens which man and beast had borne
 With sweat of brow, and frame hard worn
 From morn till night, and from night till morn,
 They have boldly laid on *him*.

He raises the load from the deep dark mine,
 He speeds the loom amain ;
 He wields the ponderous hammer's force,
 Gives the ship 'gainst wind and tide free course,
 And snorts in the breath of the iron horse
 That nor weariness feels, nor pain.

'Tis glorious to ride at his headlong pace
 'Mongst the crags of the forest glen,
 To skim o'er the moorlands bleak and wide,
 To pierce through the rock-ribb'd mountain side,
 As he *plays* with the work,—(in giant pride)
 Of twice ten thousand men.

There are spirits of *power* in the "Dear Old Land,"
 Who can bid the lightning speed
 From North to South, from East to West,—
 A courier swift, that asks no rest,
 But instant writes command or quest
 Where the "ends of the world" may read.

There are spirits of *light* in the "Dear Old Land,"
 Who rejoice when "the Truth makes free ;"
 Who shout when a nation wakes in might,
 And seizes its long-denied birth-right,
 And prison'd *souls* burst forth to light ;—
 O, glorious sight to see !

There are spirits of *love* in the "Dear Old Land,"
 Who weep for their kindred's wrongs ;
 And who *work* as they weep, in patient power,
 Through the livelong day,—through the midnight hour,
 While rescued victims blessings shower,
 From wondering, grateful tongues.

Then hail ! all hail ! thou " Dear Old Land,"
Where our fathers' ashes lie ;
There are sunbeams bright on this far-off shore,
There are starlit skies when the day is o'er,—
And we never shall tread thy greensward more.
But we'll love thee,—TILL WE DIE !

Queen's Town.

H. H. D.

The Highlands of Kaffraria.

THE Rev. Mr. Dugmore, describing the tract of country between the boundary of the Cape Colony, the Kei River, and that of Natal, the Umtamvuna River, says :—A lover of the sublime and beautiful in nature may find much to gratify his taste in a tour through these " Highlands " of Kaffraria. The perpetual verdure, the rich flora, the wildly picturesque views to be found among the crags and precipices, the extensive prospects which many commanding positions afford, and the pure and bracing mountain breezes which bring health and vigour on their wings, combine to give an untiring interest to a journey through this region of beauty and grandeur. The mountains, reaching some 10,000 to 11,000 feet at many points, are sufficiently lofty to be covered with snow during most of the winter months. Their sides are clothed with forests, abounding with excellent timber. Streams without number have their sources among them, and wind their way through rich fertile valleys, where their waters with scarcely any labour might be made available for the purposes of irrigation to an incalculable extent.

At the feet of the mountains lies an irregular belt of plain upland, varying considerably in breadth, and skirting the southern base of nearly the entire range. It forms a kind of steppe or plateau, considerably elevated above the sea-coast division of the country, and terminating in that direction very abruptly. This tract consists of undulating plains and open valleys, increasing greatly in extent as they proceed eastwards, abounding in pasturage, but in many parts entirely destitute of wood and but scantily supplied with water. The larger rivers, receiving their principal tributaries before they leave the mountain region, generally issue from thence nearly complete in volume ; and, while they cut the upland into large sections, confer little benefit upon it by their waters.

From the edge of this plateau we look down upon the Kafir lowlands, a district averaging about forty miles in breadth, and generally of a most broken and rugged character. This character is conferred upon it by the secondary rivers, which, rising in the abrupt southern face of the upland above, and flowing in deep and tortuous channels within a few miles of each other, cause an almost constant alterna-

tion of hill and dale. The courses of the still smaller streams which flow into these from either side partake of the character of their principals, and tend still farther to break up the country in fragmentary portions. Deep woody kloofs, dense thickets, extensive mimosa groves covering hill and valley, and often impervious to a traveller; fearful precipices and rocky passes, lifted apparently by some terrible convulsion of nature, abound in this almost untravellable district. And yet there is a general feature of tameness pervading it as a whole. The hills never rise into mountains, the thickets rarely expand into forests, and there is a uniformity in the ruggedness which renders it as wearisome to the eye as a journey through it to the limbs. Exceptions, however, occur. Here and there a stream is to be found that winds its open course through alternate meadow and woodland, its banks fringed with flowery shrubs in endless variety. There are a few pastoral landscapes of this character in Kafirland that would scarcely allow a Greek to regret Arcadia.

This beautiful country is chiefly occupied by various tribes of the Kafir race, some of whom are under the control of magistrates or officers appointed by the Colonial Government, while the others are under their own independent chiefs. In the latter case the people have little security for life or property; whereas in the former their rights are protected by British law, and this extension of firm and settled authority amongst them has been most beneficial.

There is a general impression in many minds that most natives in their aboriginal condition are a happy and innocent class, living undisturbed and harmless lives. But in reality all nations under the influence of a barbarous or uncivilized life are the most miserable of mankind. The history of the Kafir tribes of South-eastern Africa amply proves this. According to native tradition, the first family or clan of the Kafirs came down from the eastward in 1650, and were followed by others in 1720 and afterwards in 1740. They came in contact with the Cape colonists in 1778, at the Fish River. The country whence they came was peopled by various other tribes, whose ruling maxim was like their own—

The old and simple plan
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

Periodically at war with one another, sometimes for tribal supremacy, but more often from savage love for forays, plunder, and victory, this mass of barbarism surged backwards and forwards—the weaker being broken up and incorporated by the stronger, or at times saving themselves by flight and invading the territories of their neighbours, who in turn were over-matched and subjugated. At the beginning of this century the exterminating raids of the powerful chief Chaka, at the head of what were known as the Amazulus, carried death and destruction over nearly the whole of the extensive region from Delagoa Bay to Kaffraria, and it is estimated that during the twenty

years terminating in 1830 one half of the aboriginal population there was swept away. This chronic state of warfare was followed on a lesser scale by the Kafirs westward of the Kei. Petty feuds and sanguinary conflicts were of frequent occurrence amongst them. They established their supremacy over the Hottentots and Bushmen, with whom they came in contact ; and would, if they could, carry out their oft-repeated threat of "sweeping the white man into the sea." Their several invasions of the Colony were made with this object, but each encounter with our arms left them weaker than before, until now, happily, they have ceased to be a terror. British rule and sovereignty having been extended over them, checking their internecine wars and restraining their lawless and predatory habits, and the power of their chiefs being broken, the people seem gradually to be adapting themselves to a more civilized life and to occupations of peace and industry.

Before glancing at the altered condition of these tribes, it is worth while referring to some of the circumstances which have led to the comparative state of security now prevailing.

Until 1854, the frontier policy of successive colonial governors seemed to have been merely to stem the inroads of barbarism by leaving a vacant territory between the natives and the colonists. There was no systematic attempt to reclaim and civilize the Kafirs. Peace was maintained by the strong arm alone, and the natural result was that, left in their savage state, they were ready to break in whenever it suited their caprice or they thought themselves strong enough. This was the state of things when Sir George Grey arrived in the Colony as Governor and High Commissioner. He began a different course, the foundation of which was, the improvement of the people themselves. His policy, to use his own words, was based upon "an acceptance of the duties and responsibilities of our position, that we cannot live in immediate contact with any race or portion of our fellow men, whether civilized or uncivilized, neglecting and ignoring our duties towards them, without suffering those evils which form the fitting punishment of our neglect and indifference ; that we should feel that if we leave the natives beyond our border ignorant barbarians, shut out from all community of interest with us, they must always remain a race of troublesome marauders ; and that, feeling this, we should try to make them a part of ourselves with a common faith and common interests, useful servants, consumers of our goods, contributors to our revenue, in short a source of strength and wealth for this Colony, such as Providence designed them to be."

The means by which he proposed to accomplish this was to fill up the vacant native territory with Europeans reared in the Colony, acquainted with the aboriginal tribes, their habits and mode of warfare ; at the same time making unremitting efforts to raise the latter in Christianity and civilization by increasing missions and industrial schools, by establishing hospitals where the sick of their race might be carefully attended to, by their employment upon public works,

training them to agriculture, and encouraging them to possess property of their own—thus giving them a stake in the country and attaching them to us from a sense of benefits received, if not from respect for our strength and generosity.

Another important measure adopted was to introduce a change in the administration of the native laws, which would gradually lead the people to see that they could be independent of their chiefs. According to the system under which the law was previously administered the fines taken constituted a very large part of the revenues of the chief, and as the counsellors generally only remained for a few weeks about the person of the chief, being then succeeded by others, the same fines enabled him also to maintain about him a certain retinue of attendants at all times, to whom the same system of fining became a source of considerable profit. The alleged offence of witchcraft (a public crime) subjected a person found guilty of it to torture and death, and the total confiscation of his property. No sooner, therefore, did a person grow rich, than he was almost certain to be accused of this offence, and at least stripped of all he possessed. It was impossible that people subjected to such a rule could ever advance in civilization, or long persevere in attempting honestly to acquire property, of which they were almost certain ultimately to be stripped at the caprice of the chief and his counsellors.

To subvert this dangerous system, which gave the chiefs great power for evil, Sir George Grey availed himself of their known impetuosity, made a rough calculation of the probable annual fines received by the chiefs, and in lieu thereof offered them a monthly stipend, equivalent to the estimated revenue, to be paid by Government on condition of their relinquishing their authority. This offer was accepted, and the worst part of Kafir polity was thus broken down. By the new arrangement, no more cruelties under the guise of suppressing witchcraft was permitted; and all fees and fines for public offences became a part of the revenue of the Crown as in other countries. The chiefs were still nominally to sit and hear cases, but they were guided and controlled in their deliberations and sentences by European magistrates, who were stationed with them, and who, in addition, were expected to move about among the various districts, acquiring a knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, taking an interest in their welfare and exerting themselves to the utmost to encourage industry and promote civilization.

These proceedings, and the consequent decadence of the power of the chiefs, were not unwatched by many of those interested, and especially by the paramount chief Krelî, residing in the country immediately beyond the Colonial boundary. He had not personally suffered much from the several wars—the evils of which chiefly fell on the tribes in the Colony—while the greater part of the booty carried away became his, as it was generally sent to the rear for safety. Availing himself of native superstition, he devised a plan for uniting all Kafir—and in an attack upon the European population. The daughter of one of his counsellors professed to have received a message from the

spirits of those who in former years had fought against the white man, the substance of which was, that the Kafirs were to destroy all their stores of corn and herds of cattle by a certain day, and when this was done there would be a resurrection of the departed warriors and stock which had belonged to their race, and the white man would be swept off from the face of the earth. There is no doubt the object was to prepare for an invasion of the Colony, and by destroying all their means of subsistence to make them go to war light handed and desperate. The Government was apprised by its agents of what was going on, and warned Krelî against the consequences, at the same time exercising all its influence with the other individual chiefs and people to prevent their taking part in this suicidal movement. The result was, that many were withheld from obeying the order "to kill"—the unity of action which was indispensable to secure success was thus destroyed, and the plans of Krelî and his counsellors were defeated. There were large numbers, however, who were influenced by the delusion, and slaughtered their cattle to the amount of 200,000, as well as destroyed all their crops. This reduced the people to such a state of starvation that upwards of 25,000 souls, it is estimated, unhappily perished, and nearly 100,000 disappeared from the country, driven out by the famine which they themselves created. Large bodies of them passed into the Colony, where they were readily received as labourers, and, although at first rude and unskilled, were advantageously employed, especially by the farming population, with whom they found a comfortable asylum.

Parts of Kaffraria were thus entirely depopulated, tribes and families were broken up, parents were separated from children, and husbands from wives, and extensive tracts of country were abandoned and lay bare alike of human beings and animal life. At the same time Krelî was punished for his intrigues and plotting against the Colony by being expelled beyond the Bashee River, and the whole of the Transkeian territory between the Kei and the Bashee was at the disposal of the Government.

The occupation of this country was necessary, to prevent new hordes of barbarians flocking into it, and Sir George Grey proposed to place there a number of natives from the Colony who were more or less under civilized influence and control, and could be easily kept so; and, at the same time, as there was abundant room, to settle a European population among them, as in the districts west of the Kei. The latter part of this scheme, however, was vetoed by the Imperial authorities, who were then in nowise disposed to extend British sovereignty and responsibility in South Africa.

Sir George Grey having been then called away, in 1861, to administer the affairs of New Zealand, his successor, Sir Philip Wodehouse, had to deal with the complications arising out of this state of things, and to people the country in the best way possible under the circumstances, for the security of the frontier. The Fingoes, who had largely multiplied and increased in wealth, were overcrowded in

their locations within the Colony, and such of them as chose to move were invited to cross the Kei and occupy a portion of the vacant lands, which many thousands availed themselves of. A number of the Queen's Town Tambookies agreed to emigrate for a similar purpose, and a mixed lot of Fingoes, Gaikas, Galekas, and others, who had assisted Her Majesty's forces and proved their loyalty were provided for in the same neighbourhood, forming what is known as the Idutywa Reserve—a sort of native Alsatia.

All these people were independent of Kreli and his tribe, and their location was regarded as being in some degree a check upon any hostile machinations on his part. The Governor, therefore, allowed him to “come out of the bush,” and to occupy a portion of his old territory, about 1,000 square miles in extent, at the same time subsidising him with an annual payment of £100, to be continued during good behaviour, and appointing a British Agent to be resident with him. European magistrates were also placed in charge of the Fingoes, Tambookies, and others who had emigrated into the Transkei, with the view of exercising influence over them; and the administration of these officers, and especially of Capt. Blyth, the Fingo Resident, has been attended with the most gratifying and successful results.

The remainder of Kafirland, however, continued as before, under the rule of independent chiefs, and the miserable condition of the population, under these circumstances, may be gathered from the report of the commissioners (Messrs. Griffith, Ayliff, and Grant), sent into the country by Sir Henry Barkly in 1872. They stated that they found the greater part of the various tribes inhabiting that portion of Kafirland along their route—Pondos, Pandomise, Amabaca, Amaxesibi—“sunk in the very lowest depths of barbarism; practising all the worst and most revolting heathen customs; in a state of all but incessant warfare with each other; murders, attended with the most hideous cruelty, of frequent occurrence; large tracts of the most fertile country completely unoccupied; hundreds of villages deserted, and the occupants of the mission stations, in spite of the most strenuous efforts and devoted labour on the part of the missionaries, very much reduced in numbers.”

In 1873, after the first Responsible Ministry of the Cape Colony took office, attention was given to this state of affairs in Kafirland, and Mr. J. M. Orpen, a gentleman who greatly interested himself in regard to the country, and who had experience in the management of natives, was appointed as the Governor's Agent in the St. John's River Territory. He was empowered to exercise Government influence and authority among the tribes there, and his presence and action had the effect of putting a stop to many of the chronic feuds, and checking the revolting heathen practices which were wont to prevail. Before then any man was ready to kill his neighbour at the order of his chief, or on a charge of witchcraft; the chiefs themselves indeed had grown up accustomed to see blood spilt like water, and one of them, Umditchwa, coolly related to the Agent, as an

after-dinner anecdote, how he had invited twenty-five Bushmen to make rain, and then given a signal and had them all slain in a heap before him, because it was they who had made the heavens hard as brass! But now, since magistrates have been appointed with them, and law and authority administered and exercised, the people have been brought to value our rule as a protection, not only from external encroachment but also from the oppressions and exactions of their own chiefs. And many of the neighbouring tribes, seeing these advantages, are making application for the extension of British sovereignty over them, offering to discontinue such heathen practices as "eating up," "smelling out," and witchcraft, and even to pay any necessary taxes, if they are accepted. They seem fully to realise that only under the *ægis* of THE GOVERNMENT will they be secure and enjoy anything like comfort and prosperity; and the encouragement and growth of this feeling promises very shortly to bring the whole of Kafirland under British supremacy, with the full and free consent of the natives inhabiting it. If this is accomplished, and peace is secured, most important commercial advantages will follow the extension of our sway over this tract of country.

JNO.

A Correction.

To the Editor of the CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Allow me to draw the attention of your readers to a curious mistake which has crept into my paper on the "Scottish Philosophy," in the current number of your Magazine.

On page 373 I am made to say:—"The idea of the true, the beautiful, the good, lies hid in the depths of man's soul; but, apart from the living God, this *idea* is but a prophetic *ideal*—an *ahnung*—an anticipation of something which lies far beyond. Hence the true Cartesian starting-point ought to be: 'Cogito ergo sum' (I think, therefore I am)."

The last clause should be read as follows: "Hence the true Cartesian starting-point ought to be: *Cogitor ergo sum* (I am thought, therefore I am)."

The idea is not original. I referred to Gunning "Blikken in de Openbaring," who again has borrowed it, I believe, from Franz von Baader. The Cartesian starting-point—*Cogito ergo sum*—I consider a vast *petitio principii*. In all speculation the human mind consciously or unconsciously presupposes and postulates the existence of God. In the divine mind rest the true *ideas* of things; the *Cogito* (I think) of Des Cartes must, therefore, presuppose the *Cogitor* (I am thought). It is impossible to enlarge upon it here. It involves the discussion of some of the deepest problems in philosophy. I deem this explanation necessary, however, in order to be understood. The sentence as it stood before left my meaning doubtful. I may as well draw attention to two more errors in printing, occurring on the same page:—

1. For *Ergo* in the quotation from Shaftesbury and my remarks upon it, read *Ego*; and

2. For *McLauchthen* at the foot of the page, read *Melanchthon*.

By inserting these remarks you will oblige,

Yours, &c.,

J. J. MARAIS.

Hanover, December 18, 1875.

Minimo Magnum : A Ball-room Soliloquy.*

No. 2.

Brown eyes softly beaming,
Warm and tenderly ;
Like rays of moonlight gleaming
O'er a sleeping sea.

Face with handsome features,
Countenance divine !
'Mid earth's noblest creatures
He is meant to shine.

Strong hands, white and supple,
When of gloves they're bare ;
Ready, in life's battle,
To take manful share.

Tall he is of stature,
Shoulders broad and strong ;
Noble is his nature,
Scorning thought of wrong.

Why gazes he so sadly,
Idly standing by ?
Does he dance so badly,
That he's afraid to try ?

Or has some cruel maiden
Wounded his true heart,
That in the giddy mazes
He takes no active part ?

But see his eye is fired,
Let us draw more near !
Sure some thought inspired
Will fall upon our ear.

He speaks—some heaven-born frenzy
His mighty frame doth rack :
" There's that confounded button
Slipping right down my back ! "

Mu.

* The following note from a fair correspondent accompanies these lines:—"DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am acquainted with Mr. Sigma, the gentleman who wrote those sweet, but rather rude, verses about a young lady in a ball-room. I met him at a ball the other evening ; and, would you believe it, Mr. Editor, he spent the whole evening leaning against a wall, and did not ask one young lady to dance. All the while he was watching those about him, and was silently taking notes. This was very mean, was it not ? If he did notice anyone's chignon coming loose, he ought not to have mentioned it, much less should he attract public attention to the fact. I have been wondering how I could avenge the young lady's wrongs ; and the enclosed verses occurred to me. It is only fair that Mr. Sigma should be exposed in turn. Don't you agree with me, dear Mr. Editor ? " [Of course,—Ed, C.M.M.]

The Jay North.

PART III.

HAVING directed attention* to the frontier where the emigrant Boer is slowly but surely displacing the Kafir, and stated the probability of this part of Africa being colonized in a rapid manner by strangers, I shall in this part endeavour to describe the social changes which are taking place there, and suggest a means whereby these changes may be directed in a manner advantageous alike to the frontier and to all South Africa.

Owing to the fact of the region referred to being, as a rule, so much better watered than the Cape Colony, it is beyond doubt that it will eventually become more thickly settled; and as the mineral wealth is so enormous—apparently so inexhaustible—it is highly probable that this density of population will be characteristic of the country at an earlier period than it otherwise would.

We may safely expect that before the year 1885 there will be a larger population of European race north of latitude 30 dg. S., than south of it in South Africa. This change will be chiefly owing to the presence of gold. We have but to refer to other gold-producing countries, and the events which will probably take place here are apparent to us. For these reasons it is not probable that the Boers will long remain in the ascendancy. A mixed population, having a very strong English element, will undoubtedly out-number the Afrianders; and it is not likely that such a population will fall in amicably under the Government of the Transvaal Republic. Events of an exceedingly troublesome and disagreeable character will in all likelihood take place unless the sheltering wing of the British Empire is extended over this region.

Gold diggers are irrepressible, and the search having once commenced, there is no power in Africa which will prevent them from penetrating as far as indications of a profitable field for the exercise of their profession extends.† Collisions with the Kafirs must sooner or later take place; and I submit that it is not for the dignity of the English, whose name is in this country so honoured and respected, that these native tribes should receive their first impressions of Englishmen from the lawless rabble of all kinds which a country of gold without law or order must necessarily attract. Kafirs readily distinguish between the vigorous administration of the British Government and the Boëtian phlegmatism of the Boers; and they will

* *Vide Cape Monthly Magazine* for October.

† The Government of the United States have lately intimated to the Indian chiefs that they can no longer keep diggers out of the Black Hill country reserved for them (the Indians), and that in consequence of the discovery of gold another location will be found for them.

be astonished that so many English are without the pale of that well organized and strong Government which is the distinguishing feature of our colonization, and the source of its success, and of our influence over aboriginal populations. It is not, however, my intention to write in the interests of the Kafirs, but in the interests of civilization generally, and in the desire to see the British Empire extended over this land which I have found so beautiful and so valuable ; because I am convinced that it is for the benefit of all men that this should be so ; and quite as much for the benefit of the Kafirs as for every other race in South Africa. And this brings me to a subject which up to the present time has been a very troublesome one : " The Native difficulty ! "

Here we have a problem which has baffled every mind for many generations, and why ? Because there has been a struggle against nature to proclaim an equality which does not exist ! How long shall we, who are interested perhaps more than any other nation, be mystified, and labour under this hallucination ? Why do we throw dust in our own eyes and wilfully be blind ? Shall we cling to a pet theory of equality when nature—irresistible nature—demonstrates the contrary ?

I am struck with astonishment when I consider how a whole nation, vast and intelligent as the British, have so long put up with this preposterous fallacy. Liberty, equality, fraternity, may be well enough for the French Republic, but does not suit this Empire, comprising as it does so many and such a variety of races.

Equal ! Bring it home, and where is the equality ? Nature has marked distinctive differences, and although you may modify nature you cannot oppose it. And when nature has thus so plainly indicated a difference, art, which is the imitation of nature, should follow suit ; therefore the art of government and political economy should exhibit the difference.

It is singular to observe how the public mind, having once been turned into a particular groove, will adhere to it. We may compare it to a conviction once formed by an individual—no matter how false and sophistical, it will yet take time before truth, which, like a rock in the bottom of the pit remains fixed and unmoved, is discerned through the delusive haze. But *contrarium excitatur per contrarium*. Reaction, which we know to be in nature an inevitable force, will here show itself. Extremes never can last long ; for, like the waves of the ocean when thrown to an excessive height, it is but for a moment ; and from the very excess the depression afterwards below the happy medium will be correspondingly low. When the nations of the old world first sent forth their explorers into the unknown portions of the earth, it was at the end of the long night of the middle ages. This event was the morning—the awakening into our present day. But the habits and modes of thought characteristic of that time were first carried into the lands of strangers and barbarians. Sentimental notions of equality were not then entertained,

but force, physical force was the law known; and there was more desire to show a difference than an equality. Force was the argument of Cortez; arms and the use of them made Pizarro the conqueror of Peru. It was by arms the settlers of New England held their own; force alone kept possession of the Indies. Then the British nation, tardily but irresistibly following in the wake of the Spanish, the Dutch, the Portuguese, and the French, commenced that system of colonization which has grown into its present gigantic state, and rendered the Empire the greatest the world has ever known. It is not wonderful, then, bearing in mind the traditional cruelties and injustice shown by other European nations to aboriginal races in countries which they had discovered, that the English at the outset should be so impressed as to fall back into the opposite extreme. It was this reaction which gave birth to England's glorious subjugation of the slave trade; it was this which gave rise to the fallacious sentiments so often uttered in Exeter Hall. It was this reaction of feeling which made England declare the equality of all, both black and white, who lived upon her territories; acknowledge the title of savages to the land they were found living on; and produced the native difficulty!

It is time that this problem should be solved and the real relations of white and coloured men known. The latter were doubtless created for some purpose, and it should be the business of thinking minds to find out what that purpose was. To say that they are equal to white men is not true. Black is not white. A Hottentot is not an English gentleman and never will be. It does not follow that because a difference is palpable and acknowledged, that the strong should oppress the weak, but it is necessary that that difference should be fully understood and appreciated.

So long as it is not understood and the absurd theory of equality entertained, so long will the native difficulty last. I am speaking solely politically, and have nothing to say theologically. As a political unit the black man is not equal to the white.

This is exemplified in all countries, but especially in South Africa. Not only do the coloured races occupy a subordinate, and lower social status than the white, but it is evident to the common sense of every one that it is quite right and desirable that they should do so.

The incongruity arising from the fact that nature and common consent has placed the coloured man upon a lower level, while our absurd pet theory has placed him upon an assumed equality, is so apparent, and comes home so forcibly to all heads of families in the country that it is but necessary to remark it here, to have it acknowledged. Who has lived ten years in South Africa and not experienced the unsatisfactory state of the native servants? The whole country is held back and its magnificent resources, but partially developed, solely on account of this difficulty with the labouring class. There are several reasons which cause this insubordination and enable the

coloured population to lead an idle or vagabond life to the detriment of the body-politic.

In all South Africa, owing to the genial climate and the large area of unoccupied land in every district, it is so easy for the native races to obtain a living up to their standard of comfort and independence that it is hardly to be wondered at that servants are scarce and insolent.

Unlike the white man who aspires to a continual advance in society, the motives which induce the coloured man to occupy a useful and proper position in the world, are of so slender a kind that it is more a matter of wonder that there are any servants at all, than that those servants are bad.

Money which in a country occupied only by white men serves to place each class in equilibrium, if not in its best position, has no effect in this way where we have a coloured population under the circumstances I have named; for we have already seen that their ambition does not lead them to aspire to the same level as their white contemporaries.

Therefore I say that distinct and separate laws and regulations should be made for the coloured race. What those laws should be it is not for me to say, but is a fit subject for the deliberations of politicians throughout South Africa.

Our natives—Hottentots and Kafirs—having born in them a habit and instinct of submission to authority, they require a visible and tangible chief under whose guidance they may live and in whose protection they may place confidence.

Perhaps, it is a wise provision of nature this docility of disposition and natural instinct prompting the coloured man to feel the necessity of a master. That they do so feel I am convinced, and, that none are so happy as those who have a firm and commanding master upon whose decision they feel that they can rely.

The Kafir hates indecision. If you say to your servant "John, would you have the kindness to clean my boots, if you have nothing else to do just now?" John will be troubled. He is asked a question and he has to think in order to give an answer. This he does not like, but reasons something after this fashion. "Will I clean the boots? Of course I will; what does master mean? Does he think I will not? Now I come to think of it, I don't know whether I will or not. Master must be a fool; he does not know his own mind."

If, on the other hand, you say, "John, clean my boots," a deal of trouble is saved. John is happy he has something to do, and he knows what it is; he is contented, for he can understand his master. He is not sufficiently advanced in civilization to appreciate the politeness of using the interrogative when the imperative mood should be employed.

As an illustration of this natural habit of obedience, I will relate an incident which occurred to me in the interior.

I was travelling through a mountainous district near the confluence

of the Limpopo and Oliphants River, where, owing to the nature of the country, I could proceed only on foot. My luggage and Kafir goods which I had for presents, and for purposes of travel, were done up in several parcels, each of which was carried on the head of a Kafir. I marched in front, carrying only my rifle, while the Kafirs followed in my tracks.

For some days, as I was proceeding northward, dissatisfaction had arisen among these men; for some reason, which I could not understand they objected to go in the direction I was proceeding, and wished me to turn off to the westward; this, of course, I could not do; so it happened that one day when I had climbed to the summit of a mountain ridge, and was gazing, wrapt in admiration of the magnificent country which lay like a map spread out 4,000 feet below me, I turned, after a pause, to find my packages on the ground, and just in time to see the last of my Kafirs disappear into a clump of bush a quarter of a mile off.

I will not enter into particulars of the unpleasant difficulties I experienced at this point; suffice it to say that I buried my things, and a few days after found some Kafir kraals on the lower country.

Being alone, without a single follower, without goods, and with a very poor knowledge of the language, it is hardly surprising that the Kafirs I suddenly dropt upon could not make me out, and were very loath to do as I told them.

They were some of Umzeila's Kafirs, and appeared to be a war-like tribe. There was a large enclosure apparently devoted only to military exercises. Near the centre there was a platform raised about six feet high, and on it stood a man of magnificently athletic build, perfectly nude, and wielding an assegai, pointing it in every direction with surpassing dexterity and marvellous rapidity, making digs as though stabbing an imaginary foe, and grinning hideous grimaces for the purpose of horrifying him. Around and in the enclosure were some hundred young men, all nude, and each armed with a short assegai, copying with faithful minuteness every movement of the drill master on the stage. Now and then a war shout rang through the air, and some of the more agile men would bound completely over the heads of the others. They looked like a number of demons broke loose from Hades, amusing themselves in a diabolical gambol. There was, however, method in this procedure, and an analogy may be drawn between their rude exercises and the Olympian games of classic history. Upon my arrival I was greeted with an extra display of imaginary prowess; and so strong was the desire to impress me with a conviction of the martial importance of the tribe, that some took the trouble to show me how near they could pass their assegais to my person without actually stabbing me. Others took a strong fancy to my rifle, and were not satisfied until they had discharged it in the air. Not knowing the language, I could hardly tell whether their demonstrations were friendly or hostile; and when my rifle was discharged I felt some uneasiness. I,

however, quickly let them see I was unarmed, and, drawing my revolver, fired two shots in the air in quick succession ; and then, after they had looked at it, fired another to their great amazement. They evidently thought the instrument had the property of going off for ever. I was endeavouring to engage more men and to buy food ; I did not care to waste time, being hungry (I had fasted the previous day, and it was well advanced in this), argument and talk seemed to have no end ; and, being in a desperate situation, I resolved to bring matters to a crisis. I insisted on the chief giving me men to fetch my things. He seemed to intimate that he did not know which to select, so I selected for him, and, seizing the nearest man to me, I pointed to where I had come from, told him to go, and, pointing to my revolver, already looked upon as invincible, intimated that if he did not start instantly the weapon might go off again. He took the hint. The effect of the action was magical : delight beamed from every countenance, and instead of six men, the number I had required, upwards of twenty accompanied me to my buried goods, and carried them down to the kraal, bounding like so many children.

The fact was, decision alone had caused success. From that time I had no difficulty in getting as many men as I required to go in any direction I thought proper.

I am digressing—but it is because I wish to point out that it is undesirable, where a civilized and great nation like the British come in contact with uncultivated tribes, to let events take their own course haphazard, but that rather the nation gifted with the superior power and intelligence should extend the same protection to its weaker neighbour that a father does to his ignorant and helpless child.

If we view the uncultivated man in his native country, observe his actions, his social life, and his mental development, we can come to no other conclusion than that his presence in his existing state is in the interests of humanity most undesirable. You cannot look upon his condition in the same way that you would did his nation belong to the civilized world. You must treat him as a being over whom you, as a civilized man, have the right of direction ; nay, a duty to perform in directing his course.

Indifference is questionable policy. He looks to us for government ; why should we withhold it ?

Common sense at once discovers the great difference between his state and that of individuals in the lowest rank of a civilized nation. Apart from any considerations of Christianity, his utter ignorance of the world as it is, of the world as it has been, of the history of the human race, and of those perfections, both moral and intellectual, to which it has always aspired and is still ceaselessly directing its course, render the difference between the highest savage and the lowest civilized man so great as to virtually make them as distinct as though they were inhabitants of different planets.

No greater mistake can be made than to overlook the fact of the absolute want of knowledge in savages. It is so easy to overlook this, and so difficult to conceive that a full-grown man has no sort of conception of what the world really is, that it is not to be wondered at that blunders are made by occasionally overlooking it.

The thoughts and ideas of a Langelibalele with regard to the world, the aims and objects of men, and the relations of nations to one another, must be, if such an idea can be conceived, something equal to that of a new-born infant. Now, in all reason, how should you treat such an individual? Should it not be by absolute command? Yet what do we see on our borders in the Far North? We see the infant man left to himself to form his own infant judgment of Englishmen and English policy.

Imagine yourself a La Benguela chief of the Matabili, and then look at your surroundings. You see encroaching upon your territories races of white men, one as to colour, but divided into a perplexing number of tribes, speaking a variety of languages. You see the rough and sturdy pioneer Boers, practical in their dealings with you and your people: you see wandering Germans, occasional Frenchmen, and others of nations you cannot give a name to, but still, with your acute power of observation, you plainly see the distinctive differences; then you see the effete Portuguese, and lastly the Englishman. You are not even aware of the existence of a continent of Europe, or that there are men holding views somewhat analogous to your own. When you see the "mad Englishman" this man strikes you as the most extraordinary and forcible of all the white people. He is always doing mad things; he has no end of wealth; he delights in doing the most difficult things—hardship is his pleasure; and he goes out of his way to make himself uncomfortable; he is imperious and a great hunter; he goes where he likes, and cares for nobody; he is always independent, and seems to have no chief. "Yes, once there was a great Englishman whose name was Umzebenzi (Baines, Thos.) who came from the great Queen of England to tell me that she had heard of me, and that she sent me a present of a gun; he came, but he is now gone. Englishmen seem to me to be all scattered and little cared for. Umzebenzi promised to come again to occupy the land I gave him for the great English people to work the yellow iron, but he comes not. The English have forgotten me, or else Umzebenzi is dead." (Alas, it is true.)

Such, I think, would be your reflection if you were La Benguela, Chief of the Matabili.

While the British pretend to recognize the title of the savage Matabili to the land they live in, or at any rate take no thought of colonizing it, the Boers are practically advancing into it. If, then, the Empire is to be represented in South Africa in any way similarly to the way it is represented in America by the Canadian Dominion and in Australasia by the uninterrupted British colonies, is it good policy to be so apathetic? and, while pretending to consider the

Matabili an independent nation, quietly look on while the Boers are establishing petty republics in their country which can tend to nothing but trouble in the future?

Is it not patent that, in a country governed by the firmly established organism and vigorous power of the Empire, men are more likely to advance and become in every way great than under the dwarfing influences which petty republics must necessarily inspire?

Great countries produce great men; and the division of a land naturally one, into a number of small states, fosters local prejudice and narrows the thoughts of the mind. Patriotism in a great Empire is surely greater than patriotism in an Orange Free State. One influences the world and all mankind, the other never can do so.

I am of opinion that it is most unwise to allow the nations of the Far North to entertain erroneous views of the English people and English power. All the interests of South Africa, as a portion of the Empire, are involved when we consider the management and the state of the natives of the border. Individual Englishmen have penetrated and will penetrate those countries; and the time is drawing near when we can no longer overlook this important part of the world which will have such a powerful influence over everything which concerns our prosperity, and be to the Cape Colony what the Far West is to the older and sea-bound states of the American Union—to them the most important political consideration of the age. As soon as the discovery of gold shall have drawn many people into the land, the necessity of government will become apparent; and as the British element will in all likelihood be the strongest, it will be incumbent on our Government to step in. I point out the position merely, and if I presently make any suggestions, I do so with diffidence, and only in the desire to direct the attention of those who place value on the advancement and glory of the Empire to this question which is of so great a consequence to South Africa.

And now for the suggestions.

I would suggest that an envoy or envoys, representing both the Imperial and Colonial Governments, be dispatched to form permanent British residences at several points on the north-eastern part of the temperate portions of South Africa, such envoys to represent politically the English people, to look after the interests of the Empire, and gradually to impress upon the native mind the importance of British leadership, and the advantages to be obtained by accepting the protection of a powerful nation. Instead of being averse to such a step, the natives would heartily co-operate, and be only too glad to feel the presence of a calm, strong, and powerful influence which would render internecine wars and disturbances less prevalent, and afford that stable point to which all coloured races have a national tendency to direct their independence.

But more, I would suggest a commissioner or officer, in the interests of Government, to be appointed at any rate to report upon the con-

ditions and prospects of British subjects at present *beyond* the Transvaal, with a view to the permanent settlement of the country, if such a course is found to be desirable.

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## More Letters from U.M.S. "Challenger."

BY COMMANDER MACLEAR, R.N.

*July 18th.*—A month has now passed since we left Yokohama, and the routine has been constantly the same—at four o'clock every other morning furl sails and sound, or trawl and sound. At first we had strong S.W. winds which blew us along capitally, but caused a heavy expenditure of coal when we had to face it to sound. With these winds came constant rain and mist so penetrating that everything in the cabins was wet. My paper is like blotting paper. Our chart breaks out in blotches when we attempt to put colour on, and our books and boots are white with mildew. Your sketch of the Observatory has more cirrus clouds than you ever put in, and I see the same spots beginning to appear in the other pictures; some photographs also are spoilt. I was obliged to keep my window constantly shut, and do without fresh air, for the last fortnight, though we have had light winds and much drier weather. A couple of days ago we turned south in about 36 dg. N. 155 W. for Honolulu, and are now steaming across a calm belt, and hope to pick up the trades soon. . . . We have had very deep water—generally about 3,000 fathoms—and have had severe losses in our dredging line; four have parted, and we have lost about 12,000 fathoms of rope. This is a most serious loss to us. The reasons, stated shortly, are the difficulties of dredging in such very deep water, when the weight of the rope out was of itself sufficient to break it had it not been water-borne. The weight of 3,000 fathoms of rope ( $2\frac{1}{2}$  inch) is 4,740 lbs.; the weight of dredge, sinkers, &c., 465 lbs.=5,205 lbs.; and the rope breaks when new at 5,200 lbs.; so that, allowing half the weight to be taken off by water, we still have half the strain the rope will stand when new constantly on it; and if an additional strain comes from a heavy sea, or the dredge catching anything below, crack it goes like a pistol—so great care has to be taken. The weather the first ten days was very bad for dredging, but we wanted very much to get specimens of the bottom, and were obliged to run risks. In the Atlantic we have generally found nothing but grey ooze or red clay at great depths, but here we have quantities of pumicestone and balls of black oxide of manganese collected round some organic substance as a sort of kernel; sometimes a shark's tooth, sometimes a little bit of pumice is in the centre. Where the pumice comes from is a puzzle; it must have come comparatively



lately. It has been suggested from some volcanoes like those in the Hawain Islands, and has been floating till it got saturated and then sank ; but in this case the ocean would have been covered for thousands of square miles with pumice, and quantities would have floated to the shores of the Pacific far more than I ever heard of ; and I am inclined to attribute its presence to sub-marine volcanoes. As to the nodules of manganese, they are a greater puzzle. You know if a liquid is quite ready to crystallize, a needle point or anything touching will often cause it to crystallize round that point, and the process spreads rapidly. Probably the shark's tooth or bit of pumice, descending to the bottom, acts in the same way, and causes the manganese in the water to solidify round it ; but what the state of affairs can be that produces such an effect, none of us can make out. The nodules of manganese are very symmetrical, arranged in layers round the kernel ; the centre then seems to have contracted, and the enormous pressure— $3\frac{1}{2}$  tons to the square inch—to have forced the surrounding ooze through the pores in the centre. The balls are sometimes as big as my two fists, but generally smaller, and all have a little bit of organic substance in the centre. . . . We cannot come to definite conclusions about our discoveries till all has been gone over again, and the observations of the different oceans compared ; besides, we may have to change many of our present ideas—we have already had to give up some of our theories and start others—and the discoveries making now may cause us to view matters below in a different light.

We changed our day on the 4th July, and had two Sundays together, but nothing particular came of it, though all agreed that many wonderful things had been prophesied when two Sundays should come together. We get no pay for the extra day, only provisions. The second Sunday was kept as a sort of holiday.

All are well on board ; but we have had another death. Our hospital attendant died suddenly, poor man !

*August 2nd.*—We are staying here—Honolulu—till the 7th, then we go to Owbyhu, called now Hawaii—but to the opposite side to where Cook was killed—stay there a few days, and then go on to Tahiti ; so it will be a long time before you get another letter from me. My next will be posted at Valparaiso in October next ; you may get it in December. Just imagine ! all the girls here wear long, loose dressing-gowns, jump on horseback man-fashion, tucking the dressing-gown underneath, so that it seems as if they had loose pantaloons, and away they gallop, a garland of flowers round their heads and another round their necks. W—— has promised to make a sketch.

Now good-bye.

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## Historical Studies.\*

AN ADDRESS TO STUDENTS BY LANGHAM DALE, M.A., LL.D.

To those who wish to study the lessons of history, it is important to have a clear notion of their aim and purpose ; some read a book of history in the same cursory way as they skim over the pages of a three volume novel, pausing awhile over a bit of sensational writing here and there, but overlooking the delicate tints in which the finer and less obvious traits of character are portrayed ; they gather perhaps in their memory the succession of events which constitute the plot of the story. But those who disdain toil in reading history and neglect to compare the analysis of characters, passions, and political movements with human nature as we find it, and with the moral order which prevails in human society, miss the import and lose the lessons of History, and thus fail to improve the present by a practical use of the experience gained from the past. To gather up the dry and barren facts, as the panorama revolves before the eye, in some compendium or abstract, is to treat history as an "old Almanac"—a catalogue of things bygone—all husk and no fruit. You may have the artificial memory of a Hortensius and know every great event and its date and yet have no real and useful acquaintance with the annals of the past ; and certainly you miss all the keen true enjoyment ; just as a student may pick up the technical notation of chemistry without getting the essential knowledge of the properties of matter or of the principles which regulate chemical combinations. Toil and enjoyment, pleasure and profit, are inseparable to the genuine student. The matter of history must be subjected to criticism and analysis ; the processes or the results of such analysis cannot be scientifically exact, because the thoughts and motives, the hopes and fears, of the great actors on the world's stage are buried in the conscience of the past ; and their very deeds, recorded on the open page, are too often set off by the arts of a panegyrist or painted with the brush of a hostile chronicler. Human nature does not yield up her secrets to the analyst so freely and truthfully as the earth does to the Physicist and Geologist ; men's words, like their laughter, may be but the dressing that hides the ulcer beneath ; words, fair and plausible, may conceal the thoughts from friend and foe. Still, in man's history we must probe beneath the crust of words and popular fame, to get at the springs and sources of action. Our analytic powers may be inadequate to lead us to unerring conclusions, social and political phenomena may baffle the inquirer, but the sifting process is none the less necessary. I do not think that we should emulate those critics who presume to dissect a man's thoughts and motives with all the *sang froid* of an expert anatomist, and then label, as they please, the heroes and heroines of history "like specimens in a naturalist's cabinet." Such writers lead us to take an estimate of men and things on their authority, not on the evidence of truth. They paint Richard III as equally deformed in body and in mind. But was he really deformed in

\* A portion of this address was delivered in the Good Hope Seminary for the Education of Young Women, at the prize-giving ceremony on 21st December.

either? They say of Cromwell that "under the guise of piety and virtue he practised the most subtle Machiavellism, using mankind as the tools of his ambition, and maintaining his power, as he had acquired it, by boldness, cunning, and tyranny." 'Tis well for the memory of the Protector that a writer has lived in these later days to vindicate his fame. The world has not yet made up its mind what to think about our Henry VIII, or the hapless Queen Mary Tudor, or about the sad and intricate case of Elizabeth and Mary, Queen of Scots; yet common histories are full of epithets, freely attached to each. The honest students of history will train themselves to suspend judgment on the characters of many personages and on the causes and bearings of many political and religious crises, upon which the sentence of ordinary compilers of history is often pronounced as confidently as if the verdict were unchallenged by competent authorities; and this suspension of judgment is particularly necessary in studying the history of the Religious Wars. We ought to learn not to label all the doings of the Reformers as *good, pious, and worthy of imitation*; nor the actions of the Roman Catholics as *cruel, ungodly, and execrable*. The lesson which I have learned for myself, is put into a few words by a great authority. "The Roman Catholics, the Lutherans, and Calvinists were all equally ready to believe that every religious opinion, but their own was sinful; and, therefore, that their own, upon every principle of piety and reason, was at all events to be propagated, and every other repressed." I will not dwell upon the risk of getting wrong impressions; the remedy is plain; widen the range; read both sides of history's page; and, where you can, go to the fountain-head. The uses of historical studies are so generally recognized that it is enough to say here that, in addition to the habit of calm and deliberative judgment, the mind is trained to take comprehensive views of things and of men, and in the sequence of events to trace the influences and working of the great moral laws; here, too, we find our loyalty and patriotism, our sense of duty and self-sacrifice, our faith in the triumph of all that is good and true, stimulated and strengthened by the struggles of nations and of individuals for the maintenance of religious and civil rights; and we recoil from the licentiousness and effeminate luxury which have sapped the foundations of national greatness or clouded the fair promise of a noble life: here we get the priceless wisdom, evolved out of the experience of the past, and written legibly in the pages which record the honourable sacrifices of the bygone heroes of History. And what is History? A chronicle of the deeds of blood by which men have mounted to thrones over the mangled heaps of the bodies of fellow-men. Too often; but the world's real history cherishes the words and deeds of the benefactors of the human race; of warm-hearted philanthropists, patriotic statesmen, faith-led missionaries; of all who have contributed to man's happiness; it keeps alive the sweet memory of the just; it tells how Wilberforce and Buxton laboured to sever the galling fetters of the slave; of John Howard, Elizabeth Fry, Florence Nightingale; how they gauged the depths of misery and pain to purify the wounds of vice, to alleviate the pangs of the wounded, the sorrows of the prisoner, the agonies of the dying; to lift the loathsome wrecks of humanity from the depths of moral disgrace. But why does History record all this? For us, the heirs of all the ages, that we may go and do likewise; we, who in the uneventful path of daily life seem to have no occasion to emulate such noble acts;

we, who appear to be units too insignificant to contribute materials for the world's chronicles. Is there, then, no field where we too may earn an undying remembrance? Wherever vice holds her revels; wherever ignorance reigns with squalor, disease, and crime; wherever pain racks the body and anguish wrings the heart; wherever might tramples upon right; wherever the scoffer profanes the Sacred Name, and the heathen defile humanity with their orgies; there is room enough for the labours of the Christian hero. But the arrangements of God's Providence do not require or permit us all to go forth abroad on errands of mercy and philanthropy to earn an honourable niche in the Temple of Fame. What is history to those whose lot is confined to "the trivial round, the common talk" of home life? 'Tis true that no marble slab, no monumental brass, may record the home virtues of love, purity, patience, devotion; human society may not know, the human chronicles may not note, the happy home which a mother's, or a sister's, or a daughter's love may have kept unspotted from the world; yet the life of each one, the record of each home, is filling up the chronicles of Time; and the pious solicitude of the mother, the son's obedience and reverence, the father's high sense of duty, the tenderness and purity of the daughter, all live in the imperishable archives—safe from moth and rust and all decay, in the book, not written with hands, ineffaceable, eternal. But the leisure and the means of reading aright the lessons of the past, and of realising the great benefits to be got from their direct application to ourselves, are denied to the many; for them the living lecturer must try out of the vast storehouse of historic lore to represent vivid pictures of those remarkable epochs which serve best to illustrate the progress of the human race in all that conduces to moral and intellectual culture, social purity and advancement, and material prosperity; to review and weigh those striking periods of the world's history which stand out eminent and conspicuous; here a rallying point of freedom's defenders, there a fortress to the weak; to all, the very Acropolis of liberty, loyalty, and truth. It requires a master-mind to infuse a dramatic spirit into historical narrative; to present a speaking picture that shall revivify the glories of the days of old, and bring us face to face with the reanimated forms of heroes who, in the days of their flesh, made the civilised world ring with their good names or groan under their dark deeds of oppression and of shame. I shall now illustrate my remarks by introducing you to some notable epoch of the past, and, as far as time permits, try to lead you, in the spirit of some great cause, to identify yourself with those who spent their life-blood in self-sacrifice during the struggles for right, justice, and freedom, against might, oppression, and despotism.

Following the plan just indicated, of concentrating attention on some world-embracing question, I place on the foreground of my Sketch Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, born 1595, died 1632. In June, 1630, Gustavus came forward as the champion of the Protestant cause against the House of Austria, and the Spanish-Austrian designs of world-empire. In November, 1632, the hero of the North fell on the plains of Lutzen during the victory over Wallenstein and the Imperial army, so dearly bought with the Swedish hero's life. Two years of heroism, of disinterested self-devotion, of unbroken success! The epoch is the Thirty Years' War.

What were the causes of such a war? What interests were at stake?

What had the Northern Snow-king to do with the policy of the House of Austria ?

At a time when the Northern powers had no recognized place or influence in the political system of Europe, the Reformation introduced irreconcilable divisions of opinion and interests among the European states, and originated new and close ties of relationship not only between man and man, King and subject, but also between countries which hitherto had been influenced by no mutual sympathies either of policy or of religion. Thus religious differences severed the old sacred bond of Catholicism and became the cement of a new union. It seemed inevitable that this long and absorbing struggle, partly religious, partly political, should be fruitful in misery, devastation, and crime. We who live under the ægis of free institutions, developed and consolidated by the persistent efforts and devoted energies of our forefathers ; we who worship God, each after our own conscience, without fear or hindrance, can hardly realize the terrorism of that momentous strife when from the Baltic to the Adriatic, from the Rhine to the Bohemian frontiers, towns, villages, and people in thousands fell victims to the desolating fury of religious war ; until at last Germany emerged from her internecine quarrels, weak, emaciated, sorrow-stricken, but free—free to reorganize her institutions, and to go forward on the brighter path of civilization founded on broader principles of religious liberty.

The Thirty Years' War is called a Religious war. Under Religion's holy name ambition and political interests masked themselves. In the deep religious convictions of the people the Princes of Germany found a prop for their own political aims. The arbitrary conduct and ambitious ascendancy of the Imperial House of Austria, on the one hand, threatened the liberties of Europe ; and this, first of all, awakened the German princes and the vigilant suspicions of Richelieu ; whilst, on the other hand, the intemperate zeal for the old religion which distinguished that House, alarmed the German people ; thus the aims and interests of the princes and their subjects coalesced ; political jealousies and religious zeal combined as for a common cause.

'Tis true that the people generally may have known little and cared less about the reasons why their princes resisted the despotic attitude of the House of Austria ; but they knew that Imperial House to be the unrelenting foe of the Reformed Faith ; and hence blazed forth that enthusiasm for the cause on which they staked their all—their homes and their lives. "However the Protestant Princes might boast of the justice of their cause and of the sincerity of their conviction, still the motives from which they acted were selfish enough, and the desire of stripping others of their possessions had at least as great a share in the commencement of hostilities as the fear of being deprived of their own" ("Schiller's Thirty Years' War," Book IV).

It is necessary, first of all, to follow the sequence of leading events :—

1. The great religious sections of Germany kept up a series of contentions, now open, now secret, during the whole century from Luther's time to the Peace of Westphalia, which in 1648 ended the Thirty Years' War.
2. Of these contentions, the first was patched up by the Convention of Passau and the Peace of Augsburg—1552—1555.



3. The Lutherans sullenly acquiesced in the Ecclesiastical Reservation, whereby Church property was to be secured against secularization; and bishops and abbots, on adopting the reformed faith, surrendered their benefices to the Roman Catholic Church; but liberty of conscience was won for those who adopted the Confession of Augsburg.
3. This adjustment provided but a temporary lull; the Catholics were intolerant enough to resent the concession of liberty of worship to the reformers, and the Lutherans were not honest enough to recognize the strict justice of the reservation; and, besides, the peace of Augsburg had reference to Lutherans only, not to Calvinists. Dissensions among the protestant princes, and the arbitrary conduct of Ferdinand II. to his protestant subjects in Bohemia kindled the flame of the Thirty Years' War, 1618.
4. The peace of Westphalia, 1648, finally settled the conditions which closed the war. Calvinists were put on the same footing as Lutherans; ecclesiastical property in catholic hands at that time was so to remain for ever; and protestant holders of benefices at that date were to retain possession; and Protestants equally with Catholics were to constitute the imperial court.

Narrowing our view within the limits of the direct agents of strife and jealousy, we may state the immediate causes of the war to be (1) the ecclesiastical reservation, accompanied by an inadequate recognition of liberty of conscience; (2) the mutual dissensions of Lutherans and Calvinists, and (3) the oppression of the Bohemian subjects of the House of Austria, by which the cause of the oppressed Bohemians and of their chosen king, Frederick, the Elector Palatine who married the daughter of our James I., became identified with the general cause of the protestant interests of Germany.

Contracting still more the circle of our horizon, we reach the reasons that may be assigned why Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, came forth as the champion of the German protestant cause.

Gustavus had secured the independence of his kingdom of Sweden against Denmark, and had won the sovereignty of the Baltic against Russia. But there was danger; if, on the one hand, Sigismund of Poland, who had lost the Swedish throne because he was a Roman Catholic, should now be abetted by his brother-in-law, the Emperor Ferdinand, in an enterprise to regain the kingdom; the same arguments, on which Ferdinand claimed the Bohemian throne and the Roman Catholics asserted their rights to the protestant benefices and secularized property, would justify Sigismund in any attempt on Sweden; and, on the other hand, what would the success of Gustavus against Russia avail, if the Swedish sovereignty of the Baltic were endangered by the aggressions of the Imperial power, which had a firm hold over Mecklenburg and Pomerania? There was still the higher and paramount motive which ennobled these more selfish reasons—the apparent hopelessness of the protestant cause in Germany, and the impossibility of separating Swedish interests from that cause.

Frederick, the Elector Palatine, had withdrawn to the Hague; John George, Elector of Saxony, to whom the protestants might reasonably have looked for a leader, was, as far as his vacillations permitted him,



the head of the Lutherans and neutrals; Christian of Denmark, by the Peace of Lübeck, 1629, had retired from the field, somewhat ingloriously, leaving to their fate those German princes who had been his allies.

'Twas then, when the House of Austria felt free from danger on the side of Denmark; when the German protestants seemed powerless and the catholic league triumphant; when the fatal Edict of Restitution had been launched like a thunderbolt against Protestant Germany and all protestant holders of benefices were to surrender immediately to Ferdinand's commissioners their usurped possessions; 'twas then, when the Emperor was apparently all powerful, that the youthful King of Sweden, who "in the height of his success was ever a man and a Christian; in the height of his devotion a King and a hero," was bidding a last farewell to the solemn Assembly at Stockholm in words that mirror forth the character of Gustavus the Great. "Not lightly or wantonly, am I about to involve myself and you in this new and dangerous war. God is my witness that I do not fight to gratify my own ambition! But the Emperor has wronged me most shamefully in the person of my ambassador: he has supported my enemies, persecuted my friends and brethren, trampled my religion in the dust, and even stretched his revengeful arm against my crown. The oppressed States of Germany call loudly for aid, which, by God's help, we will give them. I am fully sensible of the dangers to which my life will be exposed. I have never yet shrunk from them nor is it likely that I shall escape them all. Hitherto, Providence has wonderfully protected me, but I shall at last fall in defence of my country. I commend you to the protection of heaven. Be just; be conscientious; act uprightly, and we shall meet again in eternity."—(Morrison's Translation).

It might be supposed that, on the arrival of the Swedish King with his army, the leaders of the Protestant States would have joined his standard eagerly; but no! the Elector of Brandenburg, George William, long resisted even the personal solicitations of Gustavus. In vain Gustavus argued that the Elector must be either hot or cold; his friend or his enemy; that if he would make a *sheep* of himself, he must be eaten by the *wolf*; and John George, the Elector of Saxony, continued to vacillate, as usual.

But throughout the dark windings of this struggle, the power of France was secretly felt; France saw the way to promote her own interests; she used Protestants or Catholics, one party or the other, as best served her purpose to bring about the humiliation of Austria. And when the treaty of Barwalde (1631) between Richelieu and Gustavus showed how the French Cardinal was promoting Swedish Protestant interests to outmanœuvre the Imperial House, the Catholic League appreciated the importance of the crisis; and Tilly led off the imperial forces to intercept the Swedes.

Meanwhile, the two Protestant electors, for whose alliance Gustavus must wait, were balancing the two evils which lay before them; on the one side, the pre-eminence of Austria and of the hostile religion; on the other, the abandonment of German unity by an alliance with the foreigner; and at Leipzig a Protestant Assembly made a last solemn but ineffectual appeal to the Emperor Ferdinand, to recall the fatal Edict of Restitution and save Germany from the impending horrors of intestine war. Gustavus was marching upon Magdeburg to deliver the city; but the Elector of

Saxony still refused his alliance, and, in consequence, the City of Magdeburg was left to the insatiate fury and brutality of Tilly's soldiers—an offering to the Christian Juggernaut. There death in every horrible form; there rapine, incendiarism, and outrages more revolting than words can describe, aggravated the agonizing spectacle of the noble city in flames; there the lone cathedral-pile among the dismal ruins was all that stood to tell of the foul deeds of the army of the Emperor and the League.

Yet Ferdinand was inexorable; he would abide by the Edict of Restitution even to the bitter end. The hesitating John George of Saxony found Tilly crossing his Saxon frontiers, and threatening Leipzig with the appalling fate of Magdeburg. So now the die is cast. The Saxons and Swedes now unite their forces, and not many days elapsed before Gustavus won the significant victory of Breitenfeld, near Leipzig—*significant*, because he broke the ranks of Tilly's veterans with his ragged and dust-soiled Northern troops; because it revealed to the Emperor and the League that the Snow-king did not thaw as he came southwards; that this new little enemy, as the Emperor called him, was no common foe; and because the House of Austria had to feel that there were elements of national life among the Protestant sections of the German people which Ferdinand had affected to despise.

Catholic France and Protestant England were ringing with the fame of Gustavus; and even Wallenstein exulted, in his secluded palace at Prague, at what seemed to him a glorious revenge on the League which had influenced the Emperor to depose him from his command; but between Wallenstein and Gustavus there could be no union, no common object. The Swedish King marched on his triumphal route to South Germany, committed to sure hands the administration of conquered territories, and all bowed before him, so that the French King, who abetted the Protestant cause only to humble Austria, not to elevate Gustavus, was constrained to say, "It is high time to put a limit to the progress of this Goth."

As the hero continued his march onwards to Nuremberg, he carried with him the fervent blessings of the people; tears rolled down the rough cheeks of bearded men, as they welcomed the deliverer. The conqueror of hearts and of fortresses passed on; crossed the Lech. There Tilly fell. Then onwards to Augsburg and Munich; and there, in the centre of Bavaria, the dominions of Maximilian, the noblest supporter of the Imperial cause, he seemed to have all Germany, except only the hereditary possessions of the Austrian House, at his very feet. The crisis put Wallenstein again at the head of the Imperial Army.

Far different were the aims of the two great captains. Wallenstein was a soldier, and avowedly, amid the dark designs of his soul, sought only the sovereignty of the sword: the unity of Imperial Germany was his cause. Gustavus, of Sweden, aimed at the political reconstruction of Protestant Germany, on a basis of religious liberty: confederacy was his ruling idea.

But now starvation was thinning the ranks; discipline was relaxed; the heart of Gustavus was sore at the ill-deeds of his own German allies, marauders as they were. The Swedes had failed to break the lines of Wallenstein at Nuremberg, and want of supplies drove Gustavus to Saxony.

Wallenstein's army lay at Lutzen, behind its entrenchments; Pappen-

heim had weakened the main army by the withdrawal of a portion on a military diversion towards the Rhine ; Gustavus took advantage of this false step, broke up his camp, and was at length in front of the Imperial forces on a dull November morning in 1632. A dense fog spread over the plains of Lutzen ; but the fateful day was come. The uprising sounds of devotion from thousands and thousands of warrior-voices were borne athwart the plain, as they sang the hymn of Luther, "Eine feste Burg"—"A sure stronghold our God is He ;" and the Hero-king, kneeling in front of his lines, joined in the Morning Hymn of Altenburg so dear to himself and his soldiers as "a heart-cheering song of comfort on the watch-word of the Evangelical army in the battle of Leipzig—*God with us.*" *Verzage nicht du Häuflein klein.*

Fear not, O little flock, the foe  
Who madly seeks your overthrow :  
Dread not his rage and power.  
What though your courage sometimes faints,  
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints  
Lasts but a little hour.

\* \* \* \* \*

Amen ! Lord Jesus, grant our prayer !  
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare ;  
Fight for us once again !  
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise  
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,  
Word without end, Amen.

(*Lyra Germanica.*)

As the inspiring strains of the battle-song faded away, the fog rolled up, and the war-cries of the combatants—the *God with us* of the Swedes, the *Jesus, Maria*, of the Imperialists—told that the carnage was begun. A Wallenstein and a Gustavus ! Europe had waited long for the final struggle ;—but why need I repeat the harrowing details of the butchery of war ? Wallenstein—cool, intrepid, cautious, reserved ; Gustavus—open-hearted, impetuous, and, on the battle-field, over-daring. Here the Imperialists waver, but the glance of their General reassures them ; there the Swedes retire from the raking fire of Wallenstein's artillery. The King witnessed the disorder of his men, and, dashing on with that eagerness and speed which characterised his movements, found himself far ahead of his own squadron, and close enough to be a mark for the Imperial musketeers. Too late ! The fatal shot pierced the body of the King, and he fell to breathe his last among the plundering bands of Croats. His war-horse, galloping madly over the field,

. . . . Fast as shaft can fly  
Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,  
The loose rein dangling from his head,  
Housing and saddle bloody red, . . .

told the sad tale that his rider was no more.

Their terrible loss gave lion-like fury to the Swedish regiments ; not even Pappenheim's sudden return with eight regiments of cavalry could change the fate of the day. Gustavus was victorious in his death. The

victory was won, but hardly won. The master-hand was gone, but his spirit lived in his faithful troops, his Minister Oxensteen, and the Swedish Council. Gustavus was no more ; but the work was done. The Edict of Restitution was a dead letter ; the ascendancy of the House of Austria had received a fatal and final check, though a long lingering struggle fanned, and fanned in vain, the dying embers of its greatness. When, after the lapse of some sixteen years, the conditions of peace were agreed upon among all parties wearied with the thirty years' strife, Gustavus and the Elector Palatine were gone ; Tilly, Pappenheim, and Wallenstein, and their Imperial master, Ferdinand II., all were gone from the scene ; but the position of Sweden was honourable, and the civil and religious rights of the German Protestants were secured. Gustavus had really gained all the advantages that Protestants could reasonably hope to obtain, and which were ultimately incorporated into the closing peace of Westphalia. He had been, as he hoped to be, the deliverer of the Protestants from oppression. But Gustavus was a foreigner, and no German ; he had succeeded in the great object of his life—the establishment of the Protestant religion in Germany. What more was he to do ? Could he, a Swede, hope to keep together the German Protestant Princes in a confederation of which a foreigner was the head ? The experience of the conduct of the Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg shows that there could be no cohesion in such a union. German unity—mutual interests—attracted every Prince to the real centre of national life.

It was well for Protestantism that Gustavus lived so long : it was well for Germany and for himself that he died so soon. When we survey the successes of his short, eventful, and triumphant career, we may say that he was no less "happy in the opportunity of his death."

It is generally admitted that the death of Gustavus, at this juncture of affairs, saved the liberties of Germany no less than his own personal fame, for Saxony was cold, Denmark was vexed and jealous, France was alarmed ; there was at work a centrifugal influence among his former allies, which can only be ascribed to the dread of his establishing in Germany a power inconsistent with German interests and with the liberties of Europe.

Let us pause at this sudden interruption of the machinery of war. I have not troubled you much with references and quotations, but will now let Schiller, the historian, speak :

"Yesterday, the very soul, the great and animating principle of his own creation : to-day, struck unpititably to the ground, in the very midst of his eagle flight ; untimely torn from a whole world of great designs, and from the ripening harvest of his own expectations, he left his bereaved party disconsolate, and the proud edifice of his past greatness sunk into ruins. The Protestant party had identified its hopes with its invincible leader, and scarcely now can it separate them from him ; with him, they now fear all good fortune is buried. But it was no longer the Benefactor of Germany who fell at Lutzen ; the beneficent part of his career, Gustavus Adolphus had already terminated ; and now the greatest service he could render to the liberties of Germany was—to die."

I will only add that if history is to be anything more than a task of memory, we must learn to read its lessons subjectively in their relations to ourselves, to rise to the enthusiasm and patriotism of its highest types, to burn with a desire to do our part in the world's arena, to mould our

own characters by habitual imitation of the pure and the noble. When the scholars con their daily task, and learn of

A Brutus, steel'd against his own heart's blood ;  
Mucius, with his right hand in shrivelling fire :  
Curtius, engulph'd in a live sepulchre :  
Regulus, dying for his country's good :  
Camillus, firm in her ingratitude :  
Poor Cincinnatus, Rome's imperial sire—

they may miss the higher import of the historical task, until riper years teach them that

These all were types on the world's theatre,  
Sons, by whose love and suffering hardihood  
Rome, as the Queen of Nations, took her stand.

Then each historic portrait is instinct with life and influence—a picture that breathes and speaks to those that have an eye to see and a ear to hear.

## Lines

ADDRESSED TO MY WIFE, WITH A COPY OF THE BIBLE.

To her who through long years hath been  
My firmest friend, my kindest guide,  
Whom weal and woe alike have seen  
For ever by her husband's side.

In health, my chiefest joy of life,  
In sickness my most tender nurse,  
Remembering, aye, the vow of wife,  
To "take for better or for worse."

No truer spouse could mortal ask—  
Fulfilling duty's every test,  
Yet doing duty's sternest task  
As though it were but love's behest.

To her this sacred Book I give—  
The only book the world hath known,  
Within whose leaves the records live  
Of love that's holier than her own.

A. W. C.



## Social and Sanitary Comparisons.

BY A CAPE COLONIST AT HOME.

ONCE more I feel "at home." The only thing is, that the "homes" of dear Old England spoil one, and there are so many little etceteras of modern invention in daily use here now, that one would miss them in Africa. The facilities for locomotion, and the interesting daily intelligence, the refined intellectual power expressed in the newspaper literature of the day, and the general sterling character of English society, all minister to one's enjoyment; whilst the indoor enjoyments and the cleanliness and order which prevail everywhere make one's life supremely agreeable.

Sandown,\* compared with Cape Town, is but a small place, and only twenty-five years old. The name is not to be found in any map previous to that date, and now it is a thriving town, and building operations are being carried on in every direction, and that with success, for houses are let before they are finished. As I have paid my first quarter's taxes I can now give you some idea of their amount, and one can see here how foolish and short-sighted we Africans are in this matter of rating, &c.

Our poor rate is 5d. in the pound, reduced rental (20 per cent. off); 9d. in the pound improvement rate (20 per cent. off), 3d. in the pound, *full rental*, water rate. These are *quarterly* charges.

Suppose the rent of the house to be £42 per annum, the rates will be:—

|                  |                      |    |    |       |    |   |
|------------------|----------------------|----|----|-------|----|---|
| Poor rate on     | £32 <i>per annum</i> | .. | .. | £2    | 13 | 4 |
| Improvement rate | £32                  | „  | .. | 4     | 16 | 0 |
| Water rate on    | £40                  | „  | .. | 2     | 0  | 0 |
|                  |                      |    |    | <hr/> |    |   |
|                  |                      |    |    | £9    | 9  | 4 |

All paid by tenant. Now for this small amount one has as much water as he can use for all purposes, and the town is well supplied for all purposes, including sewerage and watering the streets. The streets are well swept in dry weather, and well scraped in wet weather, and are kept in thorough repair, nothing but "macadam" being used.

I send you by this mail the *Lancaster Observer* for the 5th November, containing the civil engineer's report upon the water supply of that town. The population, you will observe, is below that of Cape Town, and the water supply is *double*, and yet this supply is considered to be below the mark in a country proverbially wet and rainy. The population, including the suburbs, number 30,000, and the water supply is 700,000 gallons *per diem*, and their present requirements are 855,000. To adapt the engineer's calculations, of what is

\* Isle of Wight, where the writer has been for the last three months.

necessary in this naturally *rainy* locality, to Cape Town, I submit the following calculations :—

|                                 |    |    |                |
|---------------------------------|----|----|----------------|
| Population 34,000, at 25 galls. | .. | .. | 850,000 galls. |
| For railways, baths, and mills  | .. | .. | 120,000 „      |
| <hr/>                           |    |    |                |
| Total                           | .. | .. | 970,000 galls. |
| Your supply is about            | .. | .. | 400,000 „      |
| <hr/>                           |    |    |                |
| Deficiency                      | .. | .. | 570,000 galls. |

At Lancaster, you will observe, they anticipate an increase of population up to 57,000 in 1905. Under the section of the report headed, “past, present, and future population and requirements,” you will find much interesting matter ; especially interesting to our Town Council, to whom, if they will peruse it, I respectfully request you to forward this report, the ablest that I have seen on the water-supply question. Here they have also the experience of a tried and well-known civil engineer, and a report upon all the latest improvements for cleaning pipes, &c.

Cape Town, considering the dryness of the climate, will require for all purposes, sanitary and domestic, at least thirty gallons per inhabitant. Unfortunately, our city is spread over a greater area than an English town, in proportion to population, as there are so many one-storied dwellings, whereas, here there is no dwelling with less than two stories. The extended area of Cape Town will require a long line of sewerage and roadway. But it is singular to what an extent Cape Town people are taxing *themselves*.

There must be at least 5,000 houses in Cape Town that are dependent on the “tub” system. The removal of these costs each house at least one shilling a week, so that in the removal of this nuisance alone, Cape Town submits to a tax amounting in the aggregate to £13,000 per annum.

The full rental of Cape Town I estimate at £200,000 per annum. An improvement rate at 3s., with 20 per cent. off, would yield £24,000 ; a water rate of 1s. in the pound, £10,000 ; and a poor rate as we have would yield, with 20 per cent. off, £14,000. In all, the rates would be £48,000 per annum. Deducting the poor rate, which is, after all, but an equivalent to the “tub” rate, Cape Town should yield in rates £34,000, whereas it yields only about £16,000. Another £18,000 would pay the interest on £160,000, which would provide the city with a thorough system of sewerage and an ample supply of water, and the balance of £10,000 per annum might be applied in reduction of the debt, and towards general improvement in other directions. The population and, consequently, the municipal income would increase, and within five years the sewerage and water supply would be completed, and the “tub” system entirely superseded. The loan of £160,000 could easily be repaid in twelve years ; but why pay off the loan ? The better way, in

my opinion, is to improve the city to the utmost, and thus render the loan doubly secure to the lenders. The interest will be merely the *rental* of the public works which are permanent. It is often preferable to rent a house instead of purchasing one, and to use one's income for the general advance of business.

Now, as to drainage. Here, in Sandown, the rain-water all goes into the sea. The sewerage is conducted by piping into cess-pits, and is there deodorized, and then removed and mixed with the street sweepings and sold at 3s. a cart-load; or unmixed, at 5s. a cart-load. The sea-water is used for watering the streets, but here the sea-water is pure, and the beach is as clean as nature made it, and a walk along the beach, which extends for six miles, is most healthful and enjoyable. Another thing that attracted my notice is worthy of remark. The sea-water is pumped up by hand from a *well* which is sunk *just above high-water mark*, and comes up quite clear and pure. In Cape Town the water is taken from the surface of the open sea, just opposite to the offensive discharge from the Adderley-street sewer. This sewerage water is lighter than sea-water, so that Adderley-street is actually watered with a mixture of salt water and sewerage. The Sandown plan *would be* this:—Erect a stage, say fifteen feet high, at the commencement of your Central Causeway, directly over a well, into which the sea-water could percolate rapidly. On this stage erect a pumping apparatus. Then from this stage, and raised on iron standards, to the corner of Adderley and Strand streets, lay an open “shute” or wooden trough, so that the water may be conveyed into an iron tank at this point, whence it may be drawn by the water-carts at pleasure, and a saving of 400 yards, or a quarter of a mile (200 each way), be thus effected in distance in conveying each cart-load of water to the streets. This one item of *distance-saving* would pay for the cost of pumping and interest on outlay, and if one well could be sunk at the following points, with the trough system the whole town could be watered at a trifling expense:—

No. 1. North Wharf, with trough to Strand-street.

No. 2. Central Causeway, with trough to Strand-street.

No. 3. Castle at Old Wharf, with trough to Castle-bridge.

No. 4. Opposite Old Military Hospital, with trough to E. end of Market.

Further, if our mixture of sewerage and sweepings is worth 3s. per cart-load, in this, the garden of England, where potatoes are  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb., and bread 6d. the 4 lb. loaf, what should be the value at the Cape, where potatoes are 2d per lb., and bread 1s. the 4 lb. loaf? Here bread, butter, and vegetables, are half the price that they are at the Cape.

I estimate the value of the Cape Town sewerage and *sweepings and kitchen refuse*, 5,000 houses, each one yielding per week one cart-load, of the three ingredients combined, will yield per annum at say 2s. per cart-load £25,000, at one cart-load per month £6,000 per

annum. At 3s., the Sandown price, the total will be 50 per cent. more.

Now all this reasoning may be Greek and Hebrew at the Cape, but it is plain English to us here, and it is as much by the utilization of what is considered by us as mere dirt that a man can live in England at one-third less cost than he can at the Cape, for the richest and most stimulating manure is thrown away, whilst here it is husbanded and yields a profit to the corporation, the farmer, and the inhabitants. With us at the Cape the tables should be turned, and we should live at two-thirds of the English cost; land is cheaper, and there is a large demand, as the large importations of flour, wheat, barley, malt, cheese, butter, ham, bacon, lard, biscuits, candles, soap, and even Australian meat, testify. Labour is as dear here as with us at the Cape. Three shillings and three shillings and sixpence is the charge here, and then it is scarce. I am afraid that I shall tire you out, but one subject more, and I have done.

You are well aware that the population of the Cape Peninsula is increasing rapidly, and yet what progress has been made in the increase of the house accommodation of the colony? According to the census returns, the Cape Peninsula should build annually 200 dwellings, from the labourers' cottage upwards; but how little is being done in this direction; and then, in the general arrangement of the dwelling and its adjuncts, how little control is exercised by a governing body. Mowbray, Rondebosch, Claremont, and Wynberg, should be compelled to establish municipalities. The water supply and the sanitary arrangements are a disgrace to these localities. If municipalities cannot be established, Government should appoint local boards for the benefit of the public. A rich man may sink a well and deepen it as wells increase; but what are the poor to do in case of drought. The waste of time and the expenditure of colonial labour in carrying water is enormous in the aggregate. In Wynberg and neighbourhoods, I believe, that in the aggregate for the last twelve months, about five hundred pounds, if not nearly a thousand has been expended in water-carriage. I alone paid ten pounds at least.

There is another thing that has attracted my notice here. You are aware that we have had fearful storms lately. The shores of Sandown Bay has been consequently strewed with sea-weed. I see that the carts are continually carrying this off to the market gardens about, and that it is used as a manure. I have never seen it so used at the Cape. It must be of service, I am sure, and might be made so on the farms in the vicinity of Cape Town. I fear I have troubled you with this long epistle; but a desire to benefit my native town prompts me to give you the result of my observations here; which may or may not be valuable. Such as they are I send them to you, with liberty to make such use of them as they may, in your judgment deserve.

W. L. B.

## Tears.

Like April showers are childhood's tears,  
 Falling full oft and fast,  
 Yet leaving scarce a trace behind,  
 So short a time they last.  
 Soon the glad smile again appears,  
 And danceth joy through pearly tears,  
 Which fall more slowly, one by one,  
 Like dew-drops glist'ning in the sun ;  
 And when the transient shower is o'er,  
 That sun shines brighter than before.

Less fleeting are the tears of youth,  
 More lasting is their stain ;  
 Long, quivering lips and drooping eye  
 Refuse to smile again.  
 But love's bright beams can paint anew  
 On the pale cheek its roseate hue ;  
 Responsive to love's tender voice,  
 The languid eye may yet rejoice ;  
 And lips, long tuned to mournful strain,  
 By magic charm—laugh out again.

Not so the reverend tears of age,  
 Wrung forth by grief and care,  
 Which trickle down the timeworn cheek,  
 And plough deep furrows there.  
 No loving hand can these efface :  
 Sad lines, that mark their iron trace ;  
 No gladdening smile again may light  
 Those tear-dimmed orbs of failing sight ;  
 No kind physician's healing art  
 Can bind again the broken heart !



But when all earthly joys are o'er,  
 And earthly comforts fled ;  
 When every cherished hope below  
 Is buried with the dead ;  
 One constant Friend still watcheth near,  
 The aged Christian's heart to cheer ;  
 One heavenly finger points above  
 To realms of endless joy and love,  
 Where every tear, from every eye,  
 His God's own hand shall gently dry !

H. G. S.

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### *Wild Life in South-Eastern Africa.\**

“AMONGST THE ZULUS AND AMATONGAS” is the title of an interesting volume just published, which is of special interest now that so much attention is given to matters relating to South-Eastern Africa. The book consists of a selection of contributions to English magazines and newspapers by the late Mr. D. Leslie, a Natalian, and it is edited by his friend, the Hon. H. W. Drummond, author of “The Large Game and Natural History of South Africa.”

Mr. Leslie may be remembered by many colonists as at one time a member of the firm of Acutt & Leslie of Durban. Afterwards he was engaged in trading and hunting in Zululand, and among the Amaswazi tribes near Delagoa Bay. Whilst on one of these expeditions in his schooner the *William Shaw*, he and his vessel were seized by the Portuguese authorities in what were considered British waters ; and the question of marine boundaries and territorial rights raised, which resulted in the Delagoa Bay arbitration and award. His long residence in the country gave him an intimate acquaintance with the language, politics, customs, and feelings of the natives living between the British and Portuguese possessions on the East Coast. He had a happy temper which nothing could ruffle, and manfully underwent fatigue and hardship of every kind. He was equally ready to turn his hand to anything—whether digging his wagon out of some hole, or conducting a delicate negotiation with a native potentate, or hunting the large game in their wild life, when, sometimes after walking in the blazing sun for fourteen or fifteen

\* Among the Zulus and Amatongas, with sketches of the Natives, their language, and customs. By the late David Leslie. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas ; and at J. C. Juta's, Cape Town.

hours without having tasted food, he would self-denyingly insist upon his men dividing among themselves the small basket of boiled maize which the villagers brought him for personal consumption.

Not the least interesting of Mr. Leslie's fugitive papers now collected refer to the "Labour Question." Two or three years ago he recommended Natalians to try and procure native labour from beyond their borders. The three routes he suggested by which they might be introduced were: through the Transvaal; through the Swazi or Tonga and Zulu country; and by sea. The Natalians have followed up the last course, and entered into arrangements with the Portuguese for the encouragement of a regular system of voluntary emigration of African labourers from Delagoa Bay to Natal. They have now an agent (Mr. Thompson) at Lorenzo Marques, who acts as protector of emigrants. Any natives presenting themselves at his office in that town, and expressing their willingness to enter into a two or three years' contract for labouring at Natal, are at once taken care of on the part of the Natal Government, and provided with food and shelter until the arrival of the steamer going to Natal, when their passage and passport are paid for them, as also their return passage by steamer to Lorenzo Marques upon the expiration of their contract time, without any portion of the same being deducted from their wages. If success attends the plan, it is one well worthy of the attention of the Cape Government.

But the charm of the book is the vivid picture of "Wild Life," which bear the impress of having been written in the bush and the veld. Here is a specimen which will revive many a true sportsman's memories:—

"Ah, Wild life—Wild life! what a charm there is about it. I used to wonder, and have often laughed at, the rhapsodies—as I then thought them—indulged in by Mayne Reid regarding his prairie days; but never, never more shall I be guilty of such silly incredulity, for have I not had similar experience? And while writing this paper exactly the same feelings come over me—my heart throbs; my blood boils; my frame tingles; and I long to be at the old game again.

"I have given it up—I am afraid for ever; but am still subject to ever-recurring attacks of the prairie-fever, which, doubtless, is the same in its symptoms and effects in South-Eastern Africa as in Western America.

"No one who has not lived such a Wild life can know the fascination which after-thoughts of it exert. It is not so much felt at the time; but when one has at last settled down in the midst of civilisation, the mind reverts to the old scenes with a vividness, a fondness, and an excitement which must be experienced to be appreciated.

"The glorious freedom of Wild life—free from every fetter except what you yourself may choose to wear; free from the constantly irritating contacts and annoyances to which you are subject

in an old country ; free to come ; free to go ; free to halt ; free—and often necessitated—to experience the extremes of hunger and satiety, heat and cold, wet and dry ; plenty of adventure to season your food ; tale-tellers equal to the Eastern ones to amuse your leisure hours ; and the study of the habits, customs, and peculiarities of the wild races amongst which you may be thrown—constitute a life delightful to experience, and pleasant to look back upon.

“ Nothing, in South-Eastern Africa, can be so charming to my mind as a fine morning after the first rain of the season. For months, a dull, dry haze, called by the natives “ *Lofusseemba*,” has covered the face of the country, causing even the nearest hills to loom as if in the distance. The atmosphere has been dry and close ; your beard frizzles and your skin crumples up from the want of moisture. Hunting is most unpleasant, from the dust and black ashes—the remnants of the grass fires—which you raise at every step. The feet of the natives get cut up by constant trampling on the sharp stems of grass, left by the same cause ; and altogether you feel as if the greatest luxury in life would be to “ *paidle in the burn* ” the live-long day ; but, unfortunately, owing to the long drought, there isn’t the tiniest pool to be seen.

“ The rains come at last, and with a vengeance too ! For three days you have to endure the stifling atmosphere of a native hut—a sort of exaggerated beehive—and as the grass of which it is constructed has contracted during the long spell of dry weather, you may say you have a covering, but no shelter. However, that doesn’t matter much—all your care is for the guns and ammunition ; as for yourself, you won’t melt, nor take harm by exposure in this fine climate, and it isn’t the first time you have slept in the wet. Towards morning one of the natives looks out of the door and exclaims “ *Le Balele* ” (it shines—it is fair). You also rise at last from your couch and go out ; when immediately you forget all the previous discomfort in the exquisite charm of the lovely morning. The country lies dark, yet distinctly defined, before you ; the relief is magical, and would have enraptured Turner. No glimmering haze to pain the eye—no blur in the landscape—but all the outlines and details clearly mapped out before you. The sheen of the river is seen below, its heretofore dry bed now filled with a tumultuous flood ; and here and there amongst the peaks, and dotting the flat-land, lie white, soft, fleecy *nebulæ* of mist. The freshness and balminess of the air is delicious ; the breeze—the handmaid of the morn—rises so pleasantly, dispelling the misty spots and wreaths ; and then Aurora, on the wings of the morning, bursts upon us, bathing the whole face of the country in a flood of light ; and all nature, animate and inanimate, seems to hail the advent of morning in a chorus of joy ! Such a morning is worth seeing, and worth writing about, and I only regret that I am so incapable of doing it justice.

"The wagon has been "out-spanned" upon a hill overlooking miles upon miles of Hlanxi (open bush), dark and sombre-looking at this winter time in all parts. Here and there are small peaked and table hills, which, however, but slightly diversify the landscape. Beyond rise the high bare hills of Amaswazi\* and the Bombo. Through the middle of the flat runs the river Pongolo. The uniformity of colour imparts a dull yet grand aspect to the river. You feel, in descending to the habitat of the game, as if you could realise Dante's famous inscription on the gate of the Inferno. Although there may be a cool breeze blowing in the hills you have left, directly you reach the flat, and are fairly amongst the mimosa trees, it ceases. The sun beats down on your head in such a manner—so directly and with such perseverance—that you are half inclined to believe in the ancient mythology, and ascribe the infliction to some offence unwittingly given to Phœbus. Occasionally the chirrup of a bird is heard, but otherwise all is hot, silent, and lonely.

"When, however, you are once fairly in the Hlanzi the sense of oppression ceases in the excitement of hunting. Game is abundant, and sufficiently wild to give zest to success.

"First, most probably, the graceful Pallah will be seen in troops, gazing with evident wonder and terror in your direction. As you draw nearer and nearer a little movement will be seen—one or two will change their places, then suddenly the whole herd, without any further preliminary motion, will start away, each leaping high as they go. The effect is very pretty, for as they leap the red of their backs and sides, and the white of their bellies, alternately appear and disappear, producing a glittering zoetropic effect on a magnificent scale.

"Next your attention is drawn to the other side by a loud sneeze, and on looking thither you behold a troop of Gnu and Quagga mixed. They, on the other hand, are in constant motion—gnu and quagga passing and repassing each other without pause. A single gnu will every moment plunge out, whisk his tail, give a sneeze, and then back again to the ranks; but the head quagga stops any impudent manifestation of this kind by laying his ears back and biting any forward youngster which attempts to pass him. When this herd considers you are near enough for any agreeable purpose, away it goes, kicking and plunging with such an evident "catch-me-if-you-can" expression that you feel very much inclined to send a bullet among them to give them a lesson of respect to the *genus homo*; but we are after "metal more attractive," and therefore leave them alone. It is very interesting to notice the discipline kept up in gnu families. Any laggard amongst the youngsters is immediately taken to task by its mother or by a bull, and well switched with their horse-tails to make it keep up. From this circumstance the natives say that a

\* Amaswazi, the tribe on the N. and N.W. of Zulu.



gnu's tail is "medicine," and that, however tired you may be, if you brush your legs with it the sense of fatigue passes away. Of course, one hair of faith is more effectual than all the hairs on the tail in producing this result.

"A little further on a troop of the noble-looking bull Koodoos is seen—the most wary buck I know—with their spiral horns and large ears laid back, glancing between the mimosas: when, if you manage to get within range, a bullet either arrests the flight of one or hastens the stampede of the whole.

"Again you march on, when with a crash out rushes a noble Wild Boar from the thicket in which he has been lying. With head up and tail on end away he goes at a short, quick gallop, and, as he breaks through the long grass and thick, tangled underwood, a flock of Guinea-fowl and Pheasants are roused, and, flying hither and thither, the air is filled with their discordant notes, and also with a shower of sticks which the natives shy at them with some success. To this noise and confusion is added the cry of a species of Caurie, which, attracted by the din, perches on a tree close by, and reiterates 'go away' as plainly as an angry child of four or five years of age would do, and with something like the same effect on your nerves.

"Again on the tramp towards the thickest part of the Hlanzi—the deepest gloom of this Tartarus—where larger trees of the mimosa species prevail—where the creeper, the 'wait-a-bit' thorn (called by the natives 'catch-tiger' and 'come-and-I'll-kiss-you'), a long-spiked, thorny bush (called by the natives 'the cheeky'), the cactus-thorn of three inches long, the nettle, and all sorts of such abominations most do abound; and on entering there, in sternest silence as regards speech and footfall, the business of the day commences.

"With a very black, lithe, active native in front, whose most prominent features are the whites of his eyes, and whose name, "Bah-pa," deserves to be recorded, away we go, to be met by a Black Rhinoceros, who, having smelt our wind, is coming to see who has ventured to intrude into his habitat and disturb his mid-day siesta. He is the only wild animal I know who, deliberately and without provocation, will set himself to hunt down man on the slightest intimation of his presence. He comes! The thunder of his gallop and the sounds of his displeasure are only too audible. It is stand fast or up a tree like a squirrel, for there is no running away from such an antagonist in such a thicket. Fortunately, however, his sight is not very good, and a very slight screen suffices to save you; and, as he furiously plunges past, a shot through the lungs brings his career to a termination; but even his dying scream is indicative of pain and anger, not of fear. Certainly he deserved to live for his pluck, but is bound to die from his vicious disposition, for there is no quarter in the battle with such as him. The sound of the shot seems to vivify the bush around, and crash, crash! on all sides is heard, caused by the hurried flight of the startled game. Never mind!



they leave tracks by which we can easily follow and find them through the wood. On emerging from the thicket we come across a White Rhinoceros, much larger than his sable cousin, but not at all vicious. Our sudden appearance startles him into a trot, which presently breaks into a gallop, especially if he has a dog at his heels. His trot and gallop are exactly like those of a well-bred horse. He is a heavy animal, but what splendid action he shows ! He keeps his head well up, and lifts his feet cleverly from the ground, and goes at a pace which few horses can equal. What a sensation a *Rhinoceros* race would create among your Dundrearys and Verisophts at Epsom ! When he has 'gone from our gaze' we follow buffalo tracks which evidently lead to another thicket, and on approaching it we hear sounds of wild-animal warfare—grunting, bellowing, and roaring, and roaring, bellowing, and grunting, as Tennyson would jingle it ; but the Kaffirs call it 'belching.' Cautiously Bah-pa whispers 'Lion, Lion !' and warily we draw near to the scene of the commotion. In a clear space are a Lion and a Buffalo cow fighting ; and a Buffalo calf lying dead sufficiently explains the *casus belli*. The lion springs—immediately the cow rushes through the thick bush and wipes him off, turning instantly and pounding away at him on the ground ; the lion wriggles free after tearing the nose and face of the buffalo ; and the same process is repeated, all so quickly and in such a whirl of motion, that you can only see the result and guess how it has been effected. The last time the lion is brushed off he evidently gives up the game, as we can hear the buffalo tearing after him through the bush. Two or three of my fellows creep forward and quickly draw away the calf ; the cow returns, smells about for a little, and finding her *lui machree* gone, dashes off, more furious than before, after the lion again, and we can hear the renewal of the conflict, gradually dying away in the distance.

"On, on again ; this time towards the river. We have rhinoceros and buffalo beef for lunch ; but although ravenously hungry, we are too thirsty to eat or even to talk, and in silence, therefore, we make our way towards the water. On our road we put a herd of "Peeva" (water-buck). One goes down ; the remainder dash to the river—their haven of refuge—we following close on their heels. As we use the last little incline, before coming in sight of the Pongolo, the natives, with eyes and fingers on the stretch, point to the other side, where a file of Elephants are slowly making their way down to the drift or ford, and, forgetting hunger and thirst, we creep carefully to the edge, and form an ambuscade for their reception on crossing. They enter the River ; on their way over, one halts for an instant and looks back, then goes on again, but he appears to be dragging a weight at his leg ; and when he comes into the shallows on our side, we observe an Alligator holding on to his knee. Without much ado the elephant drags him out on to the bank and utters a peculiar shriek, when immediately another turns round, and, seizing the

alligator between his trunk and his teeth, carries him to a stiff-forked thorny tree, and there deposits him with a smash—hung in chains one may say—and before long his bones would be all that remained of the voracious brute—causing some curious speculations in the mind of some future hunter as to how the animal found its way there.

“During our wandering observations we have allowed the elephants to go. Never mind, we can follow after lunch, or even mid-day, as we know where they were heading for.

“Then the tramp home—coffee and biscuits, and biscuits and beef, round the fire, and consumed with such an appetite! The recapitulation by the natives of the whole day’s sport, in animated language and appropriate gesture—one story leading to another, till far on in the night—then the last pipe and cup of coffee, and to bed with a healthy frame and a clear conscience.

“Such is a day you may spend in Wild life; and ah! tell me, if you can, what is there to equal it?

“Or it may be a quieter day, yet full of its own beauty and excitement. I wish I had the pencil of a John Leech, who delighted so much in, and depicted so well, sporting scenes; as a sketch of “waiting for dinner” in wild life would have been a first-rate subject.

“It is the day of a great hunt. The whole country-side for many miles around has been warned; and, literally, “a thousand men have turned out to hunt the deer with hound and horn.” It is arranged that those with guns are to take their places at the fords of the river, and wait there for the game crossing. Early in the morning we start—not because it is necessary, seeing that it will be hours before anything in the shape of game makes its appearance at the water; but when everybody else is off, what is the use of us staying at home. In the bustle and stir, breakfast has been forgotten—but never mind, we’ll enjoy an early dinner all the better—so away we saunter in the cool fresh air of the morning. We mark the changing hues of the landscape, as here the sun makes brilliant a patch of springing green, and there a cloud throws a dark shade on what had a moment before been bright and beautiful; and, as the breeze springs up, the view becomes quite panoramic—here a peak coming suddenly into distinct outline, there as suddenly darkening as the shadows envelope it—and in that half-hour every charm which sun, clouds, wind, atmosphere, hills, flats, verdure, trees, and flowers—all of their brightest and best—can develope, pass in ever-changing and rapidly dissolving view before your delighted vision!”

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## In Memoriam.

### Roderick Noble.

It is fitting that the present number of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* should contain a commemorative notice—however brief and imperfect—of the gentleman whose name is now for the first time absent from the title-page of the *Magazine*.

The intelligence of the death of Professor Noble came upon the community, in spite of the knowledge of his dangerous illness, with the shock of a sudden and painful surprise. To those who, by reason of ties of relationship or intimate personal friendship, more especially mourn the loss in which all are more or less sharers, it must be consolation indeed to know how widely and deeply that loss is felt, and how large is the number of those who claim to stand in at least the outer circle of sympathy and sorrow. Mr. Noble was so closely associated with the general life of the community, and touched it at so many points, that there are very few connections in which he will not be missed ; and among all classes there is one common feeling of regret for the loss of one of the most generous, kindly, and useful of men.

The early years of his life present few points of general interest. He was born at Inverness, in Scotland, in May, 1829, and received his early education in that city—first at the Parochial School, and afterwards at the Royal Academy. The latter is a high-class educational institution, incorporated by Royal Charter, and richly endowed by successful *alumni*, who, pursuing their fortunes in various parts of the world, cherished a laudable affection for their *alma mater*, and sought to make it the academic pride of the Highland capital. His career at the Academy was highly successful. He devoted himself with characteristic zeal and energy to the pursuit of knowledge, and distinguished himself more particularly in the mathematical and other cognate sciences, winning the high position of gold medallist of his year. Among his class companions at the Academy were several who have since occupied prominent positions at home and abroad ; and two of these he had the pleasure of welcoming many years afterwards to his home in this country—Major (now Sir John) Cowell, who accompanied Prince Alfred on his first visit to the Cape ; and Robert Stewart, Esq., the respected head manager of the British Standard Bank in South Africa.

In the north of Scotland, as in the country districts of this Colony, any decided indication of talent was regarded as marking a young

man for the ministry of the church. Some of Mr. Noble's relatives were already occupying the pulpits of the Free Church ; among them the Rev. John Noble, of Fodderty, afterwards of Duke-street, Glasgow, and the Rev. James Noble, of the Gaelic Church, Edinburgh. Upon completing the curriculum of study in Inverness, Roderick proceeded to Edinburgh, with the intention of passing through the University course and entering the Divinity Hall. This purpose, however, was very soon frustrated. Only one or two sessions were spent in Edinburgh, in unremitting application to study. Symptoms of pulmonary weakness began to show themselves, and before long he was completely prostrated by a severe attack of illness, brought on by close study during the cold bleak wintry months. He was ordered to quit Edinburgh without delay, and to return to the fresh air of the Highlands as the only hope of saving him from a premature death by consumption. Reluctantly he gave up the hopes with which he had entered the University. His brief residence there, however, was not without its effect upon his future life. His own intellectual tastes and sympathies were confirmed and widened by contact with the professors whose lectures he attended, and of whom he always spoke in terms of enthusiasm and veneration. Those who were intimate with him in after years will remember how, with his keen appreciation of the humorous side of things, he would recall the mannerisms and eccentricities of the professors, while at the same time paying them the tribute of an affectionate admiration. He was wont also to refer to the slender means with which in those days Scottish youths like himself managed to maintain themselves at College—thoroughly appreciating Sydney Smith's humorous rendering of the line from Virgil which he proposed as a motto for the *Edinburgh Review* :

tenui Musam meditamur avenâ :

“We cultivate the Muses on a little oatmeal.”

His career as a teacher commenced soon after he left Edinburgh. A master was wanted for a Free Church School in Sutherlandshire ; he applied for the vacant situation, and to his great surprise obtained it. Though a mere stripling, without any experience in school management except such as he had acquired during the progress of his own education, he nevertheless entered upon his duties as school-master, at Rogart, as if to the manner born. In a short time he was known and loved throughout the district—the familiar friend of his pupils and their parents, and the active coadjutor of the respected Free Church clergyman, the Rev. Mr. McLeod, in all matters pertaining to the religious and social advancement of the parish. While residing at Rogart, he made his first attempts as a newspaper writer, contributing articles and criticisms to the *Inverness Advertiser*, one of the newspapers of his native town. But the mischief in the lungs which drove him from Edinburgh had only been arrested for a time. Continued pulmonary weakness and bronchial affections, from which



he was seldom entirely free, made it evident that his only hope of recovery lay in removal to a warmer and more genial climate. Here again the way seemed to open itself to him as the need arose. His attention was directed to a notice inviting applications from young men willing to undertake the duties of mathematical teacher in Dr. Changuion's school at the Cape. A short correspondence with the Rev. Dr. Candlish, of Edinburgh, with whom the appointment rested, ended in his resolve to accept the post, and for a time at least to leave his native land and the glorious scenery of mountain, loch, and glen, which he loved with all the passionate enthusiasm of a Highlander.

In 1850 he took passage to the Colony by the bark *Earl of Ripon*, one of his fellow-voyagers as far as Tristan d'Acunha being the Rev. W. F. Taylor, now of Mossel Bay, who was specially commissioned by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel as a missionary to that Island, and with whom his subsequent intercourse was always of an intimate and friendly character. Arrived in Cape Town, Mr. Noble at once entered upon the duties of his new appointment. Dr. Changuion's school was then one of the most important educational establishments in the Colony, including a large day-school in addition to the boarding-house, and furnished with a staff of competent assistants. Youths from many parts of the Colony received their education in this school, the majority of them being of Dutch extraction. We consider it a fortunate thing for Mr. Noble's future position and work in the Colony, that his early years in it were spent at an establishment of this nature. It was here that he acquired that knowledge of the Dutch language, that familiar acquaintance with the ordinary life of our people, and that hearty sympathy with their pursuits, to which in great measure his popularity and influence are to be attributed. Meanwhile he gained the respect and confidence of the principal of the institution, as well as the affection of his pupils, and gave distinct promise of that ultimate success as a scientific teacher which after years so fully realized.

In 1855 an effort was made to widen the range of studies at the South African College, and Mr. Noble's services were engaged as Lecturer in Chemistry. When provision was made, shortly afterwards, for the establishment of a chair of Physical Science, he was appointed to the Professorship. In 1859, on the retirement of Dr. Dale from the Professorship of Classical and English Literature in the College, the Council of that Institution determined to separate the chair of English Literature from that of Classics, and offered the English Professorship to Mr. Noble. The offer was accepted, and he filled the two chairs of Physical Science and English Literature without interruption during the remainder of his life.

When Mr. Noble joined the South African College as Professor of English Literature, he had already found employment in other than scholastic directions. The periodical press of the Colony seems to



have had an irresistible attraction for him. We need not here recount the successive stages of his career as a newspaper writer, or the various journals with which he was connected at different times. Many of his friends were of opinion that his intimate association with the periodical literature and the political life of the community was a mistake, and hoped that the demands of the combined professorships would gradually withdraw him from a class of duties which, sufficiently onerous in themselves, became cruelly oppressive when added to the weight of responsibilities and duties already great. When it is remembered that as the Professor of English Literature he had to instruct large classes of boys in the ordinary subjects of English education, as well as to lecture to young men in the higher departments of Literature, Constitutional History, Logic and Philosophy; and as Professor of Physical Science to deal with such subjects as Chemistry, Physical Astronomy, Light, Heat, &c., it will be readily conceded that any serious addition to his duties as a teacher could not be undertaken without considerable risk. But the suggestions and remonstrances of friends were without effect. "I must have hard work," he would say; "I cannot do without it."

And engagements of one kind or another seemed to crowd upon him. Courses of lectures on Literature or Science, public or semi-public, in connection with various institutions in Cape Town, Rondebosch, and Stellenbosch—extensive correspondence and literally incessant anxiety as editor of the *Cape Monthly Magazine*—the claims and cares of an afflicted and divided household, and an increasing conviction that as a public journalist it behoved him to mingle as much as possible with every phase of the life of the community; all these things left him no leisure or repose in his life. The strongest constitution must ultimately break down under so severe a pressure. The marvel in this case is that with the early symptoms of chest disorder, and the frequent reminders in after years that the disease still lingered in the system, he bore the strain as long as he did. A severe attack of pleurisy, in the winter of 1875, filled his friends with grave anxiety. The Professor made an effort, only partially successful, to free himself from some of his numerous engagements. But the strength and elasticity of his constitution were gone. An attack, similar to that in the winter, laid him prostrate early in December; and after a fortnight's illness he passed away in peace on the afternoon of Monday, the 20th of December. As one of his friends significantly said, he died of old age; he had done the work of two years in one, and the wheels of life were worn out.

Those who knew Professor Noble most intimately will remember the undertone of sadness and weariness which accompanied many of his words and actions for some time past. The burden of the private sorrow which he bore and the shadow of impending calamity which he believed to have fallen across his path, told heavily upon heart and brain. Indeed it is wonderful how under such circumstances he

so steadily and unremittingly met the duties of his restless life. Latterly he often expressed his intense longing for rest. The following pathetic lines, published in a number of the *Cape Argus*, and read to more than one of his closest personal friends, seemed at the time painfully significant, while now they are invested with something of the solemnity of a prophecy which has since been fulfilled :—

Lay me low, my work is done,  
I am weary. Lay me low,  
Where the wild flowers woo the sun,  
Where the balmy breezes blow,  
Where the butterfly takes wing,  
Where the aspens drooping grow,  
Where the young birds chirp and sing.  
I am weary, let me go.

I have striven hard and long,  
In the world's unequal fight,  
Always to resist the wrong,  
Always to maintain the right,  
Always with a stubborn heart  
Taking, giving blow for blow.  
Brother, I have played my part,  
And am weary, let me go.

Stern the world and bitter cold,  
Irk some, painful to endure ;  
Everywhere a love of gold,  
Nowhere pity for the poor ;  
Everywhere mistrust, disguise,  
Pride, hypocrisy, and show.  
Draw the curtain, close mine eyes ;  
I am weary, let me go.

Others 'chance when I am gone  
May restore the battle-call,  
Bravely lead the good cause on,  
Fighting in the which I fall.  
God may quicken some true soul  
Here to take my place below  
In the heroes' muster-roll :  
I am weary, let me go.

Shield and buckler, hang them up :  
Drape the standard on the wall.  
I have drained the mortal cup  
To the finish, dregs and all  
When our work is done 'tis best,  
Brother, best that we should go.  
I'm aweary, let me rest,  
I'm aweary, lay me low.

It is not for us to enquire too curiously into the spirit in which he bore the strain of his life and the motive which animated him in the resolute discharge of his manifold duties. But the following words, written by one who knew and loved him well, disclose the feelings with which he shaped his course, and the faith which strengthened his purpose :—

“ I truly believe that the secret of his stern performance of his varied

duties was that he had learned to live the higher and heroic life, which is—

not as idle ore,  
But iron dug from central gloom,  
And heated hot with burning fears,  
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,  
And battered with the strokes of doom  
To shape and use.

He had resolved that, apart from anything surrounding and outside of him, he would bring to the discharge of his allotted tasks all the powers of his mind, and all the sympathies and charity of his nature. In this spirit he ardently threw himself into the public life that moved and struggled about him, valiantly striving to do the right—ever ready to busy himself in some good work for another, heedless of opposition or abuse, or any disagreeableness that attended it. The inspiration of this motive and action has been earnestly expressed in one of the late Canon Kingsley's papers,\* which fitly echoes what were his own convictions of Personal Duty :—"If a man will really think of himself, of that which is inside him, of his own character, his own honour, his own duty, then he will say, well fed or ill fed, well led or ill led, praised and covered with medals or neglected and forgotten, I, by myself, I am the same man and I have the same work to do. I have to be—myself, and I have to do—my duty. And therefore so help me God, I will be discontented with no person or thing, save only with myself; not when I have left undone something extraordinary which I know I could not have done, but only when I have left undone something ordinary, some plain duty which I know I could have done had I asked God to help me to do it. \* \* \* \* Happy are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, that they may become righteous and good men. Happy they who have set their hearts on the one thing which is their own power—being better than they are, and doing better than they do. He who has set his heart upon being good has set his heart on the one thing which is in his own power, the one thing which depends wholly and solely on his own will, the one thing which he can have if he chooses, for it is written "Shall not your heavenly Father give his Holy Spirit to those who ask him?" Moreover he has set his heart on the one thing which cannot be taken from him. God will not take it from him, and man and fortune and misfortune cannot take it from him. Poverty, misery, disease, death itself, cannot make him a worse man; cannot make him less just, less pure, less true, less charitable, less high-minded, less like Christ, and less like God. Such an one therefore is at peace, for he is as it were entrenched in an impregnable fortress, against all men and all evil influences. And that castle is his own soul. And the keeper of that castle is none other than Almighty God, Jesus Christ our Lord, to whose keeping he has committed his soul as unto a faithful and merciful Saviour, able to keep to the uttermost that which is committed to Him in faith and holiness."

\* Good Words, July, 1875.

This is now the hope and comfort of his friends, that he whom they loved has passed from all earthly tribulation,

— and mounted high  
Through the dear might of Him who walk'd the waves,  
He hears the unexpressive nuptial song  
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
There entertain him all the saints above,  
In solemn troops and sweet societies,  
That sing and singing in their glory move,  
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes."

Mr. Noble's connection with the newspaper press continued, as we have said, during the greater part of his residence in the Colony. In earlier years, when the pressure of work was less severe upon him and he enjoyed the peace and comfort of a home-life, his writing for the press was a delightful pastime. Those who were intimate with him in these happier days will remember the facility with which in the midst of friendly social intercourse he would turn to the composition of an article on any political, social, or scientific question which might be engaging public attention. This facility he never lost. Indeed it was a snare to him, and marred, especially in latter years, the effect of much of his work. His writing, we venture to think, never did full justice to his powers, and latterly did them great and manifest injustice. For mere graces of style and rhetorical embellishment he never cared ; but in his earlier articles there was a vigour of expression and a compactness of thought, a freshness and variety in the treatment of ordinary topics of passing interest, which showed that with more careful attention and greater deliberation he might have risen to a very high rank as a public journalist. During the last few years of his life, when engagements of one kind and another left him altogether without leisure, his writing deteriorated in quality. He betrayed himself by certain mannerisms and forms of expression which were perpetually recurring. He wrote as an eager partisan rather than as a calm and dispassionate critic. His own political opinions were strong, and he threw himself with characteristic energy into every public movement that took the direction of his own sympathies ; but often, swayed by the vehemence of his own feeling, the zeal which made him an excellent advocate made him a bad judge. When he left the arena of political contention, however, and wrote on any of those scientific subjects with which he was so familiar, he conferred a real and important service on the community. It was to him that we were indebted for full and accurate information on many subjects ; his hand that gathered up for us the stray threads of knowledge and wove them together into a continuous texture. The progress of discovery in Central Africa, the details of the "Challenger," and other scientific expeditions, the extension of telegraphic communication, the equipment of the more distant missionary expeditions—it was to Professor Noble's unwearied industry and quick intelligence that we owed much of our knowledge on these and similar subjects. In this department of useful public service he was without



a rival, and it will be hard indeed to supply the place which he has left vacant.

The mention of these services naturally leads us to speak of Mr. Noble as a public lecturer on scientific and literary subjects. His earliest effort so far as we can remember was a lecture on Geology and its relations to Scripture, delivered upwards of twenty years ago and published by request. The lecture was carefully prepared, and we believe read from the manuscript. Its literary finish and scientific grasp of the subject are alike admirable, and gave promise of that future usefulness and power with which we are all familiar. At irregular intervals he lectured, chiefly on subjects of scientific interest, before large and appreciative audiences. Somewhat distrustful of his own power of free speech, and always highly nervous in the prospect of speaking at all in public, it was his uniform practice during many years to write out his lecture and read it. We believe we are correct in saying that a lecture on Shakspeare, delivered some ten years ago, was the last lecture he ever wrote out. Shortly afterwards he was engaged to deliver a lecture on Astronomy; and he stood up before a large audience in the Exchange with scarcely any preparation, and trusting entirely to the language which came to his lips at the moment. The success of the experiment was complete. It was felt that on no previous occasion had he lectured with such power, and that the gain in power and freedom was not purchased at the sacrifice of precision. The Professor was surprised at his own success. I shall never write another lecture, he said to a friend next morning; and he kept his word—the only exception being his address at the annual meeting of the South African Public Library in 1868, which was distinctly intended for publication. This address, although hurriedly prepared (Mr. Noble being called upon almost at the last moment to supply the place of the gentleman who had undertaken the duty), was a masterly review at once of the literary activity and the scientific tendencies of the preceding year, and exemplified the position uniformly maintained by its author in reference to the scientific theories of the day, that there is no necessary antagonism between the final conclusions of science and the great truths of Divine Revelation.

Mr. Noble clearly understood his own position in relation to science. He made no claim to be, in the modern sense of the words, a man of science—to have devoted his life to some special department of scientific study, and to speak as an expert on any subject. "*Aliena sunt quæ profero*" is a motto which he would cheerfully have accepted. It was the breadth rather than the depth of his scientific knowledge that made him peculiarly useful. He was the interpreter between the highest scientific culture and the popular intelligence of the day. He brought within the range of ordinary understanding the large results of laborious scientific investigation by other men. It is easy, of course, to find men who could have done one or other of these two things better than he did them—a man with a profounder knowledge of science, or a man with even greater



power of popular exposition. But we know not where to look in this country for any one who combined the two in such felicitous proportions, who touched so fairly both the extremes between which he was a mediator.

But beyond all question the most important of his services to this country were rendered in connection with the education of youth. Those services were continued without intermission for twenty-five years. During this time many hundreds of our youth passed from the influence of his teaching to the business of life; and it is not too much to say that in nearly every instance the pupil carried away with him a grateful recollection of his connection with Professor Noble. He was certainly an admirable teacher. He simply delighted in the communication of knowledge. Teacher and pupils understood and respected each other. His class-room was not the stiff and solemn lecture-room, where no sound is ever heard beyond the sleepy hum of the professor's voice and the scratch of the student's pen. It had all the life of a debating society. Free expression of opinion was the rule of the room. Over and over again an outburst of laughter or a ringing cheer might be heard from the crowded benches. Yet this liberty never passed into license, and none knew better than the students who attended his lectures how far it was safe to go in this direction. No pains were spared to make the work of the lecture-room interesting as well as instructive. "Jan Jurgens" had been read and roared over in his literature classes before the public made his acquaintance in the pages of the *Cape Monthly*. When the *Challenger* was expected at the Cape, the science classes at the College knew more about her work and equipment than most well-informed people in Cape Town. When the *Great Eastern* anchored in Table Bay with the Eastern cable on board, of course the Professor was one of the first who climbed her side. That old red note-book of his was in constant requisition as he moved about in the big ship; and he landed in the evening with his pockets weighed down with specimens of the different telegraphic cables, the whole result being given in a graphic and interesting lecture on the following afternoon. Those who attended his lectures in the South African College will recall many similar instances; and none will understand more thoroughly how much we have lost in his removal.

Few things gave him more real pleasure than to receive letters from his former pupils referring to their common work in the class-room. Only a week or two before his last illness, he showed the writer of this notice a letter which he had just received from a former student of the College, now a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church. The letter accompanied a contribution to the *Magazine*, and spoke gratefully of the Professor's help and guidance in the higher departments of literature.

His connection with the *Cape Monthly Magazine* commenced with the first series of that periodical, which he edited, conjointly

with Mr. Advocate Cole, from 1857 to the end of 1861. During these years he kept up an extensive correspondence with contributors of both sexes throughout South Africa, from whom he gathered a large mass of valuable and original information connected with the history and general interests of the Colony. In 1870, the present series of the *Magazine* was commenced, under his sole editorship, and has been continued over eleven consecutive volumes—with what success our readers and subscribers well know. Among other literary labours, he wrote the letter-press for the handsomely illustrated volume issued by Messrs. S. Solomon & Co., describing “Prince Alfred’s progress in South Africa,” and edited the volume of essays published by Mr. Juta, entitled “The Cape and its People.” He was also an active member of the Committee of the Public Library, the Meteorological Commission, and the University Council. His membership of the University Council was the result of a vote of the Convocation of the University. As many of the members of Convocation were his old pupils, he accepted the position with peculiar pleasure, as being an expression of personal esteem as well as of public confidence.

A man of kinder heart and more generous nature we have never known. Indeed, the defects of his character were chiefly the result of his good nature. Perfectly sincere and truthful himself, he gave others credit for the same uprightness, and was often deceived—and then his indignation and disgust were almost furious. Latterly his temper was less under the control of his will and judgment than it had been in days when life went smoothly with him. Though one of the most constant of friends, there were few of his friends with whom he had not at some time or other a sharp passage of arms. But however high the indignation to which he was roused, the real goodness and kindness of his nature soon began to mount upwards and never failed to reach and master the indignation; and then his impulses in the direction of reconciliation were so generous and earnest that none could stand against them. And thus his friendships were strong and enduring. His first companions on his arrival in the Colony continued his intimate friends to the last. Mr. McGibbon, at whose house he died, was a friend of twenty-five years standing; and nothing could exceed the affectionate kindness with which he was tended in his old friend’s house, or the zealous and unremitting attention of Dr. Ross, assisted by Drs. Herman and Stewart, during his last illness.

He sleeps well after a troubled life. Many an eye was dimmed with tears when the tidings of his death were known. He lived for others, and spent himself in efforts to which he was prompted mainly by the generous kindness of his nature. His reward is assured—in the “blest kingdoms” in which He rules who keeps record of the cup of cold water given to the little ones—and in the gratitude with which South Africa will remember the name of RODERICK NOBLE.

# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## *Sport and War.\**

THERE has been of late an unusual prominence given to South Africa by English publishers as well as by the English newspaper press. Books descriptive of adventure and travel, of missionary enterprise, and of new and rich fields of wealth, in the southern and eastern part of this continent, are being issued one after another, all more or less contributing to bring the condition of the country into notice. The work before us now does not claim to be of a very valuable and instructive character. It is merely a series of recollections of events which occurred during the Kafir wars, and of some exciting field sports within and beyond the borders of the colony. These incidents, however, are not wanting in variety of deeds of daring and danger, many of them being famous in our colonial history, and they are told in such fresh and graphic style as to make the volume upon the whole exceedingly readable and interesting.

The author, Major-General Bisset, is the son of an Albany settler. When the Kafir war of 1834-5 broke out he was but a boy of fifteen years old; nevertheless, martial law being proclaimed, all civilians were called upon to take arms, and he joined the Bathurst Volunteers, under old Commandant Bowker. His reminiscences therefore date from that time, and extend over the successive wars which followed until their close, when, in the more piping times of peace he participated in the "grand battue" which celebrated the Royal Prince's visit to the Cape. His first service with the Bathurst Volunteers was on patrol to warn the farmers of Lower Albany, and to give assistance where they could. They happily relieved some Dutch farmers who, while returning from the Kowie River, had been attacked by the Kafirs. These men were quite surrounded, and had to fight it out, two of them only having guns. They found cover in a small round clump of bush in the open, where they kept loading

\* "Sport and War; or Recollections of Fighting and Hunting in South Africa, from the years 1834 to 1867, with a narrative of the Duke of Edinburgh's visit to the Cape. By Major-General BISSET, C.B." London: J. Murray; and at Mr. Juta's, Cape Town.

and firing as rapidly as they could, while the Kafirs on all sides of them kept throwing their assegais into the bush. When succoured the men were in a most exhausted and deplorable condition, one having nineteen and another twenty-three wounds.

Soon afterwards an expedition composed of some regulars and the volunteers was got up to enter Kafirland, with the view of diverting the savage enemy back from the colony to their own country. In a valley near Buck Kraal the expedition fell upon and attacked the kraal of the chief Eno, when a tolerable skirmish took place, the native "warriors" soon making off into the bush, where they could elude pursuit. On this occasion an incident occurred which General Bisset worthily commemorates as the devoted conduct of a brave girl, the daughter of the chief Eno. "This chief was too old to take the field himself, and had remained with the few warriors left to protect the women and cattle. The troops coming so suddenly on his village, there was no chance of escape except in the disguise of a woman, and his daughter seeing this, insisted on her father changing robes with her, for they only possess and wear one garment each, although the woman's robe is at once distinguishable from the man's. On the approach of an enemy all savages, both men and women, fly from the villages or kraals and take shelter in the bush, and Eno thus escaped unscathed into the bush in his brave daughter's skin robe, who was shot in two places while 'drawing off' the fire from her father. I came up in time to save the poor girl's life, for she could not be induced to discover herself by putting aside the chief's tiger-skin kaross, and there were men present smarting from the ruin of hearths and homes, who had no idea of taking prisoners."

General Bisset seems to have won his spurs while with the force under Sir Benjamin D'Urban, which crossed the Kei and carried the war into the Transkeian Territory. It was upon this occasion that the Fingoes were released from their bondage amongst the Kafirs; although when the latter became aware of the intention to liberate the people whom they were accustomed to term their "dogs," they rose upon some of them and committed most atrocious barbarities—men and women being killed and horribly mutilated. At the same time the paramount chief of Kafirland, Hintza, had surrendered to the Governor, and was a prisoner in the headquarters camp. As a punishment the Governor imposed upon him a very heavy fine of cattle, to which the chief at once agreed, but cunningly said he must go himself to collect them. This, of course, was not to be thought of. Hintza said he would communicate with his people and have the cattle got together. After waiting for three weeks and no cattle making their appearance, the Governor determined to resume hostilities. Hintza then proposed that he should leave his son Kreilli, the present paramount chief of Kafirland, and his uncle Bookoo as hostages, and that he should accompany a small patrol into the heart of his country, where the cattle were being collected. This arrangement was



agreed to, and Sir Harry Smith was named to command the expedition. Bisset says:—

“I was myself, at this time (May, 1835), a volunteer in the Corps of Guides, and was appointed one of Sir Harry Smith’s body-guards. I forget the exact number of troops selected, but the party consisted of all arms except artillery. We moved from the head-quarter camp on the Kei by forced marches, leaving the knocked-up and foot-sore men in detachments in our rear, as supports or camps of communication. In one day and night the column marched fifty-two miles within the twenty-four hours. The third day, on approaching the Bashee River, we saw herds of cattle flying before us, but at great distances, and it became more and more evident that Hintza was using a subterfuge to draw our small body of men into the interior of his country with some ulterior object.

“After marching all night the troops halted for breakfast in a valley under a ‘table-topped’ mountain. Hintza was always with Sir Harry Smith, a sort of prisoner at large, and in the particular charge of Captain Southey (now Lieutenant Governor of the Diamond-fields), and the Corps of Guides, of which I was one. Hintza had become very restless. Several messengers had been sent by him the day before to communicate with his people—some had already come and gone that morning—and his ‘witch-doctor’ was seen to tie a certain charm round his neck. Hintza used to ride his own horse, a splendid dark bay, a half-bred English horse, presented to him about a year before the war by Piet Uys, a celebrated Dutchman, a great hunter and breeder of superior horses. The troops did not halt long, and on advancing had almost to scramble up the steep ascent of the mountain. Sir Harry Smith was in advance, as it were, leading the column, with Hintza at his side, followed by a few Cape Mounted Riflemen and the Guides. Hintza at one point pushed past Sir Harry, and the General had to restrain him, but nothing more was then thought of it, and soon after we reached the table-land on the top of the mountain.

“A grand sight met our view. As far as the eye could reach, we saw that thousands upon thousands of cattle were being driven away from us. Sir Harry Smith had his spy-glass out, and was looking at these masses; we had just got up to the top of the hill and were intent upon the same object. Hintza had been edging his way to the right, when all at once there was a shout, ‘Hintza has bolted!’ And indeed he had got a start of at least fifty yards before anyone saw him. Sir Harry threw down his glass, and we one and all dashed after the fugitive, but no horse except Sir Harry’s was equal to that of the chief. After about half-a-mile’s race Sir Harry overtook Hintza, and ordered him to pull up, but instead of doing so the chief (who had always been allowed to carry his arms, consisting of the usual bundle of seven assaigais) made a stab at the General. It was well that it was a bundle, and not a single assaigai, for although parried with his right arm, the points of the seven assaigais penetrated



his coat over the right breast, and slightly entered the skin. In self-defence Sir Harry drew a pistol and again closed on the chief, directing him to pull up, when he again attempted to stab him. Sir Harry then snapped the pistol at his head. Southey, William Southey, myself, William Shaw, old Driver, Balfour, A. D. C. Oliver, and many others, were all in this race, but behind. By this time we had come to near the end of the table-land, and could see about 10,000 Kafirs in a semicircle and crowning the hills in all directions. Hintza was making direct for his people, and there was no time to be lost. Sir Harry once more closed with the chief, and seized him by the collar of his tiger-skin robe, and slightly dividing the space between the two horses, hurled the chief headlong to the ground. Hintza was on his feet in an instant, and drawing one of his assaigais threw it after Sir Harry; but his horse had bolted from fright at the chief's fall, and the assaigai fell short, but under the horse's legs. Hintza was by this time at the edge of the table-land, and running down the steep face of the mountain. Sir Harry, standing in his stirrups, and shouting to us not to let the chief escape, as we of the chase arrived at the brink of the table-land, we had to dismount and pursue the chief on foot, the ground being too precipitous for horsemen to follow. I fired two shots at the chief, but he gained the bush at the bottom of the hill and disappeared. William Southey, Driver, Balfour, and myself were the first to arrive on the spot, and George Southey and Balfour entered the bush above, and Driver and myself below, where the chief had disappeared, in order to work towards each other. Southey was the first to come upon Hintza, who was half in the water, a river running through the bush under a shelving rock; he had an assaigai drawn and poised, and was in the act of throwing or jerking it at Southey, when he put up his gun and blew the chief's brains out. I was the first to reach the dead chief. The ball had entered the forehead and completely smashed the skull. I took his assaigais and the charm from round his neck, and left immediately to carry the news to Sir Harry Smith, who, though he did not wish the chief to escape, regretted that he had been killed. It was not until I returned to my horse that I discovered that I had lost a pair of valuable pistols from my belt, while running down the steep hill. I was sorry for this, as they were 'prize' pistols captured by my father, during the old war with France, were inlaid with gold, and were said to have belonged to Napoleon. The mass of Kafirs collected in the neighbourhood soon discovered that their chief had been killed, and they dispersed after very little fighting. I received my first commission as an officer on that day—May 18, 1835,—and have been in active service ever since."

Among the young frontier men of those days who formed the Corps of Guides there were two, besides Bisset, who were conspicuous for their coolness and courage, namely, Sir Walter Currie, afterwards the well-known Sir Walter, and Richard Southey, lately

the Lieut.-Governor of Griqualand West. During the "War of the Axe" in 1846-7, they were frequently companions in arms, and several occurrences are narrated showing the ways and designs of the wily savage foe with which they were engaged in conflict. One of these took place at the Goolah Heights in British Kaffraria. Bisset was Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General at the head quarters camp, and had occasion to go up and examine the stores at the other camp. Intelligence reached him that Needs camp required provisions, and two mule wagons, with supplies, in charge of old John Crouch and an escort of Cape Mounted Rifles, was detailed for the service. They started early in the morning and had proceeded about eight miles along the Goolah ridge, the road or track winding between clumps of forest trees, or round the heads of ravines leading down from the ridge to the lowlands on each side. They rode leisurely along with an advance and rear-guard, knowing that near this spot only a few days before, a Commando, under Commandant Muller, had been attacked by an ambush of Kafirs, and three of the party killed—two Pexters and a Ferreira. Bisset says it was a most discreditable affair. The Commando mustered about eighty men, and was proceeding to form a camp of communication between Need's camp and Mount Coke. They must have been marching without advance guard or side videttes, when they were suddenly fired on from bush and rock. The three men named jumped from their horses to make a standing fight of it. But, strange to say, the remainder ran away, and these three men were surrounded by the Kafirs before they could re-mount. They, however, made the best fight they could, and retired on foot towards the camp they left, until they were overpowered and killed. But to the story:—

"As we approached this spot—ever afterwards known as Muller's bush—Currie advised us all to look to our guns and see that the caps and priming were dry, for we all, officers and men, carried double-barrelled guns in those days. My caps were the only suspicious ones. The gun had been loaded for some days, and the caps very soon corrode from the dew at night. My friend Currie actually scraped the caps off my gun with his knife, pressed a little fine powder into the nipples, and re-capped the gun. We had proceeded about a mile after this, and had entered into a long narrow glade, with high forests on each side of us, varying from fifty to eighty yards from the wagon-track, this open being interspersed with thorn trees (*mimosa*) and rocks. This narrow ridge extended for about another mile, and it was quite impossible to see a single yard into the dense bush on each side. The Kafirs very wisely allowed us to pass some distance into this narrow glade, when suddenly a strong party of them extended across the open behind us and at the same time commenced to fire all along the edge of the forest on both sides. There was no alternative but to draw the two wagons up, dismount our party, get under cover of rocks and bush, and so endeavour to beat off the enemy. During all this time naked black fellows were seen running along the

edge of the bush to our front, towards the identical spot where Muller had been attacked; and it was amusing to hear their jeering cries, such as "You must look at the sun, for it is the last time you will see it." "You are like a mouse in a calabash: you have got into it, but you cannot get out! By this time we had pretty well beaten off the Kafirs in our rear, except those holding the ground like us, from behind rocks; and I had ordered the men to mount, that we might push on. One horse was hit while the trooper was mounting, and swerving threw the rider, upon which there was a great shout of exultation. John Crouch's horse also became restive, and Currie had to hold him, while "old John," who was lame, mounted. During this time we were all more or less exposed, but knowing the narrow defile we should have to pass through, I ordered the wagons to advance. Just before we came to the spot where I knew the hot part of the attack would be made, the road slightly diverged to the right, and the view from the rocks already occupied by the Kafirs was hidden by some large mimosa trees. At this spot before turning the corner, I halted the wagons, leaving Sergeant Crawford and five men with them. The Kafirs were holding the ground on the right of the road in considerable force. Immediately opposite to where they were the ground rose to a sort of hillock dotted over with rocks, and the road ran between this hillock and the rocks held by them, which also adjoined the high forest wood, falling in one continued extent towards the Buffalo River. Currie, John Crouch, and myself with the other five men, diverged from the road to the left, and so got out of view from the cover of the hillock. We at once dismounted, handed our horses to one man, and ran up to the mount, each taking advantage of a rock for cover. An extraordinary scene at once met our eyes. There were about eighty black fellows, with guns all lying on or taking aim over rocks, their guns pointing to the road first where it came into view from behind the thorn trees. They never dreamed that we were exactly opposite, under cover of rocks, and within forty yards of them; and it was not until we discharged our one barrel at them, knocking over several, that they were aware of our manœuvre. Their astonishment was so great that they turned their guns to the right and, almost without taking aim, fired a volley at us. At this moment I shouted to Sergeant Crawford to push the wagons through, which had to pass slightly in a hollow between the Kafirs and ourselves; but as very few of the enemy's guns were held in reserve or re-loaded in time to fire on them the men escaped unhurt, and only three or four of the mules were wounded. After passing through the narrow part the wagons turned off the road to our side, and also got protected by higher ground. It is well that this precaution had been taken, for had we kept the road and come into view round the thorn trees very few of us would have been left alive to tell the tale.

"Unfortunately this did not end our dilemma. The Kafirs were strong and confident; we were weak and with but little ammunition—thirty pounds per man—and each force held their position, firing shot

for shot from behind the rocks. Need's Camp was within sight of us about three miles distant. The post consisted of a company of the Rifle Brigade and a despatch-party of twenty Cape Mounted Rifles. They could see us in action with the enemy, but their horses were generally turned out to graze, and it took some time before they could be called in and saddled. We heard the 'Assembly' sound, then 'horses in,' and 'boot and saddle,' but in our situation it seemed an age before they were ready to come to our assistance; and it reminded one of Sister Anne in the nursery tale of 'Bluebeard.' All this time we were firing shot for shot, and our ammunition was all but expended. Some Kafirs had got into the forest trees, and were 'potting' at us from above. Their position gave us this advantage, that they could also see the preparations making at Need's Camp for re-inforcing us. All at once we heard a great commotion and calling to one another amongst the Kafirs, and I heard the repeated name of 'Tandanna,' which I took down in my pocket-book. Thinking it was preparatory for a rush upon us, we all held both our barrels loaded and in reserve; but it was with quite a different motive. The Kafirs in the trees could see much better than we could, and they *did* see the Cape Mounted Rifles racing along the road from Need's Camp at the top of their speed. Soon we saw them approach, although in no order, save the fastest horses to the front; and then Currie, Crouch, and I rose with our party, charging on foot across the space dividing our rocks from those held by the Kafirs. The whole space was only about fifty yards, with the road in a slight hollow between us; and the rest of it was covered with long grass, stones, holes, and other impediments. We rushed across this space like mad, and down went Currie. Only a few shots were then being fired at us, but the idea passed through my mind that he was killed; but almost before the thought he was alongside me again, and we just got up to the tail of the Kafirs as they were rushing in the opposite direction from us. We found ourselves among the dead and dying, or rather among the dead, for nearly every Kafir we had hit was struck through the head or in the eye, the head and shoulders alone being exposed from behind the rocks while taking aim at us. Seven great Kafirs lay dead at our feet, two others were just alive. We followed the mass of the retreating enemy some distance into the bush. There was a good deal of blood from wounded men carried to the rear, and we could hear the retreating enemy breaking through the bushes like a herd of buffaloes.

"We then returned to examine our respective positions. I had taken cover behind a not very-large rock, with a second rock on the top of it, with a wedge-shaped chink horizontally between the two. It was through this chink that I was enabled to take deliberate aim; but mine being a smoothbore gun, I give the palm of those killed to my friend Currie, who was one of the best rifle-shots of the day. Strange to say, I had placed my forage cap, with a silver bound peak,



on another stone about a yard to my right, and this took the fire off from me. Fully five-and-twenty shots hit this stone, and the fine splinters from the rock often struck me in the face and hands but not one of the bullets hit the cap. This rock is still seen by passers-by almost covered with lead in star-shaped forms from the flattened balls. General Sir H. Somerset happened to arrive on the ground soon after the action, and he sent on my report of the affair to the General Commanding, and I received in reply the thanks of the Commander of the Forces."

When the last Kafir war broke out in 1850, General Bisset (then a captain) was engaged in the disastrous fight in the Boomah Pass. This was one of the boldest acts of open hostility on the part of the enemy; and being sudden and unexpected many of our troops were killed and some wounded—Bisset among the number. The account given of the scene is one of the best chapters in the book. The chief Sandilli, being then at the head of the "war" party, was called upon to account for his conduct, and being contumacious, the Governor, Sir Harry Smith, came to the decision to remove him from his chieftainship. General Bisset considers that this determination was a great mistake upon the part of Sir Harry, and remarks that Mr. Brownlee, who was his adviser, ought to have known better. Whoever counselled the movement, it is evident that a grave error was committed by the military in the manner of carrying it into execution. An expedition was planned to fight the chief and make him prisoner, a column of about 700 men under Colonel Mackinnon being directed to march from the camp at Fort Cox for this purpose. The native force of Kafir Police, who were supposed to be loyal, knew all about the movement, the time when it was to be, the route by which it was to proceed, and the object aimed at, and they seem to have given the information to their countrymen. War had not yet been declared, and the unsuspecting troops proceeded on their mission:—

"The column, under Colonel Mackinnon, marched from the camp at Fort Cox at daylight on the morning of December 24, 1850, and after passing Burnshill Mission Station wound up the valley of the Keiskamma, and crossing the river three times, halted for breakfast on its right bank near the junction of the Wolf River." The whole distance was mostly through dense bush, with no roads, except earth tracks or foot paths made by the natives, and with rugged mountains and dense forests all around us. While we were halted in a comparatively open space for breakfast, I saw large masses of Kafirs collecting on all the hills, while only one solitary Kafir came into camp, nominally to offer a basket of milk for sale, but in reality to 'spy out the land,' and take note of our strength, &c. As chief staff officer with this column, and from having been in, or rather through, the two previous Kafir wars of 1835 and 1846-7, and from knowing the 'nature of the beast,' I pointed out these hostile indications to my chief. I also told him that a little farther on we would have to



defile through the Boomah Pass, a most formidable position, where the troops could only pass single file, and that the path was intersected by great rocks and boulders that had fallen from the precipice overhanging the footpath. Colonel Mackinnon, I fear, was imbued with the idea that the Kafirs did not intend to fight. After a short halt the troops fell in and continued the march in the direction of the Kieskamma Hoek in the following order : the Kafir police in front, then the Cape Mounted Rifles, followed by the Infantry of the Line, consisting of detachments of the 6th, 45th, and 73rd regiments. There were also pack-horses, with spare ammunition, medical panniers, &c., and a rear guard.

"The troops entered the pass in the order before indicated, and the Kafir Police and Cape Mounted Rifles passed through unmolested. Colonel Mackinnon and myself were at the head of the cavalry ; and I pointed out the difficulty of the pass if it had been held by the Kafirs, as we should have had to dislodge them from each successive rock. Up to this time no Kafirs had been seen in the immediate neighbourhood, although the tops of all the hills and mountains were crowded when we commenced to enter the defile. Each trooper had to dismount and lead his horse in the narrow parts of the pass, thus dangerously lengthening out the column for some miles.

"After passing over the far horn or ledge of the precipice the footpath crossed a ravine and then passed up a bushy slope to the left and on to a small open plateau. The Kafir Police had halted upon this open, and a portion of the Cape Mounted Rifles had also reached it, but the rear of the mounted men had scarcely left the pass itself, when all at once first one shot and then a continuous discharge of musketry rang from the centre of the pass.

"Colonel Mackinnon was at first loath to believe that the Kafirs had attacked the infantry, but was soon convinced of the fact ; and I at once volunteered to go back and take command of the infantry column. I was impelled to do this from knowing by experience more of Kafir warfare than any person present ; and Colonel Mackinnon instantly sanctioned and directed me to do so.

"I called to my mounted orderly and made my way back through the bush by the narrow path, with difficulty getting past the mounted men I met on the road. As soon, however, as I had got through the ravine there were no more cavalry, and I passed on with my single orderly to the ledge down which I had to scramble before entering the pass. As I reached the ledge my orderly exclaimed to me from behind, 'Mein Got, mynheer, moet niet in gaan !' (Do not go in). And I must admit at this moment I felt my life was in the greatest jeopardy, for I saw thousands of Kafirs running down the tongue of land on the opposite side of the river to head the troops. But I felt that my honour was at stake ; that having been sent it was my duty to enter, even though feeling that I must be shot.

"I remember pressing my forage cap down on to my head, setting my teeth together, bringing my double-barrelled gun to the advance,

and pushing my horse down the defile. At this moment three or four of the ammunition pack-horses dashed past me at full speed, bleeding from wounds, and with the pack-saddles turned and under their bellies. They nearly knocked us over; but we rushed on, and as I approached the head of the infantry column we had to run a regular gauntlet of shot from the Kafirs in ambush and behind rocks waiting for the 'red' soldiers. Before I quite got to the infantry I saw the heads of five Kafirs behind a rock with their guns pointing at me. I gave the horse the spur and dashed on, and at that moment received a gun-shot wound low down on the outside of the left thigh, the ball passing upwards and out below the right hip. I felt the shock as if struck by a sledge-hammer, and my horse even staggered with the blow, but it gave me time to fire at the Kafirs, who were now exposing themselves. Unfortunately, my first shot struck the top of the rock, whence I saw the splinters fly in all directions; but the second one told in the breast of a petty chief. Strange impulsive utterances cannot be restrained under great excitement. As I was shot the Kafir exclaimed, in his native language, 'I have hit him!' and I could not resist replying, 'I have got it.' But to proceed. After I had fired, my horse plunged forward, and I very soon met the infantry, who were pushing their way through the rugged path as best they could. The first thing that pulled me up was seeing a friend of mine, Dr. Stewart, Cape Mounted Rifles, leaning against a rock, the blood pouring from his chest, from the loss of which he was very faint. The Kafirs were keeping up a perpetual fire on the troops, which was returned in the most gallant style; but not a sable enemy could be seen in the dense wood from which they fired. At this moment a second ball struck Dr. Stewart in the head, and his brains were spattered all over my face and jacket.

"To make a standing fight in the position in which the troops then were was impossible, the foot path wound round the great rocks and forest trees in such a manner that you could not tell whether it was friend or foe that was firing; and there was therefore no alternative but to press forward and get the men out of the bush. It must also be remembered that the column, being in Indian file, extended for a great length along the pass.

"The head of the column soon fought its way over the advanced horn of the cliff, and made a stand, driving back a large mass of the enemy, who had come round the base of a wooded hill where the ravine entered the Keiskamma River. This portion of the column then forced their way up the wooded slope and gained the open where the Kafir Police and Cape Mounted Rifles were formed up; but the centre of the broken line of infantry was attacked with such impetuosity that they had to diverge from the regular track after passing over what I call 'the horn,' and were forced through the bush on to the open some distance to our left rear.

"I managed to sit my horse until I reached the cavalry; but as I approached a knot of dismounted brother officers I felt so faint that

I should have fallen from my horse had I not been caught by one or two of them. The blood had been continually pouring from my wounds, and I should have bled to death before a doctor arrived had it not been for Carey, who had a tourniquet round his body, which he at once took off and applied to my thigh, and so partially stopped the bleeding.

“ Dr. Fraser, one of the finest officers in the service, who was the second medical officer, soon arrived on the spot ; but the excitement and anguish of mind had been too much for him, and as he kneeled down to examine my wounds, he fainted—grand, fine fellow ! It was not from the sight of my wounds that he did this, but from the knowledge that he had to leave the dead and dying in the pass to the merciless tortures and mutilations of the savage enemy. I always carried a flask of cold tea with me in the field, which I managed to take off, and offered it to Fraser. The cool beverage soon recovered him, and his first exclamation was, ‘ Oh, my God ! I was obliged to leave Stewart.’ Now, I must here record to the honour of Dr. Fraser, that he is one of the most conscientious and bravest men in the service, and in the hurry-scurry of the attack in the bush he would not leave his horse with the medical panniers ; and he was lugging this brute along in the rear when a ball killed the horse and he fell. Fraser had then to hurry on, and it was while passing the dead and dying that were being mutilated by the enemy, that the doctor heard a voice exclaim, ‘ For God’s sake Fraser, don’t leave me.’ Had he hesitated for one moment his throat also would have been cut, and he was obliged to pass on in order to overtake the rear of the column. In his imagination he thought it was Dr. Stewart who had appealed to him, and this made the agony of the moment still more painful. On this point, however, I was enabled to relieve his mind, for in pointing to my jacket, I asked him what the spots were ; and on his seeing that it was human brains, I told him that they came from Stewart’s head ; nevertheless he could not overcome the agonising thought of having been obliged to leave the wounded men.

“ This has taken me some time to tell, but all this time Dr. Fraser was dressing my wounds, that is to say, he was plugging up the holes and adjusting the tourniquet. Before he had finished, however, a man ran up to say that Captain Catty was badly wounded and dying, so I told the doctor to go at once ; but he soon returned, saying he could not help Catty, and from indications he thought nothing could save him—three balls appeared to have entered his right side and passed into his intestines.

“ While the troops were halted on the open, a very large body of Kafirs were massed on the top and sides of a conical hill immediately on our right ; and I pointed out to Colonel Mackinnon, who was standing close to me, that unless he sent out some men, they would outflank us. The Colonel replied that he had already done so, and had extended the Kafir Police on our right flank.

“ This circumstance saved us from a heavy fire from the enemy, as from their commanding height they could easily have fired upon us ; but the Kafir police being on the right, had they done so the balls must have whizzed over their heads to reach us. This would have been a breach of faith to them, for it was afterwards known that arrangements had been made that the Kafir Police should go over in a body to the enemy on the first engagement. Overtures had also been made to the Cape Mounted Rifles to join the Kafirs. Hence it was that the Kafir Police and Cape Mounted Rifles were permitted to pass through the Boomah defile without being attacked, and that is also the reason why the enemy did not dare to fire over the heads of the police, as it would look as if they were firing at them. The Kafir Police did not go over at this moment, because Sir Harry Smith had prevented their wives from leaving the police barracks at Fort Cox, as they had endeavoured to do, and this was duly reported to the men.

“ Twenty-three soldiers were killed in the pass or fell into the enemy’s hands, and were tortured to death. Several soldiers were seen to be seized by the Kafirs as they discharged their muskets, and were pulled into the thick bush and killed. None of these poor fellows’ bodies ever were recovered. Twenty-three others were wounded, but luckily for them were able to keep up with the fighting men.

“ We had now to push on for two or three miles through a comparatively open country to the Keiskamma Hoek, where we found a camp for the night—I say *camp* ; but as there was nothing but soldiers without tents, it was a queer sort of camp. What we did was to form a square with the soldiers lying down with their muskets facing outwards. The doctor then attended to the wounded. My mode of conveyance from where I was lifted from my horse to the camp was far from a pleasant one. It was in this wise : a man got me by each arm, with his elbow well into my armpits ; my face was towards the ground, every now and then scratching over Mimosa bush, brambles, and long grass ; whilst a third man was between my legs, well up into the fork, with one of my thighs tucked under each of his arms. I don’t wish my worst enemy to be in the same position.”

The day Bisset was thus wounded was his birthday ; the one following was Christmas day, 1850, and it was also a memorable one. After a consultation it was decided that the troops could not march back to Fort Cox by the route they had come ; they took another which was comparatively an open one, although a considerable circuit—over the low range of the Guilli-Guilli mountain, then by Bailie’s grave, and through the Debe neck to Fort White. Colonel Mackinnon was still most anxious to avoid a general war ; and although masses of Kafirs were seen collecting on all the mountains, orders were given on no account to fire upon them unless first attacked. After crossing the Kieskamma River, the troops had to climb the



face of a very steep mountain with bush approaching on each side as you reached the top. The heat that day was excessive, and as the men reached the top of the glade they threw themselves down perfectly exhausted. The men had taken the field with their knapsacks, and these the young soldiers tore from their shoulders and threw away. While they were still somewhat in confusion a volley was opened by the Kafirs all along the bush, where they must have been lying in ambush. The troops had to push their way through under a heavy fire, and in the haste and confusion which followed, the four men who were carrying Bisset in a blanket, dropped him in the grass and ran on with the stream. Bisset was conscious that the moment the rear passed a Kafir would run out of the bush and cut his throat, he therefore tried to pull himself along on his back in the grass with his hands, but made very little progress. The cavalry were now passing at the trot; several horses were shot in the *mélée*, when a sergeant named Extein, running on foot, all at once fell over him. Looking round, he rose and said, "Och, myn Got, is dat zuer." "Yes, Extein," Bisset replied, "don't leave me." And the brave fellow answered, "No, sir." Catching hold of the reins of four successive troopers as they were passing he ordered them to dismount, let the horses run loose, and said "Carry on the master." In this way Bisset's life was saved, although from the wounds received, he was for two years afterwards on crutches.

But the author's recollections are not altogether of himself. He gives his testimony that Colonel Mackinnon was one of the coolest men under fire he had ever known; he has seen him advance on horseback with an attacking party against the enemy posted in strong positions, smoking his cigar in the coolest manner while the bullets were falling about him like hail. Then in passing Bailie's grave, near the Tabindoda Mountain, where, in 1835, he had buried the remains of that brave man, he says:—

"This Charles Bailie was a fine fellow. He was a lieutenant and a brother officer of mine, in the 1st Battalion of Native Infantry, during the Kafir war of 1834-5; his father was one of the British settlers of 1820, and a friend of my father's. When just grown up, and residing on the Hope Farm in Lower Albany, he was called upon to act as a special constable and assist the law officers to seize a desperate character, named Fletcher, who had committed a serious crime and resisted the law. On entering his house the man raised a gun, and was in the act of shooting a constable, when Bailie put up his pistol, and shot the man in the arm, intending only to disable him; but the ball glanced after breaking the arm and killed the man on the spot. Bailie insisted upon being tried by the Circuit Court judge, who not only honourably acquitted him, but passed the highest encomiums on his conduct. However, it made such an impression on Bailie that he became a very religious man; he preached on all convenient occasions to general congregations as well as to his men, and always carried a Bible in a spare pouch on his person. On



the occasion of his death, in the war of 1835, he had been pursuing a large body of Kafirs who had passed out of the Umdezene Bush; he followed them into the Amatola Mountains as far as the Keiskamma Hoek. The enemy seeing the smallness of the party, decoyed him thus far and then fell upon him, and he had to retire fighting by the very route we had come. He had lost one or two of his men; but when he arrived at the stream where he was killed he was met and surrounded by a fresh party of Kafirs and overpowered in the long grass, not a single man escaping. His men fought most bravely so long as their ammunition lasted, and a large number of Kafirs were killed. For months no tidings could be obtained as to what had befallen the party, but at last, it becoming known that the chief Macomo had got possession of Bailie's Bible, he was bribed for a consideration to part with it; and on the flyleaf was found written a statement that he was then surrounded and his ammunition failing. We searched and found the remains in a decomposed state, Bailie's being recognisable only from the long hair and black whiskers that had fallen on each side of the skeleton. His father was a captain in the same battalion, and was with me at the time we buried the remains of these poor fellows. The graves are now marked by green bushes growing over them—a fitting memorial to a soldier's grave. 'Where the tree falls, let it lie,' is my idea of what should be. This is rather a long digression, but I record it in honour of the dead and to the memory of a friend."

A period of more than twenty years of peace has happily intervened since the occurrence of the thrilling events recorded in this volume, yet these "Notes of the Past" are worth perusing and being remembered. They point a most significant moral to those who control the destinies of the country, as well as to the younger generation of colonists, who ought not to let fall into oblivion the story of how their fathers fought and suffered. We have, indeed, no full assurance that such startling and calamitous scenes may not again be witnessed, for although great advances have been made in the elevation and improvement of the natives of this land, and British supremacy is moving steadily forward, it should not be forgotten that there are inseparable dangers whenever civilization and barbarism come into contact.

The sporting adventures described by General Bisset chiefly relate to lion-hunting in 1835, along the plains near the Thebusberg (now in the district of Middelburg), which was also the first hunting-field of the great Nimrod Roualeyn Gordon Cumming. We have, likewise, an interesting account of Prince Alfred's trip through the Colony and the Republics, to Natal, including the "grand battue" at Bain's Vley, near Bloemfontein, when six hundred head of game, all larger than horses, were killed in one day. There is here a very characteristic description of how Bisset and Sir Walter Currie, as old campaigners, managed to forage for themselves throughout the journey:—

"Currie and myself had a good deal of hardship to encounter on

this trip. We were accompanying the Royal Party on the invitation of his Excellency the Governor—as it were his private guests—so we had to find our own way. This would have been nothing under any other circumstances ; but we were travelling in company with Government wagons and horses, which were fed every night with forage bought by the Governor, he having the preference in buying before any one else, or from hay carried in hired wagons where it could not be bought. While we with our one small mule-wagon could not carry forage. Currie and I had therefore every night to ‘steal a march’ on the Governor, and this we did in the following manner. We generally all dined together in the Governor’s marquee, and afterwards adjourned to the camp-fires. During this time our span of mules and riding-horses would be knee-haltered and sent out to graze in charge of the wagon-driver or leader, those of the Governor’s camp being tied up and fed on corn. Starting as early as the camp did in the morning, all hands had to get to bed betimes—and it was then that Currie and I would quietly in-span our wagon, saddle up the horses, move on for three or four hours of the night, and when we did halt again turn our horses and mules out to grass, taking turns to watch them until daylight—many nights with lions roaring not far from us. At dawn of day we would again in-span, and move on till about nine or ten o’clock, when we would unharness the cattle and prepare our breakfast, or rather morning meal. The Governor’s camp would overtake or pass us while so halted, and I think the Prince enjoyed nothing more than the cup of coffee, or bit of ‘carabenatje’ which was always ready for him on these occasions.

“Our wagon reached Harrismith by the morning ‘trek’ before the Governor’s camp came in, and I, by chance, bought the only stock of forage in the place. Harrismith is the last village in the Free State. The road then crosses over the Dragonsberg range of mountains, and drops down into Natal, where we knew there would be little or no forage, and the grass at that time of the year is all burnt up by grass fires. This caused a great dilemma with His Excellency the Governor’s caterer, an officer who well knew how to take care of his horses and mules ; he therefore came to Currie and me, and we made a compromise about the forage. I had bought it all—300 bundles—but with our small wagon there was not room to carry on what we required and it was agreed that Rivers was to hire a wagon and bring on a sufficient supply to give us 100 bundles of the oat-sheaves at our night’s halt. We had a long and difficult day over the great mountain range, and pitched our combined camp at the foot of it, in the Colony of Natal. After we had dined and were sitting round the camp fires, the Dutchman’s wagon arrived with the oat-hay ; but, behold ! instead of 300 bundles, only 100 bundles came in all ! Our Hottentot leader and driver had been desired to go to the wagon and get our share ; but they were told that *we* were not to have any portion of the forage, as there was not enough for the Governor’s horses and mules.

“Currie could not stand this, and without saying a word he went off himself to the wagon and took twenty-four sheaves, on which our friend Rivers went to Sir George Grey and complained, but did not tell him anything about the arrangement and agreement that had been made about it. Of course the Governor was very irate. It looked like mutiny in the camp. He came to our fire, took me by the arm, and we walked some distance out of camp; then commenced such a storm as I have seldom heard. After he had quite done I told him how the case stood, and he not only exonerated Currie, but ordered that we were to have our full share of the forage, and we got a third of the whole supply. We did not, however, feed our cattle with this oat-hay. We watched our mules as usual all night, packed the oat-sheaves into our wagon and for the remaining three nights before we reached Petermaritzburg gave back a portion of this very forage to feed the Prince’s and the Governor’s own horses.”

The Royal friendship formed over the early coffee and carabenatje in the veld, was revived when the Prince, as Duke of Edinburgh, returned to the Colony in the *Galatea* in 1867. Within a few hours of his Royal Highness’ arrival, he desired Mr. Southey, then Colonial Secretary, to telegraph for Bisset and Currie to Graham’s Town, and they at once started off for Cape Town, performing the journey, a distance of 600 miles, in three nights and four days by post cart. The famous elephant hunt in the Knysna forest, in which the Duke brought down his “tusker,” and, as Bisset says, thus saved the lives of his party, is detailed at length, and compares most favourably with the comparative ill-success of the sport provided for the Prince of Wales, on the occasion of his visit to Colombo the other day. It is something for the Cape to be able to say that in the forests of the T’Zitzikamma, situate half way between Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, there are better chances to be had of hunting adventures with the larger game (elephants and buffaloes) than in the jungles of Ceylon or India.

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## To Young South Africa.\*

*Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo.*—OVID.

Lo! a dream-shape in the distance beckoning on to nobler deeds:  
Up, my brethren, rise and follow where the star-wreathed vision leads;  
Leave your toil of fruitless labour, vainly with o'er-wearied hands  
Weaving aye your web of fortune from the dull earth's yellow sands  
Striving with your lofty talents to enslave yourselves to clay,  
Chaining spirits born for ages to the task-work of a day.

Toil—but not for wasteful nothings; toil—but not for self alone;  
This it is “for ever rolling upwards still the rolling stone;”  
This it is, the curse of Eden, still bequeathed from man to man:  
“Strive, but vainly,—work and gain not,” echoing aye the angel's ban.  
Yet upon this curse a blessing, when the godlike human will  
Moulds it unto glorious purpose, and doth hallow all the ill!

Never sainted prophet stricken prostrate on the burning sod,  
Trembling 'neath the awful glory streaming from the present God,  
Hear'd in earthquake, flame, or stillness, aught more holy than the truth  
Echoed by our mother nature from her dawn of early youth  
Through all ages,—“Man is Godlike,—weak and erring, suffering man,—  
Godlike in the thoughts he thinketh, godlike in the deeds he can.”

Yea! and with the curse upon him, more he proves his lofty birth,  
Than in yon old Eden dwelling, sated with the ease of earth,  
When he strives for men around him, battles for his brother's right,  
When he spreads amid the darkness rays of never-dying light;  
Rays that calmly shining from him reach the weary sufferer's breast,  
Warm once more the frozen feelings, bringing ease to his unrest;  
Rays, whose widely beaming brilliance shows all men one brotherhood,  
Man then only rightly human, when he yearns for human good:

Mighty nations then most glorious, when their world-wide cherished name  
Is a succour to the helpless,—unto tyrants fear and shame:  
When their deeds have been of justice, mercies done and wisdom spread—  
Waking noble aspirations where the human soul seemed dead;  
Godlike then is human labour: brethren rendering brethren blest,  
Feel themselves divinely nurtured, know a God within their breast.

Yet,—for ye have erred, my brothers,—ye have scorned the glorious gift,  
Wearying strength that is immortal in the selfish race of thrift;  
Lo, your dead religion's priesthood, onward with your earth-god reels!  
Earthward, sacrificial victims! Stain with blood the chariot wheels!  
Perish there; your work is ended, as your sordid work ye chose,  
Death, corruption, base oblivion, guerdon of your toils and throes:  
Worse yet than the senseless sluggard, who his talent laid in earth,  
Thus to lower to dishonour, all that proves man's primal worth,

\* These lines, written by the late Judge Watermeyer, are reproduced from the *Cape Observer*, where they appeared in 1850.

Veiling as a thing forgotten, hid from you in nature's tome,  
 This, as the broad sunlight blazing—"Elsewhere is your spirit's home,"—  
 Darkening the glorious vision which all men have felt in youth,  
 Of majestic human grandeur blended quite with godlike truth.

Who shall blush not, O my brethren, naming this his fatherland,  
 Where no noble thoughts have being, where no noble deed is plann'd?  
 Nay, but earthworms wriggling onwards crawl unto a heap of gold,  
 And an instant altar rises and a craven prayer is told.

Lo! three centuries have vanished, since the pennon was unfurled  
 Wafting wisdom from the fountains welling in the ancient world;  
 Since the sacred cross was planted at the baptism of our land  
 That it might enjoy communion with the Christian nations' band:

Christians came; and shrunk the savage from his fathers' old abode,  
 For he knew no more the tenure on which earth is held from God:  
 Dwelling 'mid the brutes about him, scarce himself a nobler brute,  
 All high thoughts of human greatness from his breast torn by the root.

Then came *men*, our pilgrim fathers, noblest blood of sunny France,  
 Broad-browed men of free born spirit, lighted with the eagle glance,  
 Spoiled by bigot priest and despot of the broad lands of their line,  
 Rich yet in the glorious freedom that dares know itself divine:

Hither came they,—welcomed hither by the gallant Northern race  
 Whom they well might own for brethren, breast to breast in close  
 embrace:

Those staunch darers of the waters, who first broke the giant force  
 That would rule man's free convictions as the rider guides his horse,  
 Struggling and despairing never, till at length they gained the war;  
 Spain, the hope of priest-led tyrants,—Holland, freedom's polar star.

Lo! such union of such nations!—Gaze into the future's scope,  
 Not in vain name these their country land of soul-exalting Hope!  
 Knowledge see they ever widening,—man, no longer scorning man,  
 Truth diffusing each to other, aiding the Creator's plan;  
 Breaking free from earthy fetters, giant souls of thoughtful men,  
 Meeting wisdom in their equals far beyond their former ken,  
 Wisdom, which they erst deemed falsehood, hated with the hate of hell,  
 When their minds were cramped within them, shrunk in earth-pride's  
 narrow shell.

Better were it had old ocean swept the wave-toss'd ships away  
 Than that from such large-souled fathers sprang the pigmies of to-day;  
 Stalking lords of all around us, blinded with our petty pride,  
 Higher, may be, than the savage whom we scoff at and deride.

Where the deeds that we can point to, worthy of our father's name?  
 Where the single gleam of glory in the darkness of our shame?  
 Where the broad and furrowed foreheads, watchers for all human kind,  
 Radiant with the thoughtful paleness, signal of the earnest mind?



Know we not this truth of ages,—talents, strength, are held in trust?  
Hoarded in the miser's coffers gold is nought but yellow dust;  
Pour it forth to craving wretches,—it is solace unto pain,  
Dew unto the parched up spirit, to the dying life again.  
Scorpion-like in torment writhing, in its narrow flame confined,  
If the flame shine only inwards, perishes the human mind:  
What is left is mere corruption, foul, and fetid, black within;  
Wormlike *then* to earth man clingeth, for to earth he is akin;  
And for earth, his lord, he labours, deeming that he toils for self,  
Struggling fiend-mocked to destruction, dead among his hoards of pelf.

Are ye thus?—then to the savage yield his ancient right again,  
False ye are unto your fathers, whose hope in you hath been vain.  
—Nay, not yet so deeply fallen!—in your spirit yet is life;  
Lo! the distant light illumines, gird you for the noble strife:  
Hurl the demon whom ye worship headlong from his deadly throne,  
To your brethren yield the tribute which ye paid to earth alone:  
Self-emancipated strive ye, working out the lofty theme,  
“For humanity man liveth,” no more now a sickly dream,—  
Now a truth as brilliant sunlight beaming from the glowing breast,  
Shining where the darkness gathers, bringing cheer to the unblest.

Follow ye yon splendid vision, slaves no more to this earth-clod,  
Knowing man, whene'er most human, only then is likest God;  
Titan-spirits, aye-enlarging, earth and heaven ye can span,  
Then most fit compeers for angels, when most brothers unto man:  
Feeling, 'mid the toil and tumult, worldly strife and worldly din—  
Shading these with love that's boundless—your Divinity within.

W.

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## *The Life of Bishop Gray.*

### II.

IN reviewing a life, so crowded with incident as was that of the late Bishop Gray, one cannot but be struck with the fact that he never seemed to have had any time to himself for rest or recreation. During the whole of his long and trying episcopate, he was always engaged in work connected with his diocese, rushing about, scribbling letters, attending meetings, and stirring up powerful friends at court and in England, to find funds and men for the furtherance of his spiritual schemes in South Africa. The frequent trip home was not for a much needed holiday, but in order to reach the ears of great men like Earl Grey, Bishop Wilberforce, Sir Roundell Palmer, Archbishop Longley, &c. In fact, his begging and preaching rounds in Europe were even more laborious and disheartening than his similar experiences in South Africa; and of these he had quite enough to satisfy the most energetic and self-denying of men.

With characteristic vigour he entered upon his first visitation, and of course found the church very thinly planted, and but feebly supported in the out-lying villages. He at once made himself responsible for many of the ministers' salaries, and found himself in hot water on his return, for having dared to be generous, and for attempting to do too much. But he was evidently not a man to be easily discouraged, and has his first fling at the Government, so as to see what he could get out of them. Take the following letter to his brother-in-law, in February, 1849 :—"I have this day seen a rough draft of the answer to my official letter to Government, in which I brought under their notice the state of the Church in this Colony, and applied for help. The Governor expresses his inability to grant me glebes, and I cannot press the subject now, but I may hereafter, and write to Lord Grey on the subject, inasmuch as I think the Church, considering what has been done for Dutch, Methodists, Independents, Moravians, &c., is entitled to them. He refuses me sites for schools and parsonages, why, I do not quite know, except that I make large demands, and am not in a condition to build. But he grants me sites for Churches whenever I ask, and a fifth of the expense of building them. He grants also £900 a year for nine clergymen, and means to lay down the rule which I have been pressing him to do, of giving a fifth to all Churches, Dutch and English, and half the stipend of the clergy : the remainder to be raised from private sources. This will work well for us in the long run, if steadily adhered to. . . . I am sorry to give you so much trouble. I would that I could have your counsel here, for I daily feel my own insufficiency. All sorts of questions press thick upon one, and I feel at every step I take principles are involved, and precedents established. The Church should have sent out an abler man here. It is a post that requires the very choicest of her sons, and I feel that I do not, and cannot fill it as it ought to be filled. However, amidst much weakness and infirmity, I do desire to spend and be spent in doing my Master's work, and I trust He will forgive what is wrong, and accept of my poor worthless services."

A man who could write in this spirit from his own point of view was not likely to give way when the hour and post of danger demanded all his skill and strength of resource.

After a short visit to St. Helena, then included in his diocese, Bishop Gray returned to Cape Town in May, 1849, and the first thing that greeted him on his landing was the news that Sir Harry Smith was in doubt as to fulfilling the promise of a grant of £100 a year each to the nine clergymen, for whom he had at once written to England ! Here was a nice kettle of fish. The cause of this—he privately tells his brother-in-law, Dr. Williamson, was that "Lord Grey has written, urging the Government to place all religious bodies upon the same footing, and in consequence of this despatch the Attorney-General has received instructions to draw up an Ordi-

nance to meet Lord Grey's views. I have vehemently remonstrated. If not withdrawn, I hope the Bill will be thrown out. The principles laid down would include the support of Judaism, Mahometanism, and Heathenism, and indeed the Attorney-General has given his opinion that the two former should be supported. I scarce know what to do. It would be good policy to endeavour to enter into an alliance with the Dutch Church, and perhaps I may. We shall have some fearful discussions and disputes over this Bill. We are soon to have our Legislative Assembly. We are also to be turned into a penal Colony, and have 1,000 convicts. I wish to protest in some way against this, but the colonists are so violent about it, that I scarce know in what way to do so. Perhaps I may join with the clergy."

Here we get the first note of real alarm about the Voluntary Bill, and the consequences that might arise if this convict scheme were not at once nipped in the bud. The mere proposal to do so resulted as we all know in a most furious storm of resentment in the Colony. On May 29th, the Bishop writes what he thinks of it privately.

"The whole Colony is rising up just now in indignant hostility to Lord Grey, for his plan of sending out convicts. I have summoned the clergy, and we have memorialised the Governor. There cannot be a greater mistake than to send them to this Colony on *every* ground. But the question is too large a one to enter into. I allude to it however, because, if persevered in, *which I think it will not be*, Lord Grey should undoubtedly place the means at my disposal of giving them religious instruction; without he does, they will have none. He means to scatter them over the Colony. Up to this period, the ministrations of religion have been confined almost exclusively to the Dutch language. The Dutch ministers have immense parishes, and officiate in Dutch. The missionaries for the most part are foreigners:—Berlin, Moravian, Basle, Paris Society men; and where this is not the case, and they are English, confine their labours professedly to the heathen, and minister in Dutch. And as yet, between Cape Town and Graaff-Reinet—500 miles on the one side—and Cape Town and George—300 on the other—there is not a single English Clergyman. It is only by aiding me in extending the ministrations of the Church, according to a certain definite scale, that he can in any way meet the wants he is creating."

Again in the beginning of July, 1849, the sagacious and far-seeing Bishop wrote:—"Pray, if you can, induce Gladstone, Palmer, or Cardwell, to raise up their voices against sinking this into a penal settlement. The whole Colony is furious from one end to the other on the subject. I believe if they were strong enough, they would resist the intrusion by force of arms. I feel as strongly as any man the deep injustice of making it a penal settlement in spite of the remonstrances of the whole population, and I have, with the clergy, memorialised His Excellency on the subject. But

I have taken care to let it be seen that I have no sympathy with the spirit which has been evoked, nor with the disloyal and rebellious language which has been adopted. It is most absurd to talk of sending convicts to this Colony for reformation ; it seems to have been quite overlooked that the language for the most part is a foreign one."

He clenched this opinion by attending for the first time in his life, the ball given at Government House on the day of the Queen's accession, when Sir Harry Smith received so many insulting refusals, and the mob tried to intimidate all the moderate loyalists from going there. He felt it his duty to go—though in the first instance he had refused to go, on the ground that he went to no balls ; but when he found that Majesty was to be insulted in the person of its representative, who had pledged his word to a certain course, and whose word of honour ought to have been respected, he asked leave to withdraw his refusal, and went with his wife and chaplains to welcome the gallant old Soldier and Governor on his first appearance in public after his illness and much to his delight, and to the great rage and vexation of many demented people in the town, who would have pelted him, if they dared. Truly, it was a wild time then.

The days of the Anti-convict Association were now approaching ; and when the *Neptune* and her wretched freight had actually arrived in September, 1849, and very great pressure was brought to bear upon all the servants of the Crown—the Bishop with great inward satisfaction records in his journal, that "The Governor has at length shown some little firmness, and told the people he will not be starved, nor will the troops with arms in their hands. The Anti-convict Association consequently feels itself in a predicament, and has adjourned till Saturday—a lame and impotent conclusion, as it allows the Governor food for a week longer. This is I presume, the first step in retreat. I have signified my intention of ministering to the convicts on Sunday,—I thought, if any odium or risk was to be incurred, I should go instead of one of the clergy. I never saw a more attentive or apparently devout congregation ; I felt much for the poor fellows."

To return to the dangerous Bill for equalising all creeds already alluded to. The Bishop rightly looked upon it as an awful blow to his prospects, if it were passed immediately. He therefore got Mr. Montagu to send him the manuscript of it before it was printed, and spent a whole day in pulling it to pieces both as to principle and detail—for in its details, he says :—"It was most carefully constructed so as to mar the whole progress of the Church in this Colony, and to affect us in a way, in which it could affect no other body. The Governor and Montagu have listened to my appeal, and the Bill is to be withdrawn. Every month's delay is of vast importance to us, and two or three years hence, if God continues to bless us, as He has hitherto done, we may set all their legislation at defiance. Amidst many anxieties our work is progressing : the self-willed independent



spirit of the colonists, and the jealousies of those who are not of us, are the chief difficulties in our way. People do not seem to be aware that up to this time the Church can scarcely be said to have had a footing in South Africa. We have already excited sufficient jealousy by our movements. I often sigh for the quiet pastoral work of a parish priest in England, which seems to me in this distant land the happiest lot on earth. I had rather occupy such a post than any other in this world, if it were God's will; but we do not choose for ourselves, and I am quite content to be here or anywhere, only I feel I have an office, the weight of which I am ill able to bear."

Writing later on of being accused of interfering too much at Government House, and mixing himself up with the conduct of public affairs—he says in a tone of vexation that explains itself:—"Church matters are, I trust, going on well generally, amidst anxieties and much abuse from the press. It is very odd, people will not let our work alone. We never assail others, but almost every paper that is published attacks us; their determination is, if possible, to write us down. They bring no charges against us, only they tell lies of us, to excite the jealousies of the different bodies that are around us. Then there are tirades against priest-craft, and so forth. Probably ere long we shall have our representative Government, and then the Church will, I fear, meet with no favour. Many things, however, occur to console us. My conveyances are going on well. I consider this of the very greatest importance. *Indeed the unity, if not the existence of the Church depends in this country upon everything being conveyed to the See.*"

From these extracts we may judge how tired the Bishop must have been of his diocese, within a few years of his arrival, and yet he bore up against all his troubles and anxieties with characteristic brightness and patience. He found it very hard to live at peace with other denominations, as they were always attacking him in the papers for his ambitious views, and vilifying him as a self-elected Pope, but he determined to take no notice of it, however much he may have felt the unfairness of these attacks. He writes of this:—"I am personally the chief object of attack, not for what I say or preach, for I do not hear that fault is found on this score, but because I have aims and objects which are ambitious and so forth—we never answer these railings. I own, however, I feel continued anxiety, and much depression of spirit, amidst the daily increasing difficulties of my position. This Colony, so far as the Church's work is concerned, is unlike any other. We have to engraft a new system—a new class of religion—upon a previously existing one. Everywhere we appear to those who have been before us as intruders. Our own people, when a clergyman comes among them, find that all their previous habits and actual associations have to undergo a change, and very many are by marriage mixed up with other communions, and have been, perhaps, in the habit of attending dissenting chapels themselves. When a clergyman, then, goes to the parish he finds very



few actual church people. Great judgment, discretion, forbearance, patience, and zeal, are required in dealing with the strange state of things around them. He has, in fact, to found the Church. A combination of graces and gifts is needed to fill such a post well. Then people's minds are struck with the sudden change which has taken place in their own Church. *It is alive*, and struggling everywhere, having been up to the present time in a state of almost total inactivity. It is like a surfeit to a half starved man : he is scarcely able to digest all he gets."

If the Bishop had his dark hours, he also had his bright gleams of sunshine. The Home Government unexpectedly recommended Sir Harry Smith to give him grants of glebe all over the Colony, and Mr. John Montagu helped him with statistics, and many a quiet hint how to get what he wanted, without treading upon too many people's corns. Of course he saw his way to extension of Church interests, and busied himself with fresh plans accordingly. His private letters at this time of his life are full of humour and freshness of spirit, and he appears to have very much enjoyed his rough and ready mode of travelling. Much of this no doubt was due to the presence of his amiable wife, who relieved him fully of one-half of his absorbing cares on this tour to Caledon, Swellendam, George, and Knysna ; back by Worcester, French Hoek, and Malmesbury. The trip lasted two months, and extended over 2,000 miles.

The Bishop, and his intimate friend and fellow labourer the present Bishop Merriman seemed to have had abundant play for their pedestrian powers, and feats of muscular Christianity, while roughing it in the bush. Thus, in his first tour through the wilder parts of Natal, we find the stout young prelate putting his shoulder to the wheel, striding along without his coat, so as to lead his horses all the easier ; making fires, cooking, washing up, and lending a hand in the most genial Mark Tapley fashion ; while Mr. Merriman is zealous to become a Missionary, and pants for the day when they "should go and live a hardened self-denying life in a Kafir Kraal, eating like Kafirs sour milk and mealies, and working *with* and *for* Kafirs, till they have mastered the tongue and acquired influence." In fact, the Archdeacon was almost as strong and enduring on his feet, as was the Bishop on horseback ; and we catch glimpses in these memoirs of the one "striding along, with a bag over his shoulder, a bundle under his arm, and his staff in his hand, having lost his horse, and his Kafir attendant being knocked up" ; while the other is fording streams, keeping twelve hours in the saddle, sleeping under a bush, and deeming the open veld a most delightful bedroom. Some of the mountain roads traversed by the Bishop in his cart, evidently astonished him not a little at the time, although as he grew older, and got more accustomed to our rough and tumble colonial ways, he does not dwell so much upon the mishaps of the veld and the road, as he undoubtedly did while posting up his present journal in Natal. What with yawning ravines, perpendicular ascents, snapping poles, breaking

axles, and a constant tendency for his driver to pitch on his head unless all his wheels were locked, and the "riemschoon" well jammed in its place, the Bishop must have had a very healthy and a very lively time of it, in practical compensation for the fine scenery and beauties of nature vouchsafed to him on his rapid journeyings. He seems to have been very much struck in 1850 with the deserted and desolate look of much of the grass country of Natal; and rightly attributed it to the ravages of native Attilas. All along the road to Mooi River, he came across a great many ancient Kafir Kraals, which evidently were raised by the former inhabitants of the country, who have now passed away—a prey to the tyranny of Dingaan, and other fierce chiefs. The sight of these set him upon a scheme for founding missions for natives, in ten locations of 10,000 each. "In each of these (he writes) I propose to found a mission institution, somewhat on the plan of the Moravian. There is to be a community; they are to live in common. There must be a priest, schoolmaster, mechanic, agriculturist. An industrial system is to be taught, in combination with mental and moral training. The plan embraces the reception of male and female pupils into the institute, and a hospital. All the persons who conduct, should, if possible, be married. Government to give £300 a year to each, for five years, and a farm. A single establishment would cost thus full £600 a year, but the proceeds of farm and shop would go in abatement of this. In a few years it would nearly pay its own expenses. If Government adopt my scheme, I offer, unless prevented by Cape politics, to go home to England to raise funds, and select agents."

Zonnebloem and Lovedale Institutions appear thus to have had their genesis about the same time, but perfectly independent of each other.

To return to our text:—In the first pastoral letter which he published, the Bishop while congratulating Church members on their increase in numbers and influence, did not fail to remind them that while they had promised to subscribe over £21,000 to build twenty-one churches, and had pledged themselves to raise £1,500 a year for the support of the twenty-six clergymen and six catechists that he had already appointed to them, he did not see how the ministrations of the Church were to be perpetuated at the Cape unless it was supported by voluntary contributions. At the same time he condemned the system of subscription lists on the ground that "these lists for the most part reach only the few, and overlook the many; they foster the spirit of doing our alms before men; they require much patience and persevering zeal in the churchwardens, or others, who undertake to collect them, which cannot always be safely depended upon, and they not unfrequently cause some degree of annoyance and irritation, in consequence of repeated applications, perhaps at seasons when they cannot conveniently be met." He therefore impresses upon them the value of pence cards for the many, and steady weekly offertories.

How correct he was in his views of the due relations between pounds, shillings, and pence, in the support of a church, time has very effectually shown; and if the Bishop so long resisted the passage of the Voluntary Bill, it was less because he did not believe in the principles of the Bill, as because he feared that if it passed a day too soon the Church of England in South Africa would be done out of the pecuniary support from the State, which the other churches had already been enjoying for many years prior to his arrival. Small as was the amount received from the Cape Treasury, as compared with the large measure of support derived from English Society Funds, and the Bishop's own personal exertions to keep his churches going, still it was something definite, and was easily collected, and not lightly to be thrown away. When, however, in later years Bishop Gray tried to sever himself from the State, and rid himself of the jurisdiction of the Privy Council in matters only intended for spiritual courts, he found the practical inconvenience of having his finances under the control of temporal powers, and would have given his ears, if he had never been in the receipt of a penny from the State. He found a practical solution of his difficulties by making the clergy draw upon him for their salaries, and having thus made himself responsible to them, he desired to make the several parishes directly responsible to himself, thus incurring great risk and heavy liabilities, and apparently the parishes did not always meet their promises promptly or fully every year.

Indeed, the Bishop and his wife could never have fostered the growth of the Church of England here, if they had not possessed a private fortune of nearly £5,000 a year, and spent their money freely in making up the gaps in the finances of the diocese, rather than let churches or schools languish and die. In inviting clergymen here, he always stipulated for men whose hearts were in their work, and who would not mind about high salaries. He was particularly fortunate in attracting to the Cape, scholars and divines, like Merri-man, White, Douglas, Badnall, Welby, Newman, Green, and a host of others who have since become true household names among us; and he did not stint his admiration of their self-denying services to the Church, whenever he had time to write about their work. Recruiting thus, he of course recruited largely for the High Church party, and made enemies in consequence; but he himself always stood up for a moderate ritual, and deprecated Puseyitism as much as possible. Our space will not permit us to dilate upon this fruitful topic of discussion; but the outcome of the Bishop's life and work was in entire accordance with the strict Church principles in which he was reared, and which he never ceased firmly to uphold. At this distance of time we can afford to pass over the Long and Colenso controversies, and do justice to the Bishop's motives for proceeding so sternly against these independent clergymen; but that it was not from a love of display that he came and pleaded in Law Courts, and proved himself an able dialectician, is abundantly clear from

the numerous private letters on the subject, included in these volumes. Nothing but the absolute necessity in his opinion of checking all encroachments of the State upon the power and discipline of the Church, forced him to brave all perils, and try the actual strength of the bonds that kept them together. He considered Convocation the true remedy for this tendency of the State, and tells Archbishop Summer plainly enough in 1850, that if the Mother Church does not provide from within itself "a governing power," so constituted that all clergymen, and the laity can with a safe conscience submit to its authority, the State will soon begin to frame a creed of its own, which it will require the Church to teach "If the Church does not soon speak, the Church will merge in the State; and the heterogeneous elements of which the British Government is composed, will become a new form of Anti-Christ, which it already is pronounced to be by the Dutch in the Colony. We shall be cautious in any steps we may take; but you may depend upon it, we do not mean to compromise God's truth, happen what will."

Before touching upon controversial matters, it is interesting to read the following extract, recommending the sub-division of his enormous diocese:—"It will never do, however, for various reasons, to constitute the Eastern Province, with Natal, the Sovereignty of British Kaffraria, and the country beyond it, into one diocese. That part of it which would be beyond this Colony would be equal in extent to Great Britain and Ireland. But, what is of more consequence, there is no communication between the respective districts, or next to none. You might as well put Natal into the diocese of Durham! Natal must have its own Bishop; and I think it ought to be provided for first, for it requires the presence of a Bishop more than the Eastern Province, which is getting into comparative order. I would recommend that the Eastern Province and the Sovereignty, British Kaffraria, and the country up to the Umtata, should form the diocese of Graham's Town, while the country beyond it, between the Quathalambw, and the Kei, stretching up to Delagoa Bay, should form another. *In a few years, either we must be swept away, or British Rule must extend to Delagoa Bay.* We must either rule the heathen, or quit the land. Where the money is to come from for founding these two Sees, I know not. I do not think that a Bishop could possibly live for less than £600 a year. The expenses of a Colonial Bishop are very great. Many are the intruders upon his hospitality. The number of people who come out bringing letters, which even strangers do not shrink from giving, is very great. He must give largely; and travelling, to all who do not go as my dear friend Merriman, on foot, is somewhat expensive."

Poor Bishop Gray, when he wrote these lines to Mr. Mowbray, must have been smarting keenly under the many calls upon his sympathies and purse, that pursued him all his life.

After the appointment of Colenso to Natal, that prelate got himself into hot water with his flock, and it is interesting now to find



from a note to Dr. Williamson that Bishop Gray attributed these troubles of Colenso to the following causes, in 1856 :—

1. By mistaking the extent of a Bishop's power, altering services, annulling portions of the Liturgy, and introducing others—*s. f.* A new offertory and prayer for Church Militant, a prayer for Heathen, &c., in fact—acting as sole legislator of the Church.

2. By giving way as soon as opposition met him.

“ It is difficult how to advise him in his troubles, but my cry has always been to stick to the *lex scripta* of the Church ;—no deviation from this in founding new parishes, or in any cases but those of absolute necessity. It is the only standing ground for a Bishop in a land *where there is no civil law to back him up, and where there is no Synod to fall back upon.* If he takes up any other standing ground, he will sooner or later fall. The Bishop of Natal has done so against my warning, and has cut away the ground from beneath his feet. People will not submit even to a Bishop's *ipse dixit*. He has startled people by the rapidity of his conclusion (polygamy amongst the number, with reference to the baptism of Heathen with more wives than one, upon which he has written a pamphlet), and shaken confidence. They ask what next ? If he will only learn caution and deliberation, this row will do no harm. His fine, generous, bold, and noble character, will triumph over all difficulties.”

Little did Bishop Gray imagine then what a very obstinate and very determined antagonist his friend of 1856 would develop into, and how the whole fabric of the Church would be shaken to its base by his heresies and doubts.

His dispute with the Rev. Mr. Long will still be fresh in our memories ; and the Bishop's own private account of what were the principles for which he was contending in this celebrated trial are worth reproducing at this stage of his biography. We, however, forbear to make any extracts, because the editor has been exceedingly careless and injudicious in allowing many of the Bishop's private letters to see the light, and it is unfair to the memory of a great and good man to hash up a jumble of crude sketches, draw hasty judgments, and call them his deliberate opinion, because they happen now to be printed. Probably the Bishop would have saved himself much trouble and expense if he had let Mr. Long alone, and held his Synod without him. But being at all times a very impulsive man, with a military sense of the importance and value of strict obedience, he held a court-martial and treated his subordinate very summarily indeed, because he considered his commission to be as good, if not better, than the Bishop's own. The trial is so well known to us in all its details, and the Bishop himself made so eloquent and able a defence upon the appeals, that there is the less need for dwelling upon this unhappy matter now. If we mention it here, it is because it illustrates one side of the Bishop's character—his determination to stand no nonsense in carrying out God's ordinances and maintaining the discipline and principles of the Church of



England. Firmly convinced that he was only upholding his right, and carrying the Cross as it should be carried, he swept away all scruples of conscience on the part of others, and bore down all opposition with a very high hand. With many of the qualities of a great soldier, great quickness, energy, obstinacy, tenacity of purpose, and a ready wit to seize upon the blunders of the enemy, and keep his base of supplies well open in his rear, he never doubted for one moment but that he could overcome every obstacle by assault and continuous hammering away at legal quibbles and parchment obstructions. Foiled at one point, he would immediately attack at another, until much of his later days was spent in legal controversy and forensic battles. In this very trial, and subsequent appeal to the Supreme Court, the Bishop had it thrown in his teeth that his letters patent were of no value, but that in the Cape Colony he was at the head of a voluntary association or religious body, having no legal status or coercive powers to enforce discipline, but dependent on civil courts, and that while he was at liberty to do what he liked in matters of conscience, without interference from secular courts—provided that nothing was done against the law of the land—members of the English Church, like every other religious body, were free to govern their own internal affairs by their own laws, and to that extent must obey the ruling of their bishop. Of course, Mr. Long appealed to the Privy Council, not only for his salary, but for the restitution of his church, now shut against him; and this appeal led to questioning the value not only of the letters patent making Bishop Gray the Bishop of Cape Town, but also the first letters making him the sole and only Bishop of South Africa, before the sub-division of his unwieldy diocese into three more. The case turned upon the extent of the jurisdiction given to Bishop Gray in 1853 by the issue of new letters patent as Metropolitan (after surrendering his original bishopric as created by the first letters patent in 1847), when a Constitutional Government had been established at the Cape in the interval. In plain words, he was only to be regarded now as a Bishop of the Church of England, but having no power out of England which created him a Bishop; and, therefore, while the Bishop and Mr. Long had a right to settle their disputes by the laws of the voluntary association to which they both belonged, they could not proceed to exercise any *coercive* jurisdiction, except by the agency of courts established by law, who would proceed to give effect to their decisions precisely as they give effect to the decisions of arbitrators whose jurisdiction rests entirely upon the agreement of parties. The Synod was declared to be an illegal body, and in refusing to attend at what was contrary to the law of the land, Mr. Long had not been guilty of any spiritual offence. The question was a temporal one only, and as he had done nothing to forfeit his position he must be re-instated; at the same time the Court gave a very broad hint that the Crown, through its Law Officer, had led the Bishop in a wrong direction, and ought to pay the costs of the appeal.

As these expenses reached £1,600, the Treasury contributed

£285 5s., while others paid off £500, leaving the Bishop, however, still saddled with heavy costs. It need scarcely be added that the Bishop was immensely disgusted and dissatisfied with the judgment. Thus closes the first volume.

In the second volume the editor has published a large number of letters from Bishop Wilberforce and others, that might fairly have been much compressed; but the most important tribute to our Bishop's dealings with Colenso comes from the pen of Archbishop Sumner, who, in 1862, writes: "I am greatly struck by the mildness and conciliatory spirit which you have united with the firmness and decision exhibited in the whole of your distressing correspondence with the Bishop of Natal."

The Bishop himself evidently was very loth to drive Colenso too far, and in his letter of 13th December, 1865, with a private letter accompanying it, he addresses his old friend in the most affectionate terms, urging him not to make it necessary for him to separate him by formal sentence from the Communion of the Church. In spite of the private character of this remonstrance, Colenso's commentary upon it, was to publish it, as a justification of his course.

Henceforth the poor old Bishop was always in hot water, and after excommunicating Colenso, had enormous trouble in getting a good and moderate man to succeed him. Of course, he went to England and took part in debates in the Upper House of Convocation; being well supported by the Episcopal bench, but opposed by Tait, Bishop of London, and Thirlwall, of St. David's. This part of the biography is unnecessarily diffuse, and very tiresome, and stands greatly in need of the pruning knife in a second edition.

Our want of space compels us to skip over much that is not generally known of Bishop Gray's career here—in founding a number of very useful institutions; and our concluding remarks shall be brief.

The late Bishop was essentially a domestic man. He was very fond of his wife and children, and found his highest happiness in cultivating his own social circle at Protea. He had never much time for reading, and scarcely had any time for thinking, while wading through his enormous correspondence. He slaved at his desk all his life; and never flinched from duties that demanded all his energies. He was a bad, a very bad, sleeper; and when worried lost his rest at once. Very fond of animals, kind-hearted, and full of quiet fun, he was calculated to draw many friends around him; but his duties kept him isolated. When his wife died, he drooped at once. He never seems to have held up his head afterwards, and his letters all betray the deepest melancholy. Through life, in spite of his high-handed public career, he was always a most courteous and genial companion in private, and full of genuine piety and humility of heart. He was exceedingly fond of men like Bishop Merriman and Douglas, and envied them their capacity for toil. As for love of power, we—who knew him well—do not believe in all the stories set afloat about him; nor put any faith in the idle assaults made up-

on his assumption of Papal Infallibility. He had a very great idea of the value of true Church principles—and carried them out fearlessly : but his sympathies were not altogether with the Ritualists. As he grew older he longed for peace and quiet, and lived down much of the sturdy opposition, which it was but natural he should have excited in his earlier and more aggressively energetic days. Without pretending to the deep learning, or ripe scholarship of a Thirlwall or a Tait, the late Bishop Gray undoubtedly was a very good specimen of the Missionary Bishop ; and especially won the good opinion of men like Pusey and Keble, by his fearless upholding of Church discipline. To do this he had to be his own lawyer, conveyancer, and Synodical Council in one ; and when he pleaded before the judges, his extemporaneous addresses were of a very high forensic order indeed. His instant reply to Advocate Watermeyer's laboured address is still remembered with pardonable pride and satisfaction by his friends, and elicited the highest encomium from men like Porter and Hodges. If he erred at all, he erred from excess of zeal and impatience of opposition. But when the hand of Death had laid him low, men suddenly came to feel his true worth, and at the grave all classes of the community united to do honour to his memory.

We cannot say that these two volumes of biography are altogether satisfactory. They have placed their subject upon too high a pedestal for English eyes ; and will probably, out here, evoke much bitterness out of notes and epistles that were intended to be harmless and frank expositions of the writer's crude opinions at the time when they were penned. Should this book reach a second edition, the friends of Bishop Gray should thrust his son Charles on one side as a most injudicious editor of his father's life, and get men like Canon White or Archdeacon Badnall to go through the materials carefully, and sternly strike their pen through much that will at once suggest itself to any literary man of the world. No one would be more deeply pained than the dear kind old Bishop himself, to find how cruelly his memory has been wronged, by raking up old stories of his earlier days and trials in the colony.

Presuming that his favourite sister, Mrs. Williamson, was at the pious trouble of collecting materials for this work, the least that her nephew could have done was to have gone over her rough draft, and penned down manifest exuberances of detail. As it is, he has neglected his most obvious duty, and the book suffers in consequence.

We shall close this imperfect notice, by printing side by side, the noble verses sung over the Bishop's grave at Claremont Churchyard, with an admirable translation thereof by Mr. W. E. Gladstone, which lately appeared in the *Contemporary Review* :—

I.

I.

"Scis te lassum ? scis languentem ?  
Luctu contristaris ?  
Audin' 'Veni, veniensque  
Pace perfruaris.'"

Art thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distressed ?  
"Come to me, saith One, and coming,  
Be at rest !"

## II.

Notas habet, quas agnôrim  
Istum consecatus ?  
“Manus, Plantæ, cruentatæ,  
Cruentatum Latus.”

## III.

Ecquid protat, pro coronâ  
Quæ Monarchas ornat ?  
“Diadema, sed spinarum,  
Frontem Hanc adornat.”

## IV.

Sin obnitar, sin attingam,  
Quî remunerabit ?  
“Luctûs, fletûs, ac laborum  
Largitatem dabit.”

## V.

Sin obstrictus adhærebo,  
Quis in fine status ?  
“Vix meta, luctûs fuga,  
Labor exantlatus,”

## VI.

Si receptum supplicâssim  
Votum exaudiret ?  
“Quanquam Terra, quanquam Cœlum  
In ruinam iret.”

## VII.

Persistentem, perluctantem  
Certus est beare ?  
“Vates quisque, Martyr, Virgo,  
Angelus, testare !”  
W. E. GLADSTONE.

November, 1875.

## II.

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
If He be my guide ?  
“In His Feet and Hands are wound-  
prints,  
And His side.”

## III.

Hath He diadem as Monarch  
That His brow adorns ?  
“Yea, a Crown, in very surety,  
But of thorns.”

## IV.

If I find Him, if I follow,  
What His guerdon here ?  
“Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
Many a tear.”

## V.

If I still hold closely to Him,  
What hath He at last ?  
“Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,  
Jordan past.”

## VI.

If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay ?  
“Not till Earth, and not till Heaven  
Pass away.”

## VII.

Finding, following, keeping, strug-  
gling,  
Is He sure to bless ?  
“Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,  
Answer, ‘Yes.’”

As the assembled multitude who joined reverently in this hymn dispersed to their homes, there was but one feeling uppermost in their hearts, that by the death of Bishop Gray the Cape Colony had lost one of its most public-spirited men, and one of the greatest and most generous benefactors of their adopted country. He had his faults, but he had many sterling virtues wherewith to atone for and efface them.—*Requiescat in pace !*

## The Story of the "Supported Account."

WE were wearily mounting the hill which overlooks the busy little inland town of Boerwinkelsdorp. It was a blazing hot day, and my old friend John Frankman, who rode alongside of me, remarked, "I say old fellow, what would you give for a good Lower Albany water-melon just now? eh!"

We saw a cloud of dust behind us. By-and-by a bran new cart, drawn by four splendid greys, dashed past. Following was a sharp, wiry-looking little Bushman, one of a race apparently specially designed by Providence for the office of "achter rijer." He was mounted on a blood-looking riding horse, and led a spare pair of draught horses, matching those which drew the cart. A knowing-looking Malay driver completed the turn out. It was a stylish affair—silver-mounted harness, ditto whip; nothing wanting; "got up regardless of expense." The owner lolled luxuriously on the well-stuffed cushions. He was a short, stout, florid-complexioned man, apparently about thirty. He had a sort of monarch-of-all-I-survey look about him, which was very offensive to a quiet fellow like myself; and I must say that when he turned round, and, recognising my friend, called out, "Hollo Frankman, old fellow, how are you? Shall I tell them you're coming?" I felt that it would have given me intense pleasure to punch his head there and then.

I cannot understand the feeling, but there is no doubt of the fact that nothing delights the "Homo Capensis" so much as to go ahead of every traveller he may see in front of him. He will boast that he overtook a fellow on the road who "tried it on" but that he soon found it was "no go;" that he rode twelve miles in two minutes under the hour, &c. In all probability the quiet traveller over whom "Homo Capensis" thus crows never gave a thought to our young friend, or, if he did, merely said to himself, "What a snob that young fellow must be to abuse a good nag in that way." However, to my story again.

"Do you know that fellow?" said John.

"No," said I, "he's altogether above me, I fancy."

Now there was a little bit of hypocrisy there, for my father was an old Peninsular officer, and I don't think the Governor himself has better blood in his veins than old John Candide.

"Why," said John, "that's John de Long Uitstel, Esq., who owns the half of Boerwinkelsdorp, and who will probably represent the division in Parliament some day."

"Don't know him," said I.

"Why, you don't mean to say that—many's the tikki you've given him when he was a youngster."

"What!" said I, "You don't mean to say that's little Jack Uitstel, whose mother, old Chrissie Uitstel, was wont to retail pennyworths of tamalatjis in Sanctumton?"



"That's him," said John, oblivious of Lindley Murray.

"Well, well," said I, "so it is,—*idem sed gerantum mutatus ab illo*."

"Yes, the hill is steep," says John, "but I'm surprised at a man of your education sinking his H's in that way."

I looked up at John; there was a quiet, exulting smile on his face. What could I say?

We reached Boerwinkelsdorp, and were just trying to eat. Gha! how I abominate some of those low and yet pretentious "hotels." The "Victoria Hotel" for instance, "replete with every comfort and convenience for travellers," where everything is dear and nasty. The bread is hard and sour; the butter rancid. You ask for coffee, and get nothing but "grounds for grumbling." You try tea, and get some vile compound not equal even to good British sloe leaves. Everything is of the very lowest quality, except the charges. Invariably the worse the fare, the more you have to pay for it. I must say all this to relieve my mind. I feel better now.

We had just fed (I can't say eaten) when a note was handed to John. I looked at the address, and said "Why, your friend, to judge by the writing, must be in flourishing circumstances."

It was from Uitstel, and ran thus:—"J. de Long Uitstel, Esq.'s, compliments to John Frankman, Esq., and I shall be glad if he and your friend will dine with him this evening. Diner on the tabul at seven preesiseley."

"Let's go," said I. So we dressed ourselves in our best, and a little before the time arrived at "Uitstel Hall." We found Uitstel in the stable looking at his "'orses."

I always take a good survey of any man or woman that I'm introduced to. Look them over quietly from head to foot. A true physiognomist will find indices of character in every limb.

Mr. Uitstel's feet were enclosed in shiny patent-leather boots; his legs were thin, and thrown well back to balance his body, which came under the designation of "podgy." He had black, black hair, and such eyes! sharp, restless, furtive. I took his measure at once.

We praised the horses.

"Yes," said he, "they're tidy nags."

"Must have cost a lot of money," said Frankman.

"Believe you, my boy; them 'orses don't stand me in much under three hundred pounds."

He expected us to be impressed, and we were impressed accordingly.

We then went into the house. What a display to be sure—everything in profusion, and of the most expensive kind. Costly mirrors; a suite of furniture covered with the gaudiest silk velvet. The chairs were so grand and so flimsy, that one felt afraid to sit down—all gilded, gorgeous, grand—but comfortless. We looked at each other and marvelled. By-and-by Uitstel left us, as he said, to dress for dinner, leaving us to amuse ourselves with the countless nick-nackeries which were scattered about the room.

"Well, John," said I, "what do you think of it all?"

"Think!" said he, "I can't understand it; here am I, who was in business for over twenty years, bought my goods at Sanctumton, where he gets his from, and though I did my best—lived frugally, and could hardly educate my family decently; in fact, hardly made a clerk's salary out—this man seems to be rolling in wealth and luxury. If he can make anything out of old John Salt Invoice & Co. it's more than ever I could do, for they always sucked the juice out of the oranges before I got them."

"Hush! hush, man!" said I, "don't get so excited."

"By Jove," said he, "you'd get excited if you knew as much as I do. Oh! those confounded accounts current, I shudder when I think of them. Sixty, eighty, a hundred per cent. on cost and charges, eight per cent. interest on goods lying rotting on your shelves, compound interest added half yearly!!"

"Now do be quiet," said I. "Why did not you get out of such a business?"

"That's easier said than done," replied he. "Once get into the clutches of a man like old John Salt Invoice, and verily thou shalt not go thence till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing."

"Well, never mind, old fellow," said I, giving him my hand. "Tom Candide thinks no worse of you because you're not rich; and think, old fellow, you're a lucky man after all—what a fine family you have!"

"God bless the bairns; yes," said John, quite enthusiastically, but smiling grimly; "It's alte zwaar to have spent the best of your life milking a cow that the calf has sucked dry already. But there goes the dinner bell."

Uitstel now made his appearance, and, ushering us into the dining room, introduced us to his wife. Mrs. Uitstel was a large, showy woman, with a bold face and a cruel eye. She was blazing with jewels, and, like the illustrious but ill-fated Dinah, dressed in gorgeous array. She was evidently the better half; and of J. de L. U. it might truly be said that he was very much married indeed.

"John, my love!" and a look from the cruel eyes would stop him in a moment from tasting the one too many glasses of champagne, even while he was raising it to his lips. However, she was very gracious to us, though she did not talk much. The dinner was a most profuse and expensive one, and Uitstel was troublesomely pressing, and wanted us to try "hevery think."

He seemed quite relieved when Mrs. U.—as he called her—withdrew, which she did, giving him a Parthian shot of warning from the cruel eyes. He now drank freely, and opened his heart to his "hold friend," as he called Frankman, who tried to look complacent, but evidently winced under the title. Uitstel bragged of the large business that he was doing, and exposed all his rascality in the Boer trade; told us how he "humbugged" them in weights, how he falsified their accounts, and how he first stupified them with Cape

smoke and then "stuck" them, as he called it. I sat almost silent, studying this degraded type of humanity, and only now and then by a suggestive word leading him still further to unbosom himself.

At length we could not decently remain away from the drawing-room longer. J. de L. led the way, and swaggered into the room, when a look from the cruel eyes made him retreat to a corner.

"Don't you play, Mrs. Uitstel?" said I.

"I used to," she replied; "but I've not touched the piano for months." (We heard her thumping away just as we reached the house).

"Do oblige us," I said, in my most insinuating manner; and, thus adjured, she seated herself majestically at the piano, and commenced thumping away most vigorously. I turned over for her most deferentially, and she was evidently pleased and flattered.

"Do you like the 'Hoverture to Masinihello?'" said she.

"What's that," said Frankman; "Something from 'Paradise Lost?'"

I looked him down.

Well, it seemed as though there was to be no end of the music. John kept whispering to me, "Ease her, stop her;" but what could I do. By way of a change I said, "I'm sure you sing, Mrs. Uitstel?"

"Just a little," said she, simpleringly; and off she started with a vengeance. I can't better describe her style of singing than to term it pavonic.

"Isn't she a magnificent singer?" whispered Uitstel to me.

"A regular stunner," I replied.

"Did ever you hear such a voice?"

"Quite a style of her own," said I.

It was now getting late, and we were growing sleepy. Mrs. Uitstel kept on unflaggingly. Uitstel, who had fallen asleep, wakening up every now and then, would bawl out, "Bravo, hongcore!" and drop off again. Tennyson's beautiful song of "The Brook" was then all the rage. Of course Mrs. Uitstel must sing it; and off she went, much more in a torrent than a brook style.

"Hi, go on for Hevaw, evaw; hi, go on for evaw!"

"So she does," whispered Frankman, "And *we'd* better go on as soon as that song's done."

So we took our departure; the lady pressing us to stay longer, and evidently wishing us to do so, as she had some "sweet things" to sing to us. However, we tore ourselves asunder; Uitstel had to be awoke to say good bye. He started up bewildered, and, evidently fancying himself engaged in business, drawled out "Rechte goed koop so wahr's Gott."

"John, my dear!" from his cara sposa wakened him up effectually; a glance from the cruel eyes sobered him. And so we bade adieu to John de Longe Uitstel, Esq.

It was some years later ere we met again.

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"Have you heard the news?" said Frankman to me one morning.

"No, what is it?"

"Why, it's all U. P. with Uitstel, and old John Salt Invoice is in for somewhere near fifty thousand."

It appears that a heavy fall in wool, and a most extravagant rate of living, together with the fact that another shop in Boerwinkelsdorp imported direct from England, and could, of course, undersell Uitstel—all combined to bring Uitstel down. When he found that matters were going wrong, he determined that whoever else might suffer John de Longe Uitstel should not, so he sold off all he could, and sent away the proceeds to some safe place. It appears, too, that some little time ago all his books were burnt—*accidentally* of course.

There's a queer account of his interview with old Salt Invoice, who had not the slightest suspicion that anything was wrong.

Uitstel walked quietly into his office "Ah! Uitstel, my boy, how are you? Take a seat," offering him his own "How's Mrs. Uitstel? Blooming and lovely as ever I suppose?"

"She is well, thank you, sir," said Uitstel in a subdued voice, but I wanted to speak with you on business, sir.

"Oh, never mind business to-day, come and dine with me at six, and we can talk it over quietly afterwards."

"Thank you, sir," said Uitstel, "but it won't be convenient."

"Oh, nonsense man, you must come; I shall really feel hurt if you don't," said old John.

It was no use delaying, so Uitstel, in a low, deprecating voice, said, "The fact is, sir, I came to tell you that I find I must surrender my estate."

"What! you scoundrel, do you come here, into my office, and tell me that to my face? Get out, sir, this minute, or I'll kick you out," yelled old John Salt Invoice.

Uitstel went his way, muttering, "Thank God! that's done." He walked to his hotel and ate his dinner with his usual appetite.

Old John Salt Invoice went home, spent a restless night, and appeared pale and anxious at his office next morning. He called his head clerk.

"How does Uitsel's account stand?" said he, quietly.

"About £39,000, sir, but there's also some considerable liability for endorsements, not far short of £11,000 more. I hope it is not a bad case?" said the old clerk, showing deep concern and looking wistfully into his old master's face.

How changed it was! that one night's anxiety had smitten him down, never to rise again. He looked twenty years older.

"Bad enough, Smith, you may depend on it. Oh! Smith, what a fool I've been, to be sure!"

The old clerk closed softly the door, as he saw his master lay his head on the table and groan in bitterness of spirit.

"Don't take on so, sir," said the faithful old fellow, the tears standing in his eyes.

"This is but the commencement of the thing," groaned the old merchant; "it's just the collapse of that rotten system of supported accounts. My poor, poor, lads at Cambridge, what a shock 'twill be to them! I've brought them up as gentlemen, what a fool I've been, Smith! And I invited the scoundrel to dinner, pressed him to come," said he, bitterly, starting up, and walking hurriedly up and down the office, his hands tightly clenched and his brows knit. "Poor lads, poor lads, what will they say?"

He sat down for a few minutes, then rose quietly, looked long and mournfully at all his surroundings, and walked slowly away. The old clerk followed him, and the two men, now equal, walked arm in arm home. They had been schoolfellows, and sorrow seemed to bring back all the loving memories of boyhood's days.

The old merchant never returned to his office. That night he was smitten with paralysis, and mercifully spared the misery of learning that the old firm of John Salt Invoice & Co. was bankrupt. The old clerk tended his master to the last. They never spoke of business, but chatted almost gaily of their school days and of the times when they were young men together. And thus, tenderly waited on, the ruined merchant sank quietly into his grave.

There are many such faithful men as the old clerk in the world; thank God for them.

Uitstel was consistent to the last. He called his creditors together and set the most expensive and *recherché* wines before them, saying, "Help yourselves, gentlemen. I hope you'll enjoy yourselves, and make yourselves quite at home. It's all your own property, you know." When told that his estate would pay two shillings and twopence in the pound only, he considered a moment, and then said gaily, "Oh, confound it, that'll never do; I'll make it up to half-a-crown out of my own pocket," and he did so.

A few days afterwards I met him in the street. I would have cut him, but must confess that he seemed so cordial and friendly that I had not the moral courage to do so.

"I'm surprised to see you so cheerful," said I.

"Why?" said he.

"Have you not had a meeting of your creditors? Does not that trouble you?"

"Trouble me?" said he; "No. It don't trouble *me*, but it troubles them, I guess."

He turned and walked off, or I should assuredly have knocked him down.

I never saw him again. Fearing a prosecution for fraudulent insolvency he disappeared. I hear that he is now living somewhere in Germany, that he purchased a title, and now rejoices in the name of Count John de Longe von Uitstel. So ends my story of the "SUPPORTED ACCOUNT."



## The Digger's Grave on the Vaal.

He left for the land where the diamond gleams,  
 The Siren had lured him along,  
 And whispered of wealth in his rapturous dreams ;  
 He was charmed, he was tranced with the song—  
 He was soothed with the marvellous song.

The phantom he followed so fatal and bright,  
 The hopes he had cherished were vain ;  
 The land he had traversed in visions of night,  
 Proved the scene of his death and his pain—  
 Of his pitiful anguish and pain.

In his rude hut he lay on the crystalline sand,  
 With the glare of the sun at his door ;  
 The gems he had gathered were clutched in his hand,  
 But they will never gladden him more—  
 Their beauties will charm him no more.

Midst the tossings of fever that nothing can stem,  
 He looks on the glittering heap,  
 When he thinks of the treasure he's bartered for them,  
 His moanings are bitter and deep—  
 His wailings are fearful and deep.

He calls up a face, as he wearily lies—  
 A vision enchantingly fair,  
 With the azure of heaven in her love-lit eyes,  
 And the hue of the sun in her hair—  
 Its glow on her golden hair.

Like the ripple of water in summer lands,  
 He murmurs the sound of her name,  
 And yearns for one touch of those delicate hands  
 To quiet the throb of his brain—  
 The fever and throb of his brain.

Lo ! the vision is changed. See the Angel of Death,  
 Approach in Cimmerian array,  
 And bend o'er his form, whose lingering breath  
 Still clings to its temple of clay—  
 Its death-stricken temple of clay.

Uncoffined, unknelled, to his grave he was sped,  
 Unwept, with irreverent haste ;  
 No requiem was sung, nor ritual read,  
 O'er his bed in the desolate waste—  
 His grave on the terrible waste.

A. G. E.

## A Run to Nomansland.

IN the extreme north-east corner of the tract of country distinguished as Kaffraria Proper, lies Nomansland, or, as it is now more commonly termed, Griqualand East. It is situate between the sources of the Umzimvoobo and the Umzimkulu Rivers. Part of it was originally a track of land ceded by the Pondo chief, Faku, to this Colony, and where, in 1860, Sir George Grey induced the Griquas of Phillipolis, under Adam Kok, to form a settlement. The history of the Griquas and their exodus to this place has already been noticed in detail in an early number of this Magazine.\* These people sustained great losses on their "trek," chiefly from the disastrous drought which prevailed at the time, causing hundreds of cattle and horses, and thousands of sheep and goats to die; and even the remnant of their stock afterwards suffered greatly in the ordeal of getting accustomed to the new pastures. When they had settled down in this territory, they hoped that European Magistrates would have been placed with them to assist in carrying on the administration of their affairs; but in this expectation they were disappointed. The Government of the day had a dread of extending British jurisdiction and incurring responsibilities. The consequence was that these people were left to themselves, to get on the best way they could. Unaided by qualified guides, they sought for and accepted the advice of any one at hand, and the result as might have been expected was that they fell into the power of those who were not slow to turn their opportunities to their own advantages. The representations made to the Colonial Government, a year or two ago, respecting the issue of land, titles, and grants, the condition of the local administration, and an expressed desire to be incorporated with the Colony, led to the appointment of a Commission to inquire into and report upon these various matters. It was while this Commission was engaged in its work, I made acquaintance with the country and its principal centre, Kokstadt.

Natal is the nearest market and has the closest communication with Nomansland or Griqualand East; but I was desirous of seeing something of Kaffraria Proper and its native tribes, and took the direct route from this Colony, *via* East London and King William's Town.

Landing at the mouth of the Buffalo River, a stranger has his attention at once attracted to the extensive works in progress for improving the harbour and opening up the river. Two enormous pieces of machinery, familiarly named by the engineers the "Goliath" and "Hercules," have been imported and erected—the former to be used in the construction of the twenty-ton concrete blocks for the breakwater, and the latter for placing them in their proper positions. When the projected works are completed, there will be a water way

\* *Vide Cape Monthly Magazine* for December, 1872.

of 25 feet on the bar, and the mouth of the river, now some 1,200 feet broad, will be reduced to 400 feet, while the protecting pier or break-water will be carried out 1,350 feet. If the undertaking is a success, East London will become a most important place as the port of shipment for the northern districts and Kaffraria. Panmure on the eastern side of the river, however, is certain to be the town for the future, it being the terminus of the railway line communicating with King William's Town and Queen's Town.

A day's ride (starting at 8 a.m. and arriving at 4 p.m.) brought us to King William's Town, an important place with a large wholesale and retail trade and a good market. Its inhabitants number about 3,500, besides military. Its public buildings and stores are numerous and well built, and its public institutions good. Chief among the latter—after churches of nearly every Christian denomination—are the hospital, under the care of Dr. Fitzgerald, the Kaffrarian Institute for the Education of Girls, and the Town Hall.

In the Hospital there are at present about 48 patients; there are at times as many as 70. These are all very comfortably provided for and apparently skilfully treated by Dr. Fitzgerald. The building is a large and imposing one, on a commanding position with extensive enclosed grounds about it. Dr. F., whose heart appears to be thoroughly in his work, is of opinion that provision should be made by the Government for educating in the elementary branches of the medical profession, a few Kafir lads, say three or four at a time; he believes that by such going forth amongst the Kafirs to practice it would probably lead to the Kafirs trusting to their mode of treatment of disease, and an undermining of their confidence in their own "Ghikas" or witch doctors. These medical students, or a few of the most promising of them, might perhaps be sent to England for the completion of their education.

The Kaffrarian Girls' Institute is an admirably arranged establishment, replete with every convenience. Its cost is about £3,000. It is Protestant, but undenominational. There are at present 85 pupils, of which 25 are boarders. The lady-principal, Miss Bewscher, is assisted by one other teacher who lives on the premises, Miss Birrell, as well as a matron, besides two teachers who attend to give lessons. It has been established by a few gentlemen who have each advanced a certain sum towards the costs and expenses, but it is believed that it will soon be self-supporting. All engaged in the work seemed cheerful and bright.

The Town Hall is a substantial-built, plain, stone building, which, besides a large hall, accommodates the Divisional Council and the Library. Mr. Irvine's extensive wholesale stores are well worthy of a visit; they are an ornament to the town and admirably arranged for the extensive business that he carries on. Several wool-washing establishments are erected on the banks of the Buffalo and a good stone and iron bridge over that river. There are very extensive barracks which are now occupied by a regiment and half a wing of infantry.

An ample supply of water is, at considerable expense, raised by a Turbine, out of the river to a reservoir at a level sufficiently high to enable water to be led to every house in the town. A handsome building is now in course of erection as public offices, the cost of which is estimated at £12,000.

A peculiar feature in the streets and neighbourhood is the number of little four-wheeled wagons, with solid wooden wheels, drawn by two oxen and driven frequently by girls or women, chiefly Germans (a most contented and prosperous class), bringing their farm produce to market and taking home supplies from the stores. Large numbers of red-looking Kafirs are also seen about the streets, and many are daily congregated about the office of Mr. Tainton, their native magistrate. They are compelled to be decently clad. Mr. Tainton informed me that there were upwards of 2,300 native children already at school in the district; he expected the number to increase to 3,000 by the end of the year.

Leaving King William's Town, we made our way across the colonial border by the Kei Drift, passing on our way a party of Fingoes returning from the railway works well satisfied with their earnings. We were now in Fingoland and had an opportunity of seeing something of those people, whose progress has lately been so much spoken of. Certainly they are accumulating wealth and their example and prosperity may teach the Kafirs the advantages of living under a firm and settled Government, where property and its rights are secure. Woolled sheep is their chief wealth; and these not being easily removed or concealed in case of war, are a good guarantee of peace.

Namakwa, Captain Blythe's homestead, is an admirably situated seat of Magistracy about 35 miles distant from the Kei Drift, on the road to King William's Town, but not more than 20 from the nearest part of the Kei. The homestead is situated on an incline of an undulating slope of a grassy country facing south. The homestead is a very convenient one with all the necessary outbuildings, &c., admirably adapted to the requirements. Though necessarily rough in finish, everything is in perfect order. A permanent fountain rises near the house which is led out and irrigates (when needed) a very pretty garden and orchard, nicely laid out and containing nearly all the fruits, flowers, vegetables, and ornamental shrubs that you would see in the Colony.

The Court House stands by itself about 250 yards from the residence, on a grassy slope; there is a verandah round the house, and near it a flag-staff on which the English Ensign is hoisted on Sundays or upon the occasion of extraordinary meetings, &c. No natives are allowed about the house; anything that has to be said to Captain Blythe must be said at the Court House. No huts are allowed anywhere near the homestead. I attended for several hours an ordinary Court. A nice well cut path leads from the residence to the Court house; about it outside I saw about 100 native men dressed in



European clothing, in groups lying on the grass discussing their cases. Many had come on horse-back, and their horses were grazing about. On entering the building, which is a single hall, I found the magistrate seated at a table at the further end; his clerk, Mr. Liefeld, at another table on his right while at either side of the door sat some thirty or so headmen, who acted as a kind of assessors or jury, who had an opportunity of examining witnesses, and whose opinion was asked as to the judgment in every case. The prisoner or parties to suits were placed together in a group in the middle of the room. Great patience and care was bestowed on every case and a deliberate judgment given. A record of every case is kept. The clerk acted as interpreter. All judgments are implicitly obeyed and carried out immediately. One man for refusing to comply with his headman's judgment was fined three head of cattle, and another for a glaring theft of sheep was fined in stock, and had twelve lashes, which were immediately given with a shambok, the prisoner being stretched on the grass, his hands and feet held by four native police, whilst the stripes were laid on by another native, *secundum artum*. This punishment is considered very degrading by the natives, but it is never resented by the culprits. The cases consisted mainly of appeals from the judgments of headmen in matters of theft of stock, chiefly sheep, and questions of liability of particular kraals to make good thefts of animals the spoor of which, according to Kafir law, had been traced to their Kraals.

The present practice of paying the officer of the court for carrying out the judgment out of the fines appears very objectionable. The Colonial practice in such cases should be introduced. The law generally carried out is native law, when it is not opposed to common sense, justice, and morality. A rough code was drawn up by Sir Walter Currie at the time of the settlement of the Fingoes in the country.

Captain Blythe appears in every respect to be admirably adapted to hold the position he does. He is a gentleman of high moral principles, very desirous of doing all the good he can in his time, and his heart is in his work. He is a strict disciplinarian, firm, just, patient, and bold when needed. The natives have implicit faith in him as their paramount chief, and look up to him with great respect. All the observances of an English gentleman of position are here habitually practised, and have a very wholesome effect as an example upon the natives. Fingoland is about 40 miles square, contains about 40,000 inhabitants, and it is said that the produce and merchandize imported, and wool and other produce exported, together amounts to a total of £140,000.

The site selected for the new educational institution, on the model of Lovedale, is at a spot about three miles south of Namakwa, which is as near as may be the centre of the country.

Adjoining Fingoland, Kreli and his tribe occupy the territory towards the coast, while higher up are the Tambookies, &c. The



sooner the whole of these people are governed by British magistrates, and laws assimilated to those which are enforced in Fingoland, the better will it be for the peace and civilization of Kaffraria Proper. Gangelizwe, the Tambookie chief, by his tyranny and cruelty, has lately been estranging even his minor chiefs and followers from him. It is said that some years ago when he wished to marry Sandilli's daughter, Emma, a Christianized woman, his tribe objected and insisted upon his taking a heathen wife. He then said, "If I must be a heathen, I will be one in earnest," and he has carried out his threat. The treatment of his wife, daughter of the paramount chief Kreli, who was returned to her father maimed and crippled, and the alleged murder of her maid of honour, have lately brought him into serious difficulty, and there is some danger that he may be got rid of by assassination, or by being deposed by his own people. Mr. Hargreaves, the missionary at Clarkbury, who has lived for 18 years on the station, and knows the chief well, considers that Gangelizwe is at times mad. It appears that his grandfather was similarly afflicted, and in his outbreaks committed frightful cruelties and depopulated the country about him.\* A number of European pioneers from the Colony have settled in part of this territory, along the River Umtata from its source to the sea, paying an annual licence to the chief of about £8. They are principally engaged in sheep-farming, and the merinos seem to do well there, although one party, Mr. Hart, who a few years ago brought in 1,500 sheep, owing to poverty and bad management and lambing in the winter, lost 1,300 in a season.

Passing some miles to the north of Shawbury, we reached the Tsitzi and afterwards the Tena Rivers. The country between the two rivers is Umhlonhlo's. It is thinly populated, very mountainous, with steep ups and downs, and the pasturage coarse grass. Then we climbed the terrible Noweke Hill, and arrived at the Wesleyan Mission Station of Osborn, called by the natives, "T'shungwana." The principal chief here is Silonya,—Little Wildebeest or Makaula of the Bacca tribe. Our Government, I believe, holds that this country, together with Nomansland, Umhlonhlo's, and Umditchwa's, was ceded to it by Faku in Sir Walter Currie's time. But this Makaula denies, although he is nevertheless anxious to come under the Colonial Government. Osborn is surrounded with extensive mealie lands; the homestead and church are substantial buildings, and there is an excellent orchard, as well as a vegetable and flower garden. About twenty orange trees were laden with most enjoyable golden fruit.

From here, we crossed the Umzimvoobo drift, and after two days' climbing up the steep hills, reached Kokstadt. Oh, for roads! roads! roads! If this country is to be made anything of, roads must be constructed, and the present difficulties of transport removed.

\* Since the above was written, negotiations have been conducted between the Colonial Government and Gangelizwe, by which the former has taken over the administration of the affairs of the Tembus, the chief receiving an annual allowance, and the people acknowledging British sovereignty.

Kokstad is the principal village of Nomansland or Griqualand East. The place first fixed upon for a town was three miles north of the present site, at the foot of Mount Currie, or Berg Vyftig. The new town was begun only a few years ago; and there are not many houses built yet. There are six or eight good substantial ones and about fifty smaller ones, some well-built, of burnt brick, others of sod which when plastered is said to be very durable. The town is regularly laid out and has abundance of water for irrigation. The site appears to be a well chosen one. It is open and some distance from the hills, at the same time away from the low, unhealthy, boggy, parts. The country is thickly covered with coarse grass. It is remarkably well watered, but very bleak and cold in the winter. Very little stock is to be seen about.

We called upon Kaptyn Adam Kok, and found him sitting on his stoep basking in the sun, with half a dozen dirty and ragged men and boys about him, mooning and dreaming their time away. I understand that much of his time, and indeed of all the Griquas is spent in this idle way. They being the landed aristocracy of the country, labour, at good harvest work, would be a disgrace to them, so Kafirs are employed for work or to do the little that the listlessness and apathy of the Griqua will allow him to devise or see done.

Kaptyn Kok is sixty-three years of age. A Bastard Hottentot of medium height, innocent of the simplest rudiments of education, he can sign his name, and can spell through easy reading and no more. Circumstances have placed him in a position of a ruler, for which he is entirely unsuited and unqualified. Dependent upon others for carrying on the Government of his people, he has fallen into the hands of men who have worked matters to their own advantage, irrespective of the interests of the people. Kok has become a ready tool in the hands of these men, and has thus divided the spoil with them. Numerous grants of lands have been made to him and his favourites, two of whom are said to have become possessed of 250,000 acres in this way.\*

It is not difficult to foresee that the Griqua people will soon cease to exist as a nation; being idle, listless, improvident, sensual, dishonest, and utterly without any of the qualifications needed to make up a community which can last for their own good or for that of their neighbours, they will soon (as they are already fast becoming) be dispossessed of their farms, and must either become hewers of wood or drawers of water to their successors, if indeed they have energy enough for that, or be gradually absorbed in the general body. The best amongst the people are the late apprentices and slaves. The country from the first appears to have been fearfully mismanaged.

\* The "Kaptyn," Adam Kok, met with his death on the 30th December last, in consequence of a fall from his wagon while on his way to attend a gathering of the native chiefs at Umzimkulu. He was buried at Kokstadt, a numerous assemblage of his people testifying by their presence, and many by their sobs and tears, their respect and attachment to the old Griqua Chief.—[Ed. C. M. M.]

A poor, weak Government in the hands of a few weak illiterate and unprincipled advisers—all sorts of crimes have gone unpunished. It is even whispered that the chief himself sent out bands of plunderers who robbed the Amaponda, sharing the plunder with the Kaptyn. There is no arrangement for administering the estate of deceased persons, the Kaptyn acting customarily as administrator, but doing it in such a way, that when he is called upon to account, he has, he says, no money, but if they wait a little he'll see if he can't give them a farm. There is no gaol, no police, and no means of carrying out the sentence of any one authorized to pass a judgment. When corporal punishment is a part of the sentence, it is a common practice for the party to be let off by a promise to pay—when he can—1s. 6d. a stripe as an equivalent.

In cases tried before the court, all fines were divided amongst the judges on the bench. In doubtful cases sometimes both plaintiff and defendant were fined, and the sums are similarly disposed of.

Such a people as the Griquas, under such a chief as Kok, should never have been left to themselves in our immediate neighbourhood, unaided and unguided to form their constitution, govern themselves, and divide their lands. They have gone back in every way in material wealth, in intelligence, and in civilization. It is absurd to see the caricature of a Government they have set up and the worse than a burlesque of its administration.

The men are a lot of dirty, ragged Hottentots and Bastards, living for the most part in squalid poverty in a beautiful country which they own, but have not the energy or industry to turn to account; they strut about with their hands in their pockets; look upon themselves as landed aristocracy, and upon the Basutos and Kafirs under them, who in many respects are their superiors, as mere dirt. They insist upon their right to be called Mr., and their wives as Mrs.—Mrs. Platjee Dikkop, Mrs. Reiniet Vaalpens, &c. If not the last named (the women) insist upon being called “sister,” “mother,” or “aunt,” by the English ladies, the wives of the ministers, and others.

A great muster of the Griqua burghers took place while I was at Kokstadt. The Special Commissioners sent by the Cape Government—Messrs. Probart, Griffith, and Cumming—had on their visit shortly before to the Umzimkulu, a muster of the Zulus and Baccas who chiefly occupy that part, and at Matatule there had been another assemblage of the Basutos, who are by far the greater majority of the people living there; and the Griquas proper had arranged this general meeting, that the Commissioners before leaving might see and be duly impressed by their appearance before them in a body.

By sun-rise long trains of mounted men were seen wending their way down the grassy slopes of the undulating country which surrounds the town. Here and there might be seen a rude wagon, without sides, drawn by six or eight oxen conveying the “fair

daughters" of the doughty burghers to the field where all were to meet.

At noon the streets were crowded with horsemen respectably dressed, and well mounted and armed; these men marshalled and filed off in pairs in one line opposite the residence of the Kaptyn and magistrate, when the salute was fired from one of the brass 6-pounder cannon, and a rattling *feu de joie*, kept up for some time by the burghers.

The whole of the force was then put through some movements with frequent firings of musketry, and at one o'clock were dismissed for an hour. I should say the mounted burghers were about 500 in number; of these fully one-half were Baccas, Zulus, and Basutos, there were probably 1,000 men present altogether.

The Kaptyn, on his piebald, rode at the head of the column accompanied by Mr. Strachan and two or three attendants. During the firing one of the mounted burghers got badly hurt, his neighbour having discharged his gun against the calf of his leg, carrying away a large piece of flesh and lodging the wad in the leg. The Rev. Mr. Britain kindly attended to him at once, and no serious results were expected.

At two o'clock a general muster took place of all hands, dismounted, for the purpose of meeting the Special Commissioners.

This had been arranged in order to give the burghers, all round, the opportunity of having a big talk upon the subject of the country being taken over by the Colonial Government. It was whispered that there were some unquiet spirits amongst the burghers who meant to take the opportunity of bringing their complaints and grievances forward, and that very plain, but to the Griqua Government and late officials very unpalatable facts were to be brought forward, and terrible abuses exposed in regard to grants of lands, &c. Those who expected something sensational in this way were dissappointed—the courage of the fierce ones appeared to have oozed out of their finger ends, like Bob Acres.

Seats were provided for the Special Commissioners, the Kaptyn, and his Raad. Proceedings were opened by the Kaptyn who spoke very judiciously. He gave a short history of his people and their dealings with the Colonial Government from the time of Sir George Grey to the present. He denied that he had asked our Government to be taken over. He admitted that he knew all along that they had come as British subjects on British soil. He had expected that the Government would at *some time* take the step they had now done—but he was not prepared for it when it came; it had taken him by surprise. He laid much stress upon the condition made by Sir George Grey that they, the Grikwas, might divide the land among them, and the promise by the present Government that all *bonâ fide* grants should be confirmed, as well as upon the promise or understanding that all past decisions are to be left undisturbed. If all this were fully acted up to in good faith he would be satisfied, but if any



acts of his were called into question or any grants made by him be disallowed, he would protest.

Mr. Strachan then spoke a few words at the request of the Kaptyn, after which five or six Griqua burghers spoke, the burden of their speech being chiefly,—That they had never been told, and did not understand, that they had come over here as British subjects. That the Griquas proper had not received their fair share of the land. Some of them had got none yet; whilst some white men had had great extents of land given to them to which they were not entitled, while large tracks of country were partly granted to Kafirs, some of whom had been their enemies, and much land had been devoted to locations for natives.

Hezekiah, a Zulu Kafir, was chief spokesman for the natives. He said they did not want any change, they were satisfied with the Kaptyn; the Commissioners had come upon them unawares, and reminded him of a flee in a kaross of whose presence you were not aware, till it bit you suddenly. This illustration caused roars of laughter. He said that Kaptyn Kok's policy was better than that of the Natal Government, for there the natives were still naked, although the Government had had their management for many years; while here the natives, only taken by the hand yesterday, were clothed and much further advanced in civilization. He thanked the Government for sending the Commissioners to them, and had no doubt that they would impartially judge, or decide, and report on all matters they have investigated here. What was said by this speaker would have had much more force but for the fact that before the meeting he had shown about a paper in the hand-writing of a well-known European, lately in the confidence of certain folks in authority, directing him what he was to say.

The Kaptyn then invited the Commissioners to address the burghers, when Mr. Griffith and Mr. Probart did so.

Mr. Griffith said, that he had much pleasure in meeting the Griqua burghers. When the Commissioners were invited to attend this meeting and they found that they were expected to express the views and intentions of the Government, they had replied that they would be happy to attend and hear what the burghers desired to say, but they had no authority from the Government to express their views and intentions. The Commissioners had patiently examined into all their claims and given careful consideration to all that had been brought forward. They had visited all parts of the country—first at Umzimkulu, then at Matatule, at each of which places they had seen all the people, and now this day they stood before a large and orderly body of men, well dressed, well mounted, and well armed, which no one need be ashamed of. It had been said by one of their speakers that the Griquas, he feared, would soon sell their farms and become wanderers again. He advised them to stick to their farms, not to part with them on any account. The Commissioners were glad to hear what the Griqua burghers had to say



and would communicate their views and wishes to the Colonial Government.

Mr. Probart said that he should like to add a few words to what had been said by Mr. Griffith. Having now had an opportunity of seeing every part of this country he had formed a very high opinion of its excellence. It was, he said, a beautiful country with a splendid climate, admirably suited for maintaining immense herds of stock and producing vast quantities of grain. It was abundantly watered, and only required the industry of man to render it a prosperous and wealthy country, and its people a happy and contented one. Their market was somewhat distant, but that was a difficulty which could, in a great degree, be overcome by making good roads. He said that the Commissioners had given patient and careful consideration to all matters claiming their attention, and he trusted that when they saw their report they would be satisfied that justice had been done—at least, he could claim for the Commissioners that they had throughout acted impartially and from a sense of what was just and right to do. The Commissioners would urge upon the Government with as little delay as possible to publish their decisions in regard to the confirmation of grants, and their answer to the very many applications that had been sent in for land. He hoped soon to see a regularly constituted and properly equipped Government in the country, which by giving security to life and property is one of the greatest blessings a country can enjoy, and without which no country or people can expect to be happy or prosperous. He was about to go to Cape Town to attend Parliament, and he should have much pleasure in telling the Government and Parliament what he had seen and heard while in this country, and what the wishes and wants of the people were.

After this the Kaptyn again said a few words, and the meeting broke up in a very orderly manner.

There is a marked improvement visible in the feelings of the people here in regard to the taking over of the country. The care and patience with which the Commissioners have examined into all claims, and the favourable impression made upon the Griquas, at Matatule, during the investigation into Nehemiah Moshesh's claim has had much to do in bringing about this change for the better. All but a few, who think there is good reason to fear that certain objectionable grants are in jeopardy, are satisfied at the action of the Colonial Government.

For two months the Commissioners have sat daily in open court, inquiring chiefly into land claims, and are doubtless now in possession of all the information necessary to enable them to report fully. They have visited every part of this extensive country, inspected the native locations, have for twelve days listened to the evidence in the matter of Nehemiah Moshesh's claim, and have on four or five occasions attended great gatherings of the people, thus giving the public opportunities of expressing their wants and wishes in their hearing. They

have given them the benefit of their counsel and advice, and they have this assurance that their visit here has even now been productive of great good,—much bitterness and heart burning has been assuaged, bickerings and quarrels of years' standing have by bringing parties together been amicably settled, and a more contented and satisfactory state of feeling generally brought about.

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### *African Exploration.*

SINCE Livingstone's famous journey across the Continent of Africa we have had nothing to equal in interest and importance the exploring achievements of Stanley and Cameron, of which most gratifying intelligence has reached us during the past month. These energetic and intrepid travellers have followed up the track of the great missionary pioneer, and despite difficulties and dangers of no ordinary kind, have in great part investigated, if not solved, the chief problems remaining of Central African Geography. Stanley has ascertained the true conformation and area of the Lake Victoria Nyanza—the greatest reservoir of the ancient Nile—and proved it to be one vast inland sea, instead of as was thought, a group of detached lakes. Cameron after surveying the Lake Tanganyika, and discovering its outlet to the west, followed its course to another lake which he has called Lake Livingstone, out of which again another river was found to flow westward, and which he is said to have traced so far as to be satisfied that it is the Congo. When within 700 miles of the West coast, he met hostile natives who would not allow him to pass further; he was therefore obliged to turn in another direction southward, reaching the Portuguese possession of Benguala, whence he proceeded to St. Paul de Loando. This worthy successor of Livingstone, who chivalrously headed the expedition sent out to aid the great traveller in 1872, entering Africa on the eastern side at Zanzibar, has thus crossed the continent, from east to west, and accomplished a feat which places him in the first rank of African explorers.

The narrative of Mr. Stanley's expedition, the cost of which is entirely defrayed by the unparalleled liberality of two newspapers—the *London Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald*—has been given in full detail in the newspapers. But we may here briefly summarise his proceedings. After a marvellously rapid march of 103 days from the East coast, he reached the Victoria Nyanza, and embarked with his followers in a portable boat, called the *Lady Alice*, which accompanied the expedition from England. He succeeded in tracing the sinuous shores of the lake along its southern, eastern, and northern sides, to the capital of the Chief M'tsea, at Uganda, and his description of the territory and people there is full of interest. From M'tesa's capital, Stanley followed the western shores of the lake to the River Kagera, the Kitangule of Speke, and then seems to have struck

across direct to his last station on the shore of Usukuma, leaving the south-western corner of the sea for subsequent explorations. His circumnavigation of the Victoria Nyanza covered about 1,000 miles, and seems to have been verified throughout by a careful series of observations of latitude and longitude. The height of the great lake may now be determined at about 3,800 feet above the sea. Mr. Stanley intended, after completing his survey of the Victoria Nyanza, to cross the intervening country to the Albert Nyanza, where he hoped, by means of the *Lady Alice*, to make a second voyage of discovery round that hitherto almost unvisited lake; but more recent intelligence from the Upper Nile leads us to expect that he will have been anticipated in this second achievement by Colonel Gordon, or by some officers of the Upper Nile command, in which case it is probable the undaunted traveller would pursue his explorations to the westward.

Lieutenant Cameron's proceedings and discoveries, up to his concluding journey in search of the relations of the Congo with the great central lakes, have been from time to time described in the *Geographical Magazine*, which contains the latest maps illustrating the progress of geographical exploration in the interior. There is something very noble in the devotion of this young naval officer, who without pay or any selfish inducements, risked his professional career, his health, and his life to lead the expedition sent by the Royal Geographical Society, in order to aid the great missionary explorer, of whom he had heard much, but who was to him a perfect stranger. Livingstone's men, when they heard of him, very naturally supposed that it must be a son who had gone through so much to succour their old master; and no son could have shown more devotion. When he found that Livingstone was no more, and his servants were returning with his body and effects, Cameron, nothing daunted by repeated attacks of fever of unusual severity, voluntarily determined alone to pursue the geographical investigations which the Society had entrusted to him. He possessed many of the highest qualifications of a traveller. He was well known as one of the best pedestrians in the navy. He was a trained surveyor, and could both observe accurately for latitude and longitude, and work a traverse with precision. As a linguist he had distinguished himself in his own profession, having passed as an interpreter. He had pluck and determination as well as kindly tact and judgment, and was soon a favourite among the natives, understanding them thoroughly, and having a fellow feeling for them.

After his arrival at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, the young lieutenant devoted some months to the survey of the lake, whose hydrography had exercised the ingenuity of European geographers for many years and given rise to many conflicting theories. Tanganyika was discovered by Burton and Speke in February, 1858. Although the stay of these explorers there was comparatively short, they succeeded in obtaining a good deal of information. Burton describes the lake as

occupying the centre of the length of the African continent which extends from  $32^{\circ}$  N. to  $33^{\circ}$  S. latitude, and lying on the western extremity of the eastern third of the breadth. Its general direction is parallel to the inner African line of volcanic action drawn from Goudar southwards through the regions about Kilimanjaro to Nzessa the eastern wall of the Nyassa Lake. The general formation suggested to him the idea of a volcano of depression, as in the case of the Dead Sea, and not like the Nyanza of a reservoir formed by the drainage of mountains. Judging from the eye the walls of the Tanganyika basin rise in an almost continuous curtain to 2,000 or 3,000 feet, and its length is over 300 miles. Burton found the water to be deliciously sweet; yet a careful investigation and comparison of statements led him to the belief that the lake receives and absorbs the whole river system of that portion of the central African depression, whose watershed converges towards the great reservoir. He found rivers flowing into but none out of it, and he conjectured that the lake had no outlet, suggesting that it maintained its level by an exact balance of supply and evaporation, and that the freshness of its waters was to be accounted for by the saline particles deposited in them being wanting in some constituent which renders the salt evident to the taste.

Dr. Livingstone added to the knowledge on the subject afforded by Captain Burton's admirable work.\* But the health of the great explorer was worn out from fever when he reached the southern extremity of Tanganyika in 1867. In March, 1869, he passed along the west coast of the lake at a time when he was again suffering from illness; and during the fourteen hours of march the 7th making the voyage against a head wind and most of the time in the darkness, he appears to have passed the part of the coast where the outlet actually is. In November, 1871, he made a voyage to the northern end of the lake and found that the mouth of the Rusizi is formed of three branches, about 12 to 15 yards broad, and 6 feet deep, with a strong current of two miles an hour. He ascertained that all the rivers round the northern end flowed into the lake, and thus confirmed Burton's original conclusions.

It was in March, 1874, that Lieutenant Cameron commenced the exploration and survey of Tanganyika. He coasted to the southern end, examining river after river and finding that they all flowed into the lake. He then proceeded to explore the western side, and at a distance of twenty-five miles to the south of Kasengo Islands, visited by Speke and Livingstone, he discovered the river which forms the outlet, on the 3rd of May, 1874. This river is called the Lukuga, and a current was flowing out at the rate of 12 knots an hour. A chief came on board his boat and reported that the Lukuga flowed into the Lualaba but that the navigation was difficult owing to the obstructing vegetation. Cameron went four miles down the river

\* "The Lake Regions of Central Africa."



which he found to be from 500 to 600 yards wide and three to five fathoms deep. He noticed that a large quantity of drift wood floated along the stream and worked its way into the obstructing grass, and it struck him that where these logs, 20 or 30 feet long, could go, ordinary canoes could progress without any extraordinary amount of labour. After this, he took great pains to get all the information possessed by the Arab traders. They told him that the name of the Lualaba beyond Nyangwe—the furthest point reached by Livingstone—was Ugarowwa. One of them had been down it fifty-five marches, and had reached a place where there were ships and white merchants who traded largely in palm oil and ivory. The name Congo was also mentioned. Cameron considered that these statements pointed unmistakably to the Ugarowwa and the Yaire or Congo being the same river, and he resolved, if possible, to ascertain the fact. He started from Ujiji, on his lonely expedition, on the 20th of May, 1874, and from that time no news of him whatever was heard until his arrival at Benguela, on the West Coast, on the 7th November, 1875. The narrative of his journey, and the discoveries made in the course of it, will be of the greatest interest. Everything depends upon the distance through which he has followed the drain from Tanganyika. Nothing can rob him of the credit of having revealed to us that that vast tarn empties to the south and west, and not to the north; but the problem lurking in the Rua and the Balegga countries still puzzles the mind, and all must feel a keen impatience to hear when Cameron was forced to break away from a line of march so intensely fascinating and momentous as that which he was pursuing from the Tanganyika outlet and westwards.

During his stay at Lake Tanganyika, before proceeding on this last journey, Lieutenant Cameron gave attention to the subject of the slave traffic, and the most effective way of repressing it; and in one of his letters he says:—"The slave trade is depopulating large tracts, and the wretched fugitives are driven to sell each other as a means of subsistence. At present two goats are the price of a boy or girl of from 15 to 20, near Ras Kungwe, and in Marungu a goat was four dotes and a good slave five. Our efforts to stop the exportation of slaves are important but they only check a portion and that a small one of the evil. The Wanyamweze prey on the tribes who have no muskets, and every wretch who can steal or buy a slave must do so. The escaped slaves are another scourge, for they band themselves together and live by plunder. The Ruga-ruga or banditti round Taborah, are mostly runaways. The number of resident Arabs in the interior is much larger than it used to be, and they all have slaves. The worst feature is that the greater number of those slaves have no employment, except when on a journey, and are not fed by their masters, so they have to live by robbery. In going round the lake I was constantly shown places where villages had been, and the inhabitants



of which have been carried off for slaves. There is a great internal slave trade, and demand for slaves, which our cruisers can never touch, and indeed the stopping of the sea traffic is but too likely to increase the evil, for many now engaged in that traffic will settle in the interior, where the trade will continue to flourish."

Cameron regarded the opening up of the great rivers and lines of communication by legitimate commerce as the only means of checking and eventually destroying the internal slave trade. It is from this point of view that he looked upon the identification of the connection between Tanganyika and the Lualaba and the relation of the latter with the Congo, as a discovery of most beneficial import to the people of Africa.

While therefore these explorations help to solve the doubts which have so long existed as to the line of watershed and the sources of the rivers in the great central plateau of Africa, they contribute also to bring about ultimately moral and material results of the greatest importance; and we, who are situated on the threshold of the Continent, have now opened up to us a populous Interior, presenting a magnificent landscape of plains, valleys, lakes, rivers, trees, and pastures, destined to be the seat of Civilized Empires in the future.

—O Africa ! long lost in night  
Upon the horizon gleams the light  
Of breaking dawn.....

Thy name has been slave of the world,  
But when thy banner is unfurl'd,  
Triumphant Liberty shall wave  
Its standard o'er foul slavery's grave;  
And earth—decaying earth—shall see  
Her freest, fairest child in thee.—*Thomson.*

## Anthropology.

THE modern theory of biology has been from time to time pretty freely discussed in the pages of this *Magazine*, yet we make no excuse for saying that we look for additional evidence for the fundamental proof, which may establish the belief of "faint-hearted and wavering adherents" in Darwin's hypothesis, and explain more thoroughly the origin of species through natural selection, by the combination of the mutual influences of inheritance and adaptation in the struggle for existence, or (as Haeckel prefers) in the competition for the means of subsistence. We plead guilty; we are among those who are represented by Professor Haeckel as demanding, over and above the weight, great as it is, which the phenomena of comparative anatomy have cast into the scale in favour of the doctrine, that the descent of species from common ancestral forms shall be proved in a particular case; that the analytic solution of the problem be presented to us by exhibiting proof of the genealogical continuity of the species.

In the preface to the English edition of the "History of Creation," the Professor claims to have furnished this mode of solving the "species" problem, and in the many-shaped and interesting examples of calcareous sponges he has carried on a complete and accurate analysis of this particular animal group for five consecutive years, and after a microscopic study of all the forms of the species, has arrived at a final result:—That the most different forms are connected, one with another, by numberless gradational and transitional forms, and that all the different species of calcareous sponges (among which are distinguished twenty-one genera, with one hundred and eleven species), are derived from a single exceedingly simple ancestral form, the *Olynthus*. We have not before us the Professor's work on this special subject, but only such references to it and illustrations as are given in the "History of Creation," upon which, as now presented to all readers in an English version,\* a few remarks may be pardoned, if not welcomed.

This important treatise is intended to establish that view of the universe which is called the *mechanical* or *causal*, in opposition to the ordinary *teleological* theory, which represents all animal and vegetable forms as the productions of a beneficent and all-wise Creator, acting for his own definite design and purposes; in fact, Haeckel distinctly believes in the non-miraculous history of creation, and sets himself to prove that the theory of development gives us perfectly satisfactory answers, which refer to purely mechanical causes, and point to purely physico-chemical forces as the causes of phenomena, which we were formerly accustomed to ascribe to the direct action of a personal God or to supernatural creative forces. He maintains for the biologist the stand-point, so long held by every chemist and astronomer, who in the examination of the phenomena of their respective fields of research, have regard only to the exclusive activity of physical and chemical agencies, acting according to unvarying laws, and who shut out from the domains of their scientific inquiries the consideration of any supernatural agencies, effects, or interferences.

The author, of course, restricts his use of the word "creation" to the bringing or coming into existence of the *form* of natural bodies; the question of the creation of *matter* is quite apart from biology, although, as a naturalist, he relegates the conception of the immaterial power, which at first creates matter, to the region of faith, with the significant apophthegm—*where faith commences, science ends*.

Professor Haeckel, in the course of an historic survey of the views held by Linnæus, Cuvier, and Agassiz, on the supernatural side, and by Lamarck, Goethe, and Darwin, as advocates of the natural theory of development, honourably and candidly assigns to Darwin the high place which his special merit, as the author of the theory of natural selection, has won.

\* "The History of Creation, by ERNEST HAECKEL; translation revised by RAY LANKESTER;" 2 vols, post 8 vo., 1876. H. S. KING & Co., London.

The others merely arrived (says Haeckel) at the conception that all the different species of animals and plants which at any time have lived, and still live, are the gradually changed and transformed descendants of one, or some few original and very simple prototypes, which latter arose out of inorganic matter by spontaneous generation ; but no former physicist succeeded in placing this fundamental element of the doctrine of descent in relation with some cause, nor in satisfactorily explaining the transformation of organic species by the true demonstration of its mechanical antecedents. Charles Darwin was the first who solved this most difficult problem. . . . He has established a new theory, which reveals to us the natural causes of organic development, the acting causes of organic formation, and of the changes and transformations of animal and vegetable species. (Vol. I., pp. 120, 121).

Cuvier's views of creation retained their hold even until 1859, when Darwin's theory was definitely broached, although Lyell, some thirty years before, had published his "Principles of Geology," which showed that the foundation of the crust of the earth and other terrestrial phenomena could be explained by simple and natural processes through causes still active, and that there was no need to have recourse to such wild theories as the cataclysms or catastrophes of Cuvier, each of which utterly annihilated the then existing plants and animals, and brought in a new world of animated nature, specifically distinct from that of the preceding period. The general adoption of Cuvier's ideas proved the chief obstacle to the acceptance even by zoologists and botanists of the theory of descent, who clung to the notion that there had been a series of independent periods, each distinguished by distinct species, and in turn annihilated by a revolution, after which a new era began with new species.

The modern conceptions of the history of creation are, therefore, due to Lyell and Darwin, although Lamarck, at an earlier period, had indicated the continuity of descent of all the organic inhabitants of the earth, throughout all ages.

It is impossible to follow out here the varied illustrations by which Haeckel sustains the theory of selection, and which enables him to conclude, somewhat too dogmatically for those who are not well posted up in the requisite experimental knowledge of botany and zoology, that the origin of new species by natural selection or, what is the same thing, by the interaction of inheritance and adaptation in the struggle for life, is a *mathematical necessity* of nature which needs no further proof.

After such an authoritative dictum, which ought to close the controversy, we should certainly expect that the Professor would clear up all the difficulties which beset men's conception about the nature of species, and which, as he admits, constitute the real ground of dissension between himself and his opponents. Linnæus' dogma of creation is, in his own words :—"There are as many different species as there were different forms created in the beginning by the Infinite

Being." Cuvier agreed with him in this idea of species, and shared his belief in an independent creation of individual species. Again, Agassiz also looked upon organic species as a form unchangeable in all its essential characteristics. The species may indeed change and vary within certain narrow limits. Not one of all the organic species is ever derived from another, but each individual species has been separately created by God. Each individual species, as Agassiz expresses it, is an *embodied creative thought* of God. (Vol. I., pp. 47, 50, 62-3).

Haeckel proceeds to show that all such ideas, which these naturalists and others have formed of a separate and independent origin of the individual organic species *by creation*, lead to the conception or representation of the Creator as Himself an organism, who designs a plan, reflects upon and varies it, and finally forms creatures according to it; and further, he argues that the anthropomorphism and general insufficiency of such a conception are in no way remedied by the substitution of a creative force of nature, unconsciously active, in the place of a personal creator. Wearied out with the imperfection and scientific weakness of such hypotheses, he says that we are forced to seek refuge in the counter-theory of the gradual development of all organisms out of a single primary form or out of a very few such prototypes; and under this theory lie two fundamental ideas, one, that of the spontaneous generation of the original primary beings, and the derivation *thence* of the different species of animals and plants; which is the doctrine of descent or filiation; the other, the idea of progressive development, with which is connected change of species, which may be termed the transmutation theory.

The author confesses that all attempts to arrive at a logical determination of the idea of organic species are futile (Vol. I., p. 274), but the difficulty of definition is no hindrance to the practical distinction of species, although zoologists and botanists are not able in all cases to decide which of the nearly related forms of a genus are "good species," and which are not: in practice, the distinction is confessedly arbitrary. And the long but interesting discussion of this, the central point of dissension, is summed up thus (p. 276):—It is quite impossible accurately to distinguish varieties and races from so-called "good species." *Varieties are commencing species.* The variability or adaptability of species, under the influence of the struggle for life, necessitates the continued and progressive separation or differentiation of varieties, and the perpetual delimitation of new forms. Whenever these are maintained throughout a number of generations by inheritance, whilst the intermediate forms die out, they form independent "new species." The origin of new species by division of labour, or separation, divergence, or differentiation of varieties, is, therefore, a *necessary consequence of natural selection.* This conclusion is one that, if sustained, meets the usual objection that species may vary within certain limits, but that variability or modification does not go beyond the limits of the original characteristics of the species.



The work which is the subject of our review traverses such a wide range of inquiry that it is not easy to do justice even to that chapter (Vol II., c. 22) which deals specially with the origin and pedigree of man, much less to the illustrations of the embryological facts which bear on man's relation to other animals. Just as the geocentric conception of the universe, which prevailed until the days of Copernicus, was overthrown, when he ventured to teach that the earth was not the centre, and that the sun did not move round the earth: so the "anthropocentric idea" that man is the centre of terrestrial nature is claimed to be overthrown by the application to man of Lamarck's theory of descent, as supplemented and completed by Darwin's theory of selection. After a systematic survey of the families and genera of apes of the new world, or American, and of the old world, indigenous to Asia and Africa, which are distinguished from each other chiefly by the formation of the nose (and are called, therefore, *Platyrrhini*, flat noses, or *Catarrhini*, narrow noses) and by the formation of the jaw, the latter genus having exactly the same jaws as a man, Haeckel concludes that the human race is a small branch of the group of tailless *Catarrhini*, who have the narrow cartilaginous bridge with the nostrils turned downwards, and that man has developed out of long since extinct apes of this group. Of course, the progenitors of the human race were long ago extinct, but it is thought possible that their fossil bones may be found in the tertiary rocks of southern Asia or Africa. Twenty-two stages of the ancestors of man are indicated with approximate certainty, and include eight invertebrate and fourteen vertebrate, which may be briefly summarized for the reference of students of biology.

INVERTEBRATE.—1. *Monera*: Structureless little lumps of albuminous matter (protoplasm), like the still living *Protamæba primitiva*, originated out of simple combinations, in the beginning of the Laurentian period, of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen. 2. *Amæbae*: Organisms with a simple cell. 3. *Synamæbae*: A community of single-celled organisms. 4. *Ciliated Larva*: With fringes of hairs. 5. *Gastreaæda*, or primæval stomach animals. 6. *Turbellaria*: Gliding worms. 7. *Scolecida*: Soft worms. 8. *Himatega*: Sack worms. The *Ascidians* (Sea squirts) are the nearest relatives to these which connect the widely differing classes of invertebrate and vertebrate animals.

VERTEBRATE.—9. Skull-less animals, *Acrania*, in their first embryo state agreeing with *Ascidians*, but developing into true vertebrates. 10. Single nostriled animals, *Monorrhina*. 11. Primæval fish, *Selachii*. 12. Mud fish, *Dipneusta*, breathing air through lungs. 13. Gilled Amphibians, *Sozobranchia*, originated by the transformation of the paddling fins into five-toed legs. 14. Tailed Amphibians, *Sozura*. 15. Primæval Amniota, *Protamnia*. 16. Primary mammals, *Promammalia*. 17. Pouched animals, *Marsupialia*. 18. Semi-apes, *Prosimiæ*. 19. Tailed apes, *Menocerca*. 20. Man-like apes, *Anthropoides*. 21. Ape-like men, *Pithecanthropi*. 22. Men, *Homines*.

We are unable to comprise within the limits of this paper even a cursory sketch of the elaborate series of arguments and illustrations by which this approximate view of the most important outlines of the pedigree of man is sought to be established. More extensive researches and collateral evidences must be looked for to develop the anthropological theory on the basis here laid down. Investigations into the origin of language may throw much light on the process of development, and with these comparative philology is now busy. The Professor pays a graceful tribute to the labours in this field of our own friend, the late Dr. Wilhelm Bleek, and evidently expects valuable results regarding the natural growth of articulate language from Dr. Bleek's inquiries; *in vain*, unless a worthy successor can be found to carry on and complete his studies of the South African languages.

It is easy enough to make a catalogue of objections to Haeckel's history of creation, which might be founded either on faith or on reason; the inconceivable lapse of time during which species originated by gradual transmutations, the absence or scarcity of connecting links or transitional forms of the intermediate stages between the individual species, and the difficulty of believing that the wonderful degree of perfection and conformity to purpose of the higher sense organs, as the eye and the ear, are due to causes which are purely mechanical in their operation. These are not overlooked by the author (Vol. II., c. 24); it is not our purpose to urge them here, and if we did, we should be classed by the learned writer among those who have not the necessary *empirical knowledge* and the *philosophical appreciation* of biological phenomena; without these qualifications, he says, no one can gain a thorough conviction of the truth of the theory of descent.

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### Gold at Knysna.

THE following report has been furnished to the Government by Mr. Osborne, the Engineer of the Public Works Department, now engaged in the construction of the new road from George to Knysna, and the Chief Inspector of Public Works has kindly given his sanction to its publication:—

PRELIMINARY REPORT.—GOLD AT RUITGE VLEY, KNYSNA.

Zwart River,

15th January, 1876.

SIR,—I have the honour to report for your information on the subject of the discovery of gold at Ruigte Vley, near the drift on the new George and Knysna Road. As stated in a former letter, my attention was drawn to the discovery of a nugget by a farmer named Cobus Hooper, who accidentally picked it up from the surface of the ground while gathering stones for his ostriches.

The exact spot where this occurred was near an old road about 100 yards from the margin of the Karatara and elevated 60 feet above that river.

Upon examining the locality I was at once struck with the unusual position of this nugget found upon the sloping sides of a hill composed of quartzite conglomerate. The gold itself showed signs of much detrition and other indications of belonging to an ancient alluvium.

Although its position was on the surface, yet at this point it was far removed from the real surface of the rock, but did indeed occur about the centre of it, the rock here being no less than 900 feet in thickness. It was therefore apparent that since the abrasion and exposure of the conglomerate from atmospheric and aqueous causes, the gold had been by diluvial agencies carried over the surface and placed upon the sloping side, or, that it formed a component part of the conglomerate and had been deposited therein during that rock's formation.

The latter hypothesis I was very unwilling to entertain because the conglomerate is essentially a quartzite conglomerate and evidently not the place for gold, while the chances of a nugget occurring near the centre of it would be a million to one. But on the other hand there was no indication of a more recent formation obvious which could otherwise account for the occurrence of the gold at the spot where it was found.

Having reported the circumstances to you and received your authority to make an efficient search, I commenced prospecting. I traversed the country far and wide, and washed in every river and spruit for miles round, yet failed to detect the colour; a clear and positive proof that the nugget did not arrive at the locality where it was picked up by recent alluvial deposition.

I had previously constructed a sluice-box and washed fifteen cart-loads of the conglomerate rock itself in the vicinity of the spot where the nugget was found, and to my astonishment I had obtained several grains, the largest of which was that shown to the Government by Mr. Walter, M.L.A., of George Town.

That the conglomerate rock is auriferous throughout is highly improbable, for, as before said, it is 900 feet in thickness, and occurs for miles parallel to the coast and the Outinequa Mountains, in position and texture precisely similar to the Enon conglomerate under the Zuurberg in the Eastern Province.

At this particular spot it rests upon mica schist and dips S.S.W. at an angle of  $15^{\circ}$ , is composed of quartzite boulders joined together by a tenacious ferruginous cement, and is overlaid by a soft and sandy limestone of recent date.

Between this bed of conglomerate and the quartzite summits of the Outinequa, there is from six to ten miles of undulating broken country composed of mica schist and clay slate traversed by quartz veins. In no part of this have I been able to detect a trace of gold, indeed the appearance of the country is not favourable.

There is no greenstone, or igneous dykes of any kind with the exception of occasional eruptions of granite; while the texture of the schist or slate itself, is not that usually found in the neighbourhood of gold-fields, but I apprehend belongs to the carboniferous era; for immediately above the spot where the gold was found, and under the Outinequa Mountains in close proximity to the quartzite, some extensive beds of an inferior description of plumbago or graphite are exposed in the forest.

As the nugget is a very superior sample of gold, and, as one would think an indication that there is more where it came from, it becomes a matter of much interest to establish indisputably the fact of its native

origin, and that it is beyond doubt the produce of the Cape Colony. It was with this view I prospected, and as I found more of the gold in the conglomerate, I consider this fact proved.

When first picked up, Mr. Hooper, with pardonable incredulity, carried the piece of gold to Knysna to be tested and was there offered £2 10s. for it by the chemist of that town.

The nugget was then very perfect and would have made a handsome cabinet specimen as the produce of the Cape Colony. Upon one side appeared a small piece of quartz imbedded in the gold (not an uncommon thing in nuggets) yet some ingenious youth of Knysna suggested that the gold had been melted and that this was the borax ! With a view to disprove this peculiar supposition, Hooper scratched out the quartz with a knife and split the nugget in the manner as sent to you. I, however, recognized it as genuine and of natural formation, and subsequently placing it under a powerful microscope distinctly saw not only grains of quartz, but a perfect crystal of brown hematite or some other ore of iron imbedded in the gold, a combination of structure which would be difficult to arrive at artificially, and assuredly not by melting. From the position in which it was found it could not possibly have come from the lower side or bottom of the conglomerate, while on the surface of that rock I have failed to discover a colour in any place ; therefore I can come to no other conclusion than that both the nugget and the gold which I washed out from the vicinity, are the produce of the quartzite conglomerate exposed by the merest accident, and that it is highly improbable any portion of such a formation could be worked with profit owing to the uncertainty of the lead and the impossibility of following any definite plan in a mass of rock so vast.

But, as I before stated, it is possible an alluvial gold-field exists here. In the mode of occurrence of gold many eminent men have been before now puzzled. I, having little but practical experience to guide me, obtained by exploration of the Transvaal and parts of the Matabeli country, &c., beg respectfully to report that at present I can make nothing of it beyond what I have stated, as I have never seen any formation at all approaching it in peculiarity ; and I further beg to submit my opinion that if gold exists here at all in paying quantities, it lies deep beneath the surface, and will not be got at without extensive works including pumping machinery.

I have not therefore felt myself justified in disbursing any large sum in the search, and in accordance with your note of 10th November last, I have the honour to furnish this information, together with an account of the expenses I have incurred up to the present date.

I also enclose specimens of the schistose rocks found in this vicinity.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

C. F. OSBORNE, C.E.,

Public Works Department,

To the Chief Inspector of Public Works,  
Cape Town.



## Die Afrikaanse Volkslied.

Een ider nasie het syn LAND,  
 Ons woon op Afrikaanse strand.  
 Ver ons is daar geen beter grond  
 Op al die wy'e wereldrond.  
 Trots is ons om die naam te dra  
 Van kinders van Suid Afrika.

Een ider nasie het syn TAAL.  
 Ons praat, van Kaap tot in Transvaal,  
 Wat almal maklik kan verstaan,  
 Wat gaat die ander tale ons aan ?  
 Ons praat, so's Pa en Oupapa,  
 Die Landstaal van Suid Afrika.

Een ider nasie het syn WET,  
 Wat goed gebied en kwaad belet ;  
 En elk syn wet is na syn aard,  
 En gaat met syn natuur gepaard :  
 So volg ons oek die sede na,  
 Wat thuis hoort in Suid Afrika.

Een ider nasie het syn REG  
 Al is hy nog so swak en sleg.  
 Daar is een Oog wat alles merk ;  
 Hy set die onreg paal en perk.  
 Hy kyk oek ons verdrukkers na,  
 En waak oek ver Suid Afrika.

Een ider nasie het syn TYD.  
 Om op te groei en af te slyt,  
 En so's ons liewe Heer dit doet  
 So is dit altyd wys en goed.  
 Daar kom een dag ver ons oek ja :  
 Vertrouw op God, Suid Afrika !

Want al die nasies het één GOD.  
 Hy re'el ider volk syn lot ;  
 Hy het ver ider volk syn taal,  
 Syn land, syn reg syn tyd, bepaai.  
 Wie dit ag sal syn straf dra.  
 O God, beskerm Suid Afrika !

## Notes of the Month.

THE posthumous work of the late Mr. T. Baines, traveller and explorer, on "The Gold-fields of South-eastern Africa," is passing through the London press, under the editorial superintendence of our old friend, Mr. Henry Hall, R.E. It will have an excellent map, engraved by Mr. Stanford.

MR. HALL has nearly completed a work on Colonial Engineering, with special reference to works in the Cape Colony.

MAJOR BUTLER, C.B., who was one of Sir Garnet Wolseley's staff in Natal, is a contributor on "South Africa—Past and Present," to *Good Words*. His first paper appears in the current January number. As might be expected from the author of the "Great Lone Land," the sketches of South African life and scenery are exceedingly fresh and graphic; but there are some inaccuracies in historical arrangement and data, which, however, may be pardoned, considering that the writer's acquaintance with the country was limited to five brief months.

THE history of the French Huguenot families who settled at the Cape is inquired after by English publishers, who consider that a narrative of the various vicissitudes which befel the Refugees in this country is wanted to complete Smiles' story of "The Huguenots." The scattered materials for such a work are to be found in the old records of the colony, the archives of the public offices and churches of Stellenbosch and the Paarl, and in the family papers of some of the descendants of the refugees. Any documents or researches to which our readers or contributors may have access, will be welcomed in the pages of the *Cape Monthly Magazine*.

COLONIAL geologists will be interested in having some light thrown upon what has long been a *questio vexata*—the character and origin of the peculiar brecciated formation, which extends from near the southern entrance of the Karroo at Platfontein on to the neighbourhood of Graham's Town, and occurs again further eastward at the St. John's River and at several places in Natal. Mr. A. G. Bain, who first directed attention to it, termed it a "claystone porphyry," while Mr. Wyley adopted the denomination of "trappean conglomerate," considering it a hardened trap ash, with imbedded pebbles and other fragments of older rocks. Both Bain and Wyley were disposed to attribute its formation to igneous origin. Dr. Sutherland, of Natal, on the other hand, accounted for it by glacial action, and regarded its mechanical composition as similar to the boulder clay drift,—some sections near the Queen's Bridge, Umgeni, being instanced as affording undoubted proof that the formation is aqueous, but highly metamorphosed by subterranean heat, pressure, and chemical affinity. Mr. E. J. Dunn, the geologist (who, we are glad to notice, has now taken up his residence in the Colony), forwarded several specimens of the rock, taken from different localities, to the mineralogist of the British Museum for analysis and determination, and a letter received by him from Mr. Davies, assistant of Professor Maskelyne, gives the following result of the examination of the several sections, from which it appears that the formation is neither a trap nor a conglomerate, and after all most probably owes its origin to aqueous distribution:—

"*Specimen from Pluto's Vale.*—A fine grained breccia, almost wholly silicious, consisting of small sub-angular fragments of quartz, with an occasional fragment of a triclinic feldspar. The quartz fragments abound in fluid cavities. The spaces between the larger fragments are occupied with minute fragments of the same substance, the cementing material being a dark grey non-polarising substance, exhibiting no texture, but filling the minute interstices between the quartz grains, which lie very close together. In this section the rock presents the appearance of an extremely fine-grained muddy grit, which has become solidified by great pressure, and has not the aspect of a rock of igneous origin.

"*Specimen from Dwyka River.*—Similar to Pluto's Vale, but somewhat coarser; felspar fragments very sparse.

"Specimen from Prince Albert.—Not to be differentiated from Dwyka River.

"Specimen from Graham's Town.—Same as preceding; felspar a little more frequent.

"Specimen from Patates River (Karoo).—The same.

"All these rocks enclose occasionally fragments (sub-angular) of a quartzite, suggesting the disintegration of such a rock originally, and its redistribution by water, and subsequent solidification."

Along with the above rock specimens, Mr. Dunn forwarded some others from De Beer's, Griqualand West, which occur as dykes-like masses intersecting the ordinary diamond-bearing rock in the circular areas which form the diggings; and also some intrusive and other rocks of interest from the Transvaal. Mr. Davies describes these as follows:—

"Rock from De Beer's—Dyke-like masses.—This is certainly distinct from the pipe stuff as in its present form. Its original nature I find to be quite undeterminable by the microscope, the whole having undergone a complete metamorphism. The mass is thickly traversed by veins of calcite, and every crevice filled with the same mineral. A thin section with all the calcite dissolved out yields nothing but an amorphous ground mass with a considerable number of minute black opaque spots, which do not appear to be magnetite, having no metallic lustre whatever. What I take to have been the augitic constituent of the rock appears to be allied to a soft steatitic mineral. I think it may have been originally a dolerite, probably amygdoloidal.

"Eersteling—North and South Dyke.—A dolerite with much augite and little magnetite."

"Eersteling—East and West Dyke.—Diabase, includes hornblende, much dolerite; felspar apparently altered.

"Cobalt Mine—Main Dyke.—Basalt, or fine grained dolerite, very felspathic. The containing rock of the cobalt ore appears to be a felsite, very fine grained."

NUMEROUS touching reminiscences and many kindly tributes to the memory of the late Editor of the *Cape Monthly* have been received by us; but our crowded space forbids the publication of more than the following:

#### IN MEMORIAM ACROSTIC.

"POOR PROFESSOR NOBLE! We wish he were here to receive as hearty and kindly a greeting from us in his capacity as one of the known and familiar names of colonial society. But the wish is cruel except for the sake of his many sorrowing friends. He has passed from the labourer's toil to the labourer's rest, and the good man's reward. \* \* \*—*Eastern Star*, December 24, 1875."

"Rust out or wear out," seems the rule of life—  
 O n either choice, hard battles end the strife,  
 D rive on—keep back—still sorrows will prevail,  
 E ndless the troubles, and "Dull care" the tale.  
 R are gifts and action do not often meet;  
 I nclined for leisure, heads control the feet,  
 C an reason justify the rash intent  
 K icking in harness till the back is bent?

N ow let the Muse her sweetest anthem sound,  
 O n one so courteous, friendly and renown'd,  
 B reathe the just praise and rouse the trump of fame,  
 L ost in the rubber of a noisy game—  
 E ndow'd with name and nature both the same.

W. L. S.

# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## Stories of Border Life.

### I.

THE pioneers of civilization everywhere have commonly been distinguished by dauntless enterprise, self-reliance, and powers of sustaining privation ; and the men who led the van into the savage and waste places of South Africa were not wanting in those characteristics. They were mainly descendents of the early colonists of Dutch, German, and French Huguenot origin, established about Cape Town. Rather than endure the system of monopoly and restriction which then prevailed, under the close Government of the old Dutch East India Company, they crossed the first range of mountains into the desert wilds. There the world of the bare and depopulated Karroo was all before them where to choose ; and spreading over its inland plains they obtained an existence at first by killing game and depasturing cattle, and afterwards by the cultivation of lands, and other industries.

Many of the straggling remnants of the Hottentot tribes, whom they met with, voluntarily gathered around them, assured of receiving food and protection, even although in return some of them were compelled to remain as bondsmen. Those who did not submit to this, and refused to acknowledge the white man's superiority, met with a more unfortunate fate. Moving eastward, they came into hostile contact with the Kafirs ; then turning northward, they encountered the Bosjesmen, who treated them equally unkindly. Driven from south, east, and north, those aboriginal wanderers bent their last hope on the west. They followed the sun until stopped by the ocean, on whose border their posterity are known by the name of Namaquas.

The country thus abandoned by the Hottentots was occupied by the advancing colonists. No sooner did they find any difficulty in feeding their cattle, or securing permanent waters, than they enlarged their range and moved further into the Interior. As their numbers increased, the Government was forced to follow them, until finally, about the close of last century, the Fish River, from its source to the sea, was declared as the boundary of the Colony. The pioneers



there found themselves face to face with the Kafirs—savages of sterner and less tractable character than they had hitherto met. Their situation then became one of difficulty and danger. Like the backwoodsmen of America, they had to be on the watch against aggression and hostile attack; and even their wives and children had to assist in the defence of their homes and property. All the protection they could look for was that furnished by themselves. Those expert in the use of fire-arms assembled together for mutual defence, and proceeded in pursuit of depredators, or unitedly attacked the Kafirs by whom they were threatened or disturbed. Thus what is known as the "Commando-system" was formed, which the Government afterwards recognized, and made use of in frontier defence for many years.

The absence of any power of control over these armed bodies at the outset, permitted of acts of violence and revenge which could not fail of producing bad effects upon the general character of the border inhabitants. A state of chronic anarchy and turbulence followed. Every one, without any attention to the laws, acted according to his own pleasure. When the chief officers of Government,—the Landdrosts,—took proceedings to enforce authority, there were many restless spirits ready to represent their doings as acts of tyranny and despotism. There were also some sympathisers with the French Revolutionary principles; and Jacobin speeches on Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity became the cant of the day even in the inland parts of this Colony. The feelings of the people seem to have been easily excited, and parties of what were termed "Loyalists" and "Nationals" were organized, whose proceedings, although very ludicrous, were then considered very formidable, simply because of the weakness of the Government at the time.

Louis Almero du Pisanie was one of those who headed the "Nationals." He was an Italian by birth, and after arriving here as a soldier had deserted and been outlawed; but finally an end was put to his wanderings about the Colony, for he was rehabilitated by the Court of Policy and made a burgher. His undisguised rebellion in 1795, compelled Acting-Governor Sluysken to offer a reward of 1,000 rix dollars to any one who should deliver him up to justice; and shortly afterwards he was taken prisoner with some companions at Tygerberg, close to Cape Town. He was subsequently transported to Holland, and represented himself there as a martyr to Jacobin principles, but being discontented he fled to France, where he attempted to come forward as a writer upon the Cape.

This Pisanie was a type of the European adventurers who found their way into the country. They were chiefly deserters or discarded sailors. Some wandered about as vagabonds; others concealed themselves amongst the native tribes; and others domiciled themselves amongst the farmers or "Boers." Most of these Boers were thoroughly honest, upright men, but owing to their exclusion from general intercourse with the world and their simplicity of manners

and common ignorance, they were very susceptible to pernicious influences from those unscrupulous characters. The rough Borderers especially were apt to receive and accept many of their unprincipled ideas, and in consequence some of them were occasionally led into most serious crimes and acts of disobedience towards the Government.

Conrad Buys, who lived for a long time among the Kafirs, was one of those who had been thus misguided. He was an African born, and possessed a small farm in the Swellendam district; but in 1795 he became one of the "patriots" who followed Pisanie's movement, and clamoured for a flag with the motto, *Vivat de Vryheid*. When these insurgents were dispersed, he fled into Kafirland,—as some allege for fear of punishment, but his friends assert it was because of his dislike to Orange principles and the new English Government under General Craig. Buys is described as having been a good specimen of a living Hercules. He was a man of fine appearance and uncommon height, measuring nearly seven feet. The strength and admirable proportion of his limbs, his excellent carriage, his fine countenance, his high forehead, his whole mien and a certain dignity in his movements made altogether a pleasing impression. These qualities, which gave him distinction in the assemblages of the insurgents, obtained for him equal distinction among the savages. With the Kafirs he gained the confidence of the mother of the chief Gaika (then a minor); some sort of marriage was concluded with her, and he shared the almost unbounded influence which she, for a long time, exercised over the tribe. Whether he had any part in instigating the war which shortly afterwards was made upon the colony is undetermined. Barrow says he was the author of the mischief, while Van der Kemp exculpates him from the accusation, and Lichtenstein thinks it hardly credible that he would promote the devastation of his native country and the misery of his friends. But there is no doubt whatever, he endeavoured to prejudice the Kafirs against the English during the occupation of the Colony from 1799 to 1803; and in doing so he made Gaika comprehend their character and the situation of things by a very cunningly expressed simile. The Dutch, he said, were inhabitants of a large country, and what they possessed here was only of the size, in comparison to it, that a cattle-fold is as compared with a large farm; but the English were the "Bosjesmans" of the sea and had taken the cattle-fold from its rightful owners. And nothing at that time could more completely disparage the English in the opinion of the Kafirs than the association of them with the Bosjesmans, whose habits of plunder and disregard of the rights of property were notorious.

In the tribal dissensions between Gaika and his uncle Slambi, which resulted in open war, Buys took a very decided part with Gaika. As the Colony suffered greatly from these disturbances, General Janssens, in 1803, visited the frontier and endeavoured to secure peace; and one of the conditions which the Kafirs asked for was that the Governor would compel Buys to quit the country.

When the Governor arrived at the Fish River, Buys came to his camp, and Janssens then required of him to return to the Colony, as his abode with the chief was a cause of discontent. He promised to comply with this order, but afterwards excused himself on the ground that he had not the wagons necessary for the transport of his effects, and that he should run a great risk in travelling through the territory occupied by the chief's enemies. In order to obviate this pretence, an escort was sent for him from Graaff-Reinet and under its protection he returned into the Colony in 1804. He brought back also two Europeans who had lived in the closest intimacy with him in the Kafir country, one a German, by name Faber, the other John Madder, an English deserter. There were some others, who were in the country, but instead of coming out they projected a plan to travel northward to Delagoa Bay, which, however, was never carried into execution. Among them were four colonists who had for a long time enjoyed a not very high reputation,—two brothers named Bezuidenhout, and two brothers named Lochenhout.

The names of a Faber and a Bezuidenhout, above mentioned, are associated with the attempted insurrection of some of the Borderers in 1815, known as the "Rebellion of Slagter's Nek." The history of that affair presents the lawlessness and revengeful feelings of the leaders in a very unfavourable light. Giving way to their wild unruly passions they madly excited an organised resistance to the Government. The result, as might be expected, was their own ruin and destruction, and the misery and ignominious disgrace of their family connexions, and others whom they had induced to share in their proceedings.

The circumstances which led to this outbreak arose out of the relations between master and servant, or, as it was better understood at that time, free burghers and bondsmen. A Hottentot who had been several years in the service of Frederick Bezuidenhout, residing near the border, in what is now known as Glen Lynden (then termed the Baviaan's River), complained of ill-treatment. His complaint was made to Captain (afterwards Sir Andries) Stockenstrom, who filled the office of landdrost or deputy-landdrost. The field-cornet of Baviaan's River, a colonist named Opperman, was directed to inquire into the case, and to see that justice was done to the complainant. Bezuidenhout considered this interference between him and his servant to be an innovation of his right—an intolerable exhibition of tyrannical authority; and set both the field-cornet and the magistrate, who had sent him on his officious errand, at defiance. In consequence of this, application was made to the Commission of Circuit at Graaff-Reinet, and a warrant issued for his apprehension; and from the known lawless habits of the individual, and his intercourse with the Kafirs, contrary to the law then existing, authority was given to call in the aid of the nearest military force if resistance or any danger was apprehended. The under-sheriff was dispatched by Captain Stockenstrom to take Bezuidenhout into

custody, and as it was reported he had sworn never to surrender himself, the officer of justice was accompanied by a military escort under Lieutenant Rosseau, with twenty men of the Cape Corps. Upon approaching the residence of Bezuidenhout, they found him fully prepared to meet them. He defiantly threatened death to the first man who advanced. But this menace being unheeded by the military, he fired a hasty shot and fled, with one or two of his servants, to a dense bush behind his house. There they took shelter in a cave, through the mouth of which the shining muzzles of their guns protruded. From this hiding-place Bezuidenhout continued resolutely to shoot at every man who came within reach of his long-barrelled "roer." At length, in his eagerness to get a good aim at one of his assailants, his person became so exposed that a ball fired by one of the soldiers took effect and killed him on the spot. His companions then surrendered themselves; they were taken to Graaff-Reinet, and committed to gaol, but discharged after a short imprisonment.

The occurrence created a sensation in the frontier districts. At the burial of the deceased, his brother, John Bezuidenhout, in a state of great excitement called upon all around him to avenge his death; and from that day forth he seems to have set himself to mature and carry out plans of retaliation upon the civil and military authorities whose proceedings towards his late brother had aroused his irreconcilable animosity. How these plans became known happened in this way:

The field-cornet, Opperman, was informed by a sister-in-law of Bezuidenhout, the wife of one Adriaan Engelbrecht, that a number of farmers had taken the rash and ill-advised step of crossing the border into Kafirland to instigate the Kafirs to fight against the troops. This news he communicated to another farmer, Hendrik Prinsloo, of Boschberg, who answered that he had heard something of the sort, and further that Stockenstrom and Opperman were regarded by John Bezuidenhout as the cause of Frederick Bezuidenhout's death, and that their wives and their families' lives were in the utmost jeopardy. This intimidated Opperman so much that he at once, with his whole family, "trekked" to Graaff-Reinet, leaving a letter for one Krugel, appointing him provisional field-cornet for the Baviaan's River in his place.

About the same time, the field-cornet of Tarka, Stephanus van Wyk, was told by one Omkamp, under pledge of secrecy, that there was great agitation going on in the Tarka on account of Bezuidenhout's death. Van Wyk at once rode to Diederik Muller's farm where J. Bezuidenhout and Faber had been staying. Muller told him of Bezuidenhout's anger and that he was fearful of the consequences, also that he thought Faber had already left for Kafirland. Van Wyk then sent for Bezuidenhout, and talked the matter over with him. Bezuidenhout admitted that he could not leave his brother's death unavenged, adding that Opperman, through false reports, was the cause of it, and that Stockenstrom had assisted in



it. Van Wyk reasoned with him, advising that if such was his opinion he had better apply for redress in the proper quarter ; and to this Bezuidenhout seemed to give his assent, promising to send a request to the authorities through one Bothma.

Meanwhile Mr. Hendrik Prinsloo, of Boschberg, who had even before seeing Bezuidenhout declared his intention of working with him and helping him to his revenge, arrived at Muller's farm. He, together with Bothma, Faber, and Bezuidenhout, determined to have recourse to arms in order to attack and disperse the English troops, then stationed along the Fish River to protect the boundary. They indited a letter in which, in the name of the burghers of Bruintjes Hoogte, Zuurveld, and Tarka, they acquainted the field-cornets and inhabitants generally, that they had resolved with one accord, according to oath, "to extirpate those desperate villains and tyrants"—in other words by violent measures to free themselves from the control of the Government. This letter, written by Bothma and signed by Prinsloo, was addressed to a certain Jacobus Kruger, acquainting him of the intended revolt and requesting his co-operation. It was entrusted to one of the Mullers, with an instruction that as soon as Kruger read it, it was to be burnt ; but through the intervention of Diederick Muller the letter was given to field-cornet Van Wyk instead, who at once forwarded it to the land-drost at Cradock. Copies of it were then sent to Captain Andrews and Major Fraser, who were in charge of the military posts on the Fish River, and the original was forwarded to Captain Stockenström. Captain Andrews at once took necessary steps for the apprehension of Prinsloo, who was secured just as he was preparing to leave his own farm to join the first assembly of men in arms.

Cornelis Johannes Faber, a brother-in-law of Bezuidenhout, had been told off to secure the assistance of the Kafirs against the troops. He visited the chief Gaika, and endeavoured to instigate him and his people to take arms against the Government, promising them the Zuurveld and the cattle of the English and those residents who would not assist in the rebellion. To attain his object he represented the military as merely a handful of men, and that people generally were discontented with the English Government ; in fact that "at Cape Town there were six hundred Hollanders in readiness ;" notwithstanding he had previously mentioned to Gaika that the Dutch had changed this country for another one on the other side (by which expression Kafirs usually understand countries across the sea), which showed that he was fully aware of the transference of the Cape by the King of the Netherlands to Great Britain. He appears to have visited Gaika twice ; on the first occasion leaving him with a promise to return when the intended revolt was ripe, and stating that Prinsloo and Bezuidenhout would be the leaders ; on the second occasion informing him that the war was to commence and that the spot was selected where these savages were to meet the rebels,—namely, near the station of Lieutenant Rosseau, which was to be attacked the

first, so that Bezuidenhout could at once satisfy his revenge of his brother's death upon that officer as well as upon Stockenstrom and Opperman. On this second visit, Faber was accompanied by one Marais. Gaika's aid seems to have been invoked by every possible means; and when they found that the promise of gifts and the rich territory of the Zuurveld failed, they tried to rouse his war spirit by hinting that the English dragoons would one day come to speak to him, shoot him and all his great men, and then ride away again. While the negotiations were proceeding, however, Faber got the unexpected intelligence of Prinsloo's arrest. After this the chief was not to be got over; he cunningly evaded all their propositions, and gave them to understand that he had no disposition to embroil himself in their quarrels.

At this time, Abraham Bothma, by Bezuidenhout's orders, was sent from house to house of the inhabitants of the Tarka, informing them of the secret overtures made to the Kafirs to subvert the Government, and openly requesting their support. Others were sent to the Baviaan's River to gain over as many as could be influenced. Upon the news of Prinsloo's apprehension, Bezuidenhout's men were called in from all quarters, to arm themselves, and to march to the farm of Mr. Willem van Aardt, and to demand from Captain Andrews the release of Prinsloo, and in case of refusal to attack the troops and overwhelm them. The plans of the insurgent leaders were no longer kept secret, and to move the inhabitants it was declared that those who did not assist, should, with their wives and families, be given over to the bloodthirsty revenge of the Kafirs.

About three or four hundred men in arms arrived at Van Aardt's place, where Captain Andrews was stationed. They sent a Hottentot demanding Prinsloo's release, but he came back with the reply that one of the residents themselves must come over to speak to Captain Andrews. Nicolaas Prinsloo was sent accordingly, but his conduct was so violent that he returned unsuccessful. Then Frans Marais went, with the same result; but he requested that Field-Commandant Nel should go back with him to the rebels, who were anxious to speak to him. This request being acceded to, Nel went across to their camp. The first question put to him was, for what reason Prinsloo was a prisoner? Nel replied in general terms, that if Prinsloo had done no wrong, he need have no fear. One De Klerk said that he had heard that he also was to be made a prisoner. Nel again evasively replied, that if he had committed no evil deed he need not be afraid. Upon which De Klerk responded that Prinsloo must be released, and that if it was found out that he had done wrong, they (the rebels) would deliver him up to justice. Nel then tried to persuade Nicolaas Prinsloo to go over and speak to the Captain himself. After a while he succeeded, and Prinsloo departed with him, but they were soon overtaken and stopped by Bezuidenhout and some of his followers; violent language ensued; Bezuidenhout would listen to no reason; and Nel seeing it was useless to argue, turned his horse to

go, but his reins were seized, and it was only when he promised to return that he was allowed to depart.

As soon as Nel had left, Bezuidenhout ordered the rebels to form a circle, and they then repeated an oath engaging to render material support to and never to forsake one another, calling upon God to witness it. Nearly all assented to it, some answering "yes," and others nothing at all. At the conclusion of this Bothma was sent to Zwagershoek to collect the men of that district and of Brintjes-hoogte to increase the insurrection and strengthen it. He succeeded with some, who were frightened by the tale that if they refused, the Kafirs, who were hourly expected, would plunder and destroy them; but with the majority he was unsuccessful. The Field-Commandants remained loyal to their duties, and warned the burghers against being led away.

Nothing happened at Van Aardt's after Nel's return, except that a Hottentot was sent over by the rebels to intimate that they had changed their post, having gone over the Great Fish River, where there was food and water for their horses, and had halted beyond the borders of the Colony. Next day Major Fraser, who had arrived on the spot, sent several messages to the rebels praying them to return to their duty; first by letter he remonstrated with them, and afterwards to satisfy them sent a copy of Prinsloo's letter and the reason of his capture, at the reading of which many of them were astonished and commenced to realise the madness of the step they had so foolishly taken. But Bezuidenhout tried to pacify them by saying that he could swear that the letter had not been written by Prinsloo. This was merely equivocating, for although he had not written it—Bothma having performed that part—yet Prinsloo had alone signed it. Mr. Potgieter, a messenger from Mr. Van der Graaff, landdrost of Cradock also visited them, with a message that they should retrace their steps, and warning them of the consequences. To this they replied that they thanked Van der Graaff for his fatherly care; but they remarked that they were not aware that Prinsloo was guilty of having written the aforesaid letter, and requested his release, promising to be surety for his appearance when the time came for him to reply to his accusers. At this time, however, many of the rebel force quietly disappeared on the pretext of going for provisions, and one Grobbelar, who was sentry for the night, saddled his horse and rode away home!

The military force had in the meantime been strengthened by the arrival of a troop of the 21st Light Dragoons, under Colonel Cuyler, landdrost and commandant of the Frontier, and by several loyal burghers under Nel, Van Wyk, and other commandants. Patrols were sent out to ascertain where the rebels were, and returned with the news that they had taken up their stand on a hill called Slaughter's Neck, near Esterhuispoort. The dragoons were marched against them to put an end to the insurrection; and on approaching them were met by a Hottentot with a

message from Willem Prinsloo saying that he did not wish to fight, to which Colonel Cuyler replied, "No more do we, unless we are obliged to." Cuyler had an interchange of messages with the rebel camp, and with the deputy landdrost went some way up the hill to meet the mutineers where Prinsloo and some others had promised to give themselves up as prisoners of war. The promise not being kept and no one arriving, Cuyler with his men approached the rebels within a gunshot distance, when they were heard to cry out, "Send away your dragoons—we will come down;" but the reply was, "We will do nothing of the sort," and Cuyler came nearer. Upon this several of them levelled their guns at the soldiers; and one in particular, on the outside, waving his hat in his hand gesticulated very much, and his meaning, as the noise was too great to understand him, was interpreted to be that the burghers were to stand aside so that they could fire upon the dragoons. A little while before some persons had been observed on the left climbing the hill on horseback and joining the rebels, after which a number of them (who were afterwards pardoned) came forward and laid down their arms, then fell upon their knees and begged for mercy, as they had been misled and deceived.

The parties who were seen climbing up the mountain were Faber and Marais, who told Bezuidenhout and his followers the result of their second mission to Kafriland. That report inspired no hope in the breasts of the insurgents, inasmuch as Gaika, without ever having made them any definite promises, sent them away with the message that if they wished to fight, for his part they might fight. The effect of these combined causes—the premature discovery of their designs, the arrest of one of their leaders, and the refusal of Gaika to co-operate—was to destroy all the evil influences which Bezuidenhout and his friends had calculated upon, and in face of the force arrayed against them, they fled away.

Intelligence of the character of the revolt having spread along the frontier districts, a considerable number of the loyal burghers as well as the military were assembled to put a stop to the proceedings, and to restore peace and good order. Captain Stockenstrom with Captain Hardingh and fifty men of the Cape regiment were sent to the Tarka; while Major Fraser and one hundred men with Commandant Nel and twenty-two armed burghers, marched to the Baviaan's River, where afterwards they were joined by the Graaff-Reinet burghers. It was expected that in the fastnesses of Baviaan's River, Bezuidenhout and his band would be found. Nel went to the farm of one Pieter Erasmus to get some information to guide them to the fugitives. He asked Erasmus' wife where was her husband, for he was a good sort of a man, although he had joined the rebels and they thought him a fit person to act as a messenger to them. The wife was much affected and would listen to nothing against her husband, until after repeated assurances from Major Fraser that if he appeared and was willing to do the service, he



would stand a chance of escaping punishment which he would otherwise be sure to get for joining the rebels. She said that if she found him she would at once send him; which was the case, for shortly after Pieter Erasmus with a friend named Andries Kloppe came to Fraser.

Erasmus was then dispatched to search out the band, with instructions on finding them, not to mention he had been with Fraser, but to appear as if he still belonged to their party. He returned next day with the intelligence of the course Bezuidenhout had taken, upon which the commando marched further up the river and found wagon spoor, which they followed till nightfall. The commando went on further to the Groot Rietvalley, where one Meyer came to them from Bezuidenhout and Faber; he was made a prisoner and guarded. He told them that Abraham Bothma had also been there, but as soon as he had seen the commando approach, had left the party and gone down the river. Fraser sent Jan Durant and Erasmus for him and they brought him back and also set a guard over him. Both were then questioned separately, when it appeared that that same morning Bezuidenhout and his party were at the Winterberg, and intended coming next day to the very spot where Fraser and Nel were stationed. To surprise them the commando started early and arrived at a kloof in the Winterberg through which the wagons had to pass. Unfortunately Fraser met with an accident on the march and broke his arm, so that Lieutenant M'Innes took the command, and he and Lieutenant M'Kay arranged the positions as Fraser and Nel had planned. Half were posted down the river and the rest higher up, with orders, as soon as the wagons entered the kloof, to occupy it, which was carried out. In these wagons were Bezuidenhout, Bothma, and Faber, accompanied by their families, and with their cattle, sheep and horses. They entered the kloof, and before they were aware of their danger found themselves surrounded by the commando. Bothma unarmed, and Faber who was armed, were seen descending as far as the turn of the mountain, and a party of men were sent to intercept them. They met each other within a very short distance, and M'Kay cried to them to stand still, and the soldiers reiterated the command, but with no other result than that as soon as they had perceived the soldiers, Faber put spurs to his horse and galloped away and Bothma took to his heels, upon which M'Kay fired so as to frighten him to make a stand, and the soldiers also fired, but with no effect. Then Faber got off his horse and neared the soldiers, and was in the act of levelling his gun when one of the soldiers wounded him in his left shoulder and he was taken prisoner. Bothma notwithstanding ran on, until he came to a cave where he also was captured. Bezuidenhout, armed and on horseback, rode up a narrow kloof, where the troops were stationed, with his wife walking alongside; but he did not go very far, and turned back to the wagons and dismounted. He was requested to surrender, but his reply was to take up his gun and fire upon the soldiers. His wife, a sister of Faber's, assisted him in loading his gun and even fired a shot herself, exclaiming, "Let us

never be taken alive, let us die here together." After this, Bezuidenhout fell mortally wounded in the affray. His wife and son were also wounded, but both ultimately recovered. The wives of some of the other rebels who were with them surrendered themselves, and the whole band was captured, together with their wagons, which were found to contain a lot of guns and ammunition.

The sequel of the affair was that thirty-nine out of the party were taken as prisoners to Uitenhage on the charge of high treason and waging war against the Crown. A special Commission from the Court of Justice in Cape Town,—Messrs. Diemel and Hiddingh—was sent to Uitenhage to hear the case, and after a lengthened trial in the Drostdy of Uitenhage, five of the prisoners were sentenced to be executed, viz., Hendrik Frederick Prinsloo, Stephanus Cornelis Bothma, Cornelis Johannes Faber, Theunis Christian de Klerk, Abraham Carl Bothma; one of them, W. F. Krugel, was transported for life; three, N. B. Prinsloo, David Malang, and P. W. Prinsloo, were banished from the districts of Graaff-Reinet, Uitenhage, and George; and sixteen of the remainder were ordered to be conducted to the place of execution in a separate body, to witness the execution of their leaders, without, however, being brought on the scaffold or exposed ignominiously, after which they were to be released and all further punishment remitted.

The *fiat executio* put in force on this occasion was the first instance of any descendants of Europeans in the Colony suffering for crimes deemed capital in Europe. Some of the turbulent burghers of Graaff-Reinet, in 1803, had been similarly condemned to death by the Court of Justice, but the sentence was not carried out, owing to the news of the peace of Amiens arriving at the time, and a general amnesty being proclaimed. Many of the friends of the delinquents hoped to the last that the utmost severity of the law would not be enforced, and the abhorrent circumstances attending it created an excitement and ill-feeling which was not allayed for many years after. The spot selected as the place of execution was the hill known as Slaughters Nek, overlooking the valleys of the Great Fish River, where the chief act of rebellion had been committed. There the machinery of death was erected. The hangman was a black. The halters were insufficient to bear the weight of the unfortunate men, or as some suspected were intentionally cut; and no sooner had the platform been removed than four of the five fell from the gallows. The poor wretches cried for mercy, and one addressing himself to the by-standers, exclaimed that by this accident it was clearly manifest God would not permit them to be put to death. The officer in charge, Colonel Cuyler, in the stern performance of his duty, was obliged to let justice have its course, and had the execution carried out according to the letter of the sentence. There were not many spectators present, besides the wives and relations of the unfortunate culprits. A party of dragoons and the Cape regiment kept guard, but no disturbance took place.

The Rev. Mr. Herholdt, minister of the Dutch Reformed Church at Stellenbosch, was specially sent to Uitenhage at the request of the Government, to administer spiritual counsel and comfort to the doomed men. In an official letter, reporting the result of his mission, he mentions that the five condemned to death had in the end confessed their guilt. One of them, Stephanus Bothma, at the execution called aloud to his brother and fellow burghers that he was deserving of death, and warned them not to follow in his footsteps, but to be obedient and submissive to the ruling power, and not to banish the fear of God from their hearts, but to keep all his laws and follow them. "Take an example of me," he said, whilst he showed them the bands and looked at the rope, "look at the consequences of wickedness!" &c. This was not said to move the hearts of the judges to mitigate his punishment, for when he had finished speaking, he calmly bade farewell to the lookers on and ascended the ladder. Mr. Herholdt closes his report with the remark, that "these unfortunates, judging from their religious views, died secure, and that the day of their death was the first of their inner life with God."

This harrowing story of border life is well known through the accounts of it given by Judge Cloete in his "Lectures," and by Pringle in his "Narrative," but the details we have presented are from an official report of the trial and sentence, published in 1816, and signed by the members of the Supreme Court of Justice—Sir J. A. Truter, C. Matthissen, P. Diemel, W. Hiddingh, D. F. Berrangé, W. D. Jennings, W. Bentinck, J. H. Neethling, and F. R. Bresler; the registrar being Mr. Boelarts van Blockland.

The Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, in promulgating the sentence and the proceedings, thus called attention to the offences and punishment of the unhappy persons who had been convicted by their own countrymen and suffered under the laws of their country:—

"It was an illegal and dangerous enterprise of infatuated and misguided men seduced by the evil suggestions of revengeful and hardened hearts. They meditated and attempted to withdraw themselves from obedience to the laws and allegiance to their king; and proposed to commence their rebellion by the assassination of their magistrates, and a treacherous massacre of our army, stationed among them for their protection and security. In furtherance of these purposes, they sought to call in the aid of a savage enemy, who had only shortly before been expelled by the courage of the inhabitants and the valour of the troops, whose destruction they now inhumanly sought to effect. They, indeed, professed to intend to use the Kafir force solely to spread terror and desolation through the families and properties of those whom they could neither entice nor intimidate to join in their undertakings. No one, however, could be so ignorant of probable consequences as to believe it possible to avert the progress of pillage and slaughter if once commenced. An invading Kafir would have made no distinction between the friend and foe of the leaders of the rebellion. Indiscriminate plunder and

destruction must have been the fate of all, and the misguided authors of so much perfidy and bloodshed would have been eventually the victims of their own folly, disobedience, and cruelty. Acts so desperately criminal, attempted by means so atrocious, demanded the vigilant exertions of the Government, and the interference of those stern provisions and ordinances of men—the severest dispensations of the law—by which the security, and with it the value and enjoyment of every blessing of civil life, are maintained and preserved."

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*"Peace, be Still."*

My soul awakes, and sings !  
Full long hath been her sleep ;  
But now a hand doth sweep  
Her long-neglected strings—  
And draweth thence a quiv'ring strain  
Of joy, yet not unmix'd with pain.

'Mid life's tempestuous wave  
She well-nigh 'gan to sink ;  
But from the torrent's brink  
A hand was stretched to save—  
A voice, in accents firm and clear,  
Cried "Courage, friend, nor faint, nor fear."

It is thy voice, oh, friend !  
Which rouses all my life,  
It says, " This mortal strife  
Is not our only end !"  
And that, " Beyond this earthly tomb,  
No shadows fall, no storm-clouds loom ! "

" What though the way be dim !  
Though cares oppress thee now !  
To heav'n uplift thy brow,  
And place thy trust in Him,  
Who, when the winds blow fierce and chill,  
Can calm them, with His ' Peace, be still ! "



## History: What it is Studied for, and how it is to be Taught.

DR. DALE's address on "Historical Studies," which lately appeared in this periodical, is a proof that the importance of those studies is fully felt by those who direct our colonial education as far as Government is concerned in it. A short answer to the questions which form the heading of this essay, will, perhaps, contribute to fix the attention of the Cape public on the matter.

First of all, what is the subject of history? I shall not enter here into the etymology of the word, but simply observe that as it is generally used in English, the study of history is that of the doings of mankind, or of a portion of mankind, as recorded in various documents.

But why *are* these doings studied? Many an answer may be given, and has been given, on this question; but in our days we can be pretty sure of not being contradicted when affirming that without studying the past we cannot understand the present, and that by studying the records of the past a development of the human race can be discovered, which we should follow from its commencement, as far as it can be traced, to the present time, if we want to learn the causes on which our own social condition is dependent.

If there is a *science* of history, it is evident that its object will be to discover the law or laws under which this development of the human race is effected. To find these laws, nothing should be neglected which has contributed to develop mankind. So the science of history would come to be that of the progress of civilization; that is, of that amount of power and knowledge which is handed over from one generation to another.

This is the science of which the outlines are given in Buckle's celebrated work. In reading it we are doubtful what to admire most, the extensive knowledge and vast reasoning power of its author, or the enthusiasm which seizes upon him when getting a full view of his subject. There is, indeed, an unequalled grandeur in the idea of tracing the laws by which the development of mankind is governed, just as the student of physical science and of chemistry traces the laws of nature. The task will be far more arduous, for the causes and effects to be studied are more various and more complicated than those which in any other science are to be dealt with; but this should not, and will not, discourage the real man of science.

There are, however, two points to be attended to before adopting Buckle's idea. One of them refers to a psychological or rather an anthropological question. If we call history a science, we at once pronounce in favour of Determinism against the doctrine of Free Will. We assert that causality, which is the essence of science, can be assumed to prevail in human affairs to the same extent as in the phenomena of what we call nature, or matter, or the universe. In studying history the law of causality cannot be neglected, because human thought cannot do without it; and there is no doubt

that to a great extent it can be successfully applied in considering and judging the doings of mankind. But for all that it remains an open question whether or not there is in man an immaterial essence, not subject to the law prevailing in matter, and which, therefore, may be altogether beyond the reach of our power of reasoning.

The other point is a mere matter of fact. It is well known that, generally speaking, the study of history is limited to political affairs. To explain this, it has been argued that the highest development of mankind is found in what is called the State. But it has been very properly remarked by Professor Flint in his "Philosophy of History," that this is a gratuitous assumption, and that the development of the race is seen as much in the progress of science as in that of political life.

Both points are more intimately connected than it would appear at first sight. When following Buckle's theory, we are led to attend chiefly to the development of the human race at large, and to neglect the action of individuals. But there is a school of historians for whom the individuality of what they call "heroes" is almost everything : for whom great men are not merely those who best represent and embody the thoughts and feelings of their own age, but those by whom the age itself is led and headed.

Without going to such extremities, we may still feel that in going over the doings of humanity we are more attracted by the actions of individuals than by the ideas and sentiments prevailing in the different generations of mankind. There is no greater charm in historical studies than to watch great men struggling, and either putting down their adversaries by the power of genius, or entering into the spirit of the age and dominating it by showing themselves to be its natural leaders. This would go far to explain why we are naturally inclined to identify the history of the human race with political history. For the action of eminent individuals on their own age, and of the age itself on the leading individuals, is most clearly seen in political life.

A preference for the study of individuals to that of mankind at large would by itself go far to establish that there is in man an innate feeling which prompts him to prefer the doctrine of Free Will to that of Determinism. Of the motives of an individual no man will feel so sure as of the causes of social development. Whoever has studied history will have noticed that in considering the gradual development of ideas and institutions he will reason according to the law of causality, although even here he will be more satisfied with mere analogies than in any other science, but that in forming an idea of an eminent individual he will use his intuitive powers. After studying the various facts recorded in connection with the individual concerned, he will, by a proceeding independent of and hardly ever controlled by reason, try to realize the image of him who he has taken as the subject of his inquiries, till at once, crystallized as it were in his own mind, it stands before him as a live and tangible being.

Such proceedings are those of *art*, not of *science*, and in my opinion a historian *is* rather an artist than a man of science. He is none the worse for it. Even a mere teacher of history must have something of the artist in himself if he will succeed. He will not try to convince his pupils that according to the law of causality things could not have happened otherwise than they did, but he will try to give them an image of things as they were, and if they gaze at it with the delight which shows it to be plausible and harmonious, he is satisfied with his success.

Teaching the history of mankind according to Buckle's ideas, is hardly practicable. Even Buckle himself, vast as was his learning, was not equal to the task. The history of Spain is less known to the bulk of historical teachers than that of almost any other country, for there are hardly any comprehensive and popular works on it. Still, any student of history will find out at once, when reading Buckle's chapter on the History of Spanish Civilization, that the author has simply ignored a large number of facts.

The task of the teacher of history is comparatively easy if he limits himself to political history, not touching upon other points unless they happen to be brought into connection with the political state of the world. But even thus the range of his studies will be wide enough. For although he be personally most attracted by the individualities of great men, he will neither understand them nor impress his auditors with the full signification of the part they acted in history, unless he has so thoroughly studied the social condition of the age they lived in, as to be able to give at once a clear idea of it. In reference to this point it is to be observed that no nation, no epoch, can be known by itself. It is common enough to intrust Greek and Latin scholars with teaching Greek and Roman history; but even the facts recorded by Cæsar cannot be fully understood by those who, limiting themselves to classical studies, have neglected that of general history.

History can hardly be taught in a proper way unless the teacher has got an idea of at least some of its parts from primary sources, for otherwise he will be in danger to lack both the proper method of studying history, and that freshness of thought which alone will gain him the attention of his hearers. But new materials of history are constantly brought to light; and as it is impossible to master them all, in many instances he will have to consult the works of others, and then trust to his power of intuition in discerning what he can safely make use of, and what is fantastical or doubtful. Some parts even of history cannot be studied by mere historians, on account of their being the special province of a definite class of scholars. Such are the history of Egypt and that of the Babylonian and Assyrian Empires. Max Duncker, who is neither an Egyptian nor an Assyrian scholar, has gained deservedly a high reputation as a historian by merely studying the works of those scholars, and incorporating the results of their inquiries in his work on ancient history.

General history cannot be taught without taking notice of Egyptian and Assyrian history. But although the term "general history" applies to the history of the development of the human race, there are large portions of mankind whose history can hardly be taught in connection with general history. The reason is that the civilization which in Europe and in all countries settled by Europeans is considered the highest, and which is generally called Christian civilization, from its having been developed for a long time under the influence of Christianity, is to be traced to, or has in ancient times extended to, the various tribes which inhabit the shores of the Mediterranean, and those parts of Asia which are to the west of the Indus and the Iaxartes; whereas other races, and some of them highly civilized ones, such as the Hindoos and the Chinese, have exerted no visible influence on it.

Now, if we considered history as a science, we should decidedly have to look for such a general view of it as to include these nations. In fact, many writers on general history have devoted chapters to Indian and Chinese history; but those chapters were either unconnected with the rest, or if attempts were made to connect them with our present civilization, were it only by establishing a contrast, they generally proved failures. If, however, I am right in stating that history partakes rather of the nature of art than of science, there is no harm in limiting its subject by adopting the subjective view which allows us to dwell merely on those parts of history which are connected with that of our own civilization.

Accordingly, if we except the Vedic hymns, of which some notice should be taken on account of the light which is thrown by them on the mythology of all nations of Indo-German origin, we need not consult the labours of Indian and Chinese scholars, except when Hindoo or Chinese institutions offer such analogies with those of more western nations as are likely to explain the latter. Still it is quite possible that this exclusion of the two great nations I refer to, will be only temporary. The influence of Buddhism on western nations and on the Christian Church cannot now be, and perhaps never will be, duly traced; but the fact that it existed, cannot be doubted. India now forms part of the British empire, and it is by no means impossible that British ideas and British habits will at some future time be influenced by those of India. As to the Chinese, it is well known how they are becoming an influential element of population in the continent beyond the Atlantic; and just as the Vedic times offer us a connection between the Hindoos on the one and the nations of Europe on the other side, we need not despair of finding some ancient connection between Chinese and Western civilization. Some Assyrian scholars ascribe to the cuneiform letters, which a small knot of plodding men have at last succeeded in reading, a Turanic or East Asian origin; and the only inscription which Mr. Schliemann found among the ruins of Troy, can be read, according to Mr. Burnouf, of



Athens, by means of the Chinese alphabet. The more the nations of the world will be brought together, and the more we penetrate into the secrets of history, the wider will be the view which we shall take of it.

J. W. G. v. O.

Cape Town, January, 1876.

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### *A True Story.\**

MARK TWAIN'S sketches have hitherto had the characteristic of being always droll and humorous. The most solemn and conventional things, as well as the flimsiest trifles, afforded him material for burlesque and fun, or scathing satire; and the novel and grotesque manner in which he presented his comical ideas made them ever fresh and amusing. In a recently published volume, he submits a piece of work which reveals his power as a writer in a new field—that of simple dramatic reality. This is a story told by an old black cook of how her children were sold away from her, and how, after a lapse of twenty years, she found her youngest boy again. The rugged truth of the sketch—which leaves most other stories of slave-life infinitely far behind—will be recognised by many readers who remember the Colony in the days before the Emancipation.

Nowhere were the conditions of slavery more mild and easy than at the Cape, both during the Dutch and English administration. But even under those most favourable circumstances, the “accursed thing, with all its poisoned brood,” was a foul and abhorrent evil in the community—alike degrading to the people in servitude, who were bought and sold like cattle or common chattels, and most injurious to the masters and mistresses themselves, as tending to blunt, if not eradicate, the best feelings of their hearts. Those who would realise its most repellent features will find them presented in the “Papers relating to the Manumission of Steyntje and her children,” a case which was carried in appeal from the Court of Justice to the Privy Council, and is reported in all its details in the collection of Cape pamphlets in the Public Library.

There were occasionally, however, some redeeming circumstances which contributed to render the bitterness of bondage palatable. Among these was the kindness with which several of the old colonial families treated the slaves who had grown up in their households. This kindness produced an affection and attachment on the part of the slaves towards the members of such families, which was frequently continued from one generation to another. The old servants prided themselves on their connection with good ancient stock; and, like

\* “Mark Twain’s (Mr. Clemens) Sketches, New and Old.” 1875.

"Aunt Rachel," they would oftentimes assert their aristocratic association by declaring that they were not of the common trash, but of the old Swellengrebbels, Van der Graaffs, or Van Oudtshoorns. In these and other points, Mark Twain's sketch, as *The Atlantic Monthly* remarks, shows a study of character as true as life itself—strong, tender, and most movingly pathetic, in its perfect fidelity to the tragic fact:—

"It was summer time, and twilight. We were sitting on the porch of the farm-house, on the summit of the hill, and 'Aunt Rachel' was sitting respectfully below our level, on the steps—for she was our servant, and coloured. She was of mighty frame and stature; she was sixty years old, but her eye was undimmed and her strength unabated. She was a cheerful hearty soul, and it was no more trouble for her to laugh than it is for a bird to sing. She was under fire now, as usual when the day was done—that is to say, she was being chaffed without mercy, and was enjoying it. She would let off peal after peal of laughter, and then sit with her face in her hands and shake with throes of enjoyment which she could no longer get breath enough to express. At such a moment as this a thought occurred to me, and I said—

"'Aunt Rachel, how is it that you've lived sixty years and never had any trouble?'

"She stopped quaking. She paused, and there was a moment of silence. She turned her face over her shoulder toward me, and said, without even a smile in her voice—

"'Misto C——, is you in 'arnest?'

"It surprised me a good deal; and it sobered my manner and my speech, too. I said—

"'Why, I thought—that is, I meant—why, you *can't* have had any trouble. I've never heard you sigh, and never seen your eye when there wasn't a laugh in it.'

"She faced fairly round now, and was full of earnestness.

"'Has I had any trouble? Misto C——, I's gwyne to tell you, den I leave it to you. I was bawn down 'mongst de slaves; I knows all 'bout slavery, 'ca'se I ben one of 'em my own se'f. Well, sah, my ole man—dat's my husban—he was lovin' an' kind to me, jist as kind as you is to yo' own wife. An' we had chil'en—seven chil'en—an' we loved dem chil'en jist de same as you loves yo' chil'en. Dey was black, but de Lord can't make no chil'en so black but what dey mother loves 'em, an' wouldn't give 'em up, no, not for anything dat's in dis whole world.

"'Well, sah, I was raised in ole Vo'ginny, but my mother she was raised in Maryland; an' my *souls*! she was turrible when she'd git started! My *lan*! but she'd make de fur fly! When she'd get into dem tantrums, she always had one word dat she said. She'd straighten herse'f up an' put her fists in her hips, an' say, I want you to understan' dat I wa'n't bawn in de mash to be fool' by trash! I's

one o' de ole Blue Hen's Chickens, *I* is ! 'Ca'se, you see, dat's what folks dat's bawn in Maryland calls deyselves, an' dey's proud of it. Well, dat was her word. I don't ever forgit it, 'ca'se she said it so much, an' 'ca'se she said it one day when my little Henry tore his wris' awful, an' most busted his head, right up at de top of his forehead, an' de niggers didn't fly aroun' fas' enough to 'tend to him. An' when dey talk back at her, she up an' she says, "Look-a-heah!" she says, "I want you niggers to understan' dat I wa'n't bawn in de mash to be fool' by trash ! I's one o' de ole Blue Hen's Chickens, *I* is !"—an' den she clar' dat kitchen an' bandage' up de chile herse'f. So I says dat word, too, when I's riled.

"Well, bymeby my ole mistis say she's broke, an' she got to sell all de niggers on de place. An' when I heah that dey gwyne to sell us all off at oction in Richmon', oh de good gracious ! I know what dat mean !"

"(Aunt Rachel had gradually risen, while she warmed to her subject, and now she towered above us, black against the stars.)

"Dey put chains on us' put us on a stan' as high as dis po'ch,—twenty foot high,—an' all the people stood aroun', crowds an' crowds. An' dey 'd come up dah an' look at us all round', an' squeeze our arm, an' make us git up an' walk, an' den say, "Dis one too ole," or "Dis one lame," or "Dis one don't 'mount too much." An' dey sole my ole man, an' took him away, an' dey begin to sell my chil'en an' take *dem* away, an' I begin to cry ; an' de man say, "Shet up yo' dem blubberin'," an' hit me on de mouf wid his han'. An' when de las' one was gone but my little Henry, I grab' *him* close up to my breas' so, an' I ris up an' says. "You shan't take him away," I says ; "I'll kill de man dat tetches him !" I says. But my little Henry whisper an' say, "I gwyne to run away, an' den I work an' buy yo' freedom." Oh, bless the chile, he always so good ! But dey got him—dey got him, de men did ; but I took and tear de clo'es mos' off of 'em, an' beat 'em over de head wid my chain ; an' *dey* give it to *me*, too, but I didn't mine that.

"Well, dah was my ole man gone, an' all my chil'en, all my seven chil'en—an' six of 'em I hain't set eyes on ag'in to dis day, an' dat's twenty-two year ago las' Easter. De man dat bought me b'long' in Newbern, an' he took me dah. Well, bymeby de years roll on an' de waw come. My marster he was a Confedrit colonel, an' I was his family's cook. So when de Unions took dat town, dey all run away an' lef' me all myse'f wid de other niggers in dat mons'us big house. So de big Union officers move in dah, an' dey ask me would I cook for *dem*. "Lord bless you," says I, "dat's what I's *for*."

"Dey wa' n't no small-fry officers, mine you, dey was de biggest dey *is* ; an' de way dey made *dem* sojers mosey roun' ! De Gen'l he told me to boss dat kitchen ; an' he say, "If anybody come med-dlin' with you, you jist make 'em walk chalk ; don't you be afeard," he say ; "you 's 'mong frens, now."

"Well, I thinks to myse'f, if my little Henry ever got a chance

to run away, he'd make to de Norf, o' course. So one day I comes in dah whah de big officers was, in the parlor, an' I drops a kurtchy, so, an' I up an' tole 'em 'bout my Henry, dey a-listenin' to my troubles jist the same as if I was white folks; an' I says, "What I come for is 'ca'se if he got away and got up Norf whah you gemmen comes from, you might 'a' seen him, maybe, an' could tell me so as I could fine him ag'in; he was very little, an' he had a sk-yar on his lef' wris', an' at the top of his forehead.' Den dey look mournful, an' de Gen'l say, "How long sence you los' him?" an' I say, "Thirteen year." Den de Gen'l say, "He would n't be little no mo', now—he 's a man?"

"I never thought o' dat befo'! He was only dat little feller to me, yit. I never thought 'bout him growin' up an' bein' big. But I see it den.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well, one night—it was a Friday night—dey comes a whole platoon f'm a *nigger* ridgment dat was on guard at de house,—de house was head-quarters, you know,—an' then I was jist a-bilin'! Mad? I was jist a-boomin'! I swelled aroun', an' swelled roun'; I jist was a-itchin' for 'em to do somefin for to start me. An' dey was a-waltzin' an' a-dancin'! *my!* but dey was havin' a time! an I jist a-swellin' an' a-swellin' up! Pooty soon, 'long comes *sich* a spruce young *nigger* a-saillin' down de room wid a yaller wench roun' de wais'; an' roun' an' roun' dey went, enough to make a body drunk to look at 'em; an' when dey got abreas' o' me, dey went to kin' o' balancin' aroun', fust on one leg an' den on t'other, an' smilin' at my big red turban, an' makin' fun, an' I ups an' says, "Git along wid you!—rubbage!" De young man's face kin' o' changed, all of a sudden, for 'bout a second, but den he went to smilin' ag'in, same as he was befo'. Well, 'bout dis time, in comes some niggers dat played music an' b'long to de ban', an' dey *never* could git along widout puttin' on airs. An' de very fust air dey put on dat night, I lit into 'em! Dey laughed, an' dat made me wuss. De res' o' de niggers got to laughin', an' den my soul *alive* but I was hot! My eye was jist a-blazin'! I jist straightened myself up, so,—jist as I is now, plum to de ceilin', mos',—an' I digs my fists into my hips, an' I says, "Look-a-heah!" I says, "I want you niggers to understan' dat I wa'n't bawn in de mash to be fool' by trash! I's one o' de ole Blue Hen's Chickens, I is!" An' den I see dat young man stan' a-starin' an' stiff, lookin' kin' o' up at de ceiln' like he fo'got somefin, an' could n't 'member it no mo'. Well, I jist march' on dem niggers,—so, lookin' like a gen'l,—an' dey jist cave away befo' me an' out at de do'. An' as dis young man was a-goin' out, I heah him say to another *nigger*, "Jim," he says, "you go 'long an' tell de cap'n I be on han' 'bout eight o'clock in de mawnin'; dey's somefin on my mine," he says; "I don't sleep no mo' dis night. You go 'long," he says, "an' leaf me by my own se'f."



“ ‘Dis was ’bout one o’elock in the mawnin’. Well, ’bout seven, I was up an’ on han’, gittin’ de officers’ breakfast. I was a-stoopin’ down by the stove,—jist so, same as if yo’ foot was de stove,—an’ I ’d opened de stove wid my right han’,—so, pushin’ it back, jist as I pushes yo’ foot,—an’ I’d jist got de pan o’ hot biseuits in my han’ an’ was ’bout to raise up, when I see a blaek face come aroun’ under mine, an’ de eyes a-lookin’ up into mine, jist as I ’s a-lookin’ up elost under yo’ face now ; an’ I jist stopped *right dah*, an’ never budged ! jist gazed, an’ gazed, so ; an’ de pan begin to tremble, an’ all of a sudden I *knwed* ! De pan drop’ on de flo’ an’ I grab his lef’ han’ an’ shove back his sleeve,—jist so, as I ’s doin’ to you,—an’ den I goes for his forehead an’ push de hair back, so, an’ “ Boy ! ” I says, “ if you an’t my Henry, what is you doin’ wid dis welt on yo’ wris, an’ dat sk-yar on yo’ forehead ? De Lord God ob heaven be praise’, I got my own ag’in ! ”

“ “ Oh, no, Misto C——, I hain’t had no trouble. An’ no joy ! ’ ”

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### *The Little Shoe.*

I found it here—a worn-out shoe,  
 All mildew’d with time, and wet with dew.  
 ’Tis a little thing : ye would pass it by  
 With never a thought, or word, or sigh ;  
 Yet it stirs in my spirits a hidden well,  
 And in eloquent tones of the past doth tell.

It tells of a little fairy child  
 That bound my heart with a magic wild ;  
 Of bright blue eyes and golden hair,  
 That ever shed joy and sunlight there ;  
 Of a prattling voice, so sweet and clear,  
 And the tiny feet that were ever near.

It tells of hope that with her had birth,  
 Deep buried now in the silent earth ;  
 Of a heart that had met an answering tone,  
 That again is left alone—alone !  
 Of days of watching and anxious prayer—  
 Of a night of sorrow and dark despair.

It tells of a form that is cold and still—  
Of a little mound upon yonder hill,  
That is dearer far to a mother's heart  
Than the classic "statues of Grecian art."  
Ah, strangers may pass with a careless air,  
Nor dream of the hopes that are buried there.

Oh ye, who have never o'er loved ones wept—  
Whose brightest hopes have never been swept  
Like the pure white cloud from the summer sky—  
Like the wreath of mist from the mountain high—  
Like the rainbow, beaming a moment here,  
Then melting away to its native sphere :—

Like rose-leaves, loosed by the Zephyr's sigh—  
Like that zephyr wafting its perfume by—  
Like the wave that kisses some graceful spot,  
Then passes away—yet is never forgot ;  
If like these your life-hopes have never fled,  
You cannot know of the tears I shed.

Ye cannot know what a little thing  
From Memory's silent fount can bring,  
The voice and form that were once so dear.  
Yet there *are* hearts, were they only here,  
That could feel with me, when all wet with dew,  
I found it this morning—this little shoe.

MARY NEAL

## Officers who have Served at the Cape.

SIR W. F. D. JERVOIS, C.B., K.C.M.G.

It is remarkable how many young officers who put in their first period of foreign service in the Cape Colony, during the troublous periods of the different Kafir and Basuto wars, from 1834 to 1854, have acquired distinction on the staff in Europe and in other positions. Among the names which occur to us now, are those of Colonel E. Stanton, Consul-General in Egypt; Colonel Tylden, killed in the Crimean war, with the reputation of being the most clever and dashing officer of the day; Captain Jesse, killed in the assault of the Redan, the day after his landing in the Crimea; Colonel Inglis, for many years member of the Committee on Iron Defences and Shields; Colonel Stokes, for many years Commissioner at the Danube Mouths, now attached to the Egyptian Government deputation on the Suez Canal; the late Major Tyler, Assistant Inspector of Fortifications; Lieutenant-General E. F. Bouchier, one of our youngest general officers, and distinguished in the Crimean war (commander of Hottentot levy in the Kafir war of 1846-48); Lieutenant-Colonel Siborne, now British Commissioner of Sulina entrances to the Danube; Colonel H. C. Owen, Assistant Inspector-General of Fortifications and Commander Royal Engineers, Western district.

Besides the above, many other excellent officers of the Corps of Royal Engineers have served in South Africa with distinction to themselves; and there is no other Colony of the British Crown which at that time presented so many advantages for field experiences. We might point out an equally distinguished roll of names from the line officers serving at the Cape, such as Carey, Bisset, Wright, Armstrong, Eyre, Sutton, Holdich, &c. While so many young officers of those days have attained to promotion, we remember but one exception—a scion of one of the oldest and most distinguished families in the British peerage; he, however, failed in both energy and conduct, and does not appear in the honorable roll we have quoted: in antithesis to Abdiel, he was the one faithless amongst the many faithful found.

In addition to the names above mentioned, there is another which should be notably remembered—the subject of our present memoir—Colonel Sir William Francis Drummond Jervois, C.B., K.C.M.G., now Governor of the Straits Settlements.

His Excellency is the eldest son of the late Major-General Jervois, Colonel of the 76th Regiment, who some years before his death returning to active service was Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Forces in China. He was born in 1821, and having passed at Woolwich Academy entered the Royal Engineers in 1839. After completing the usual preliminary course of studies at Chatham, he

was in 1841 ordered to the Cape Colony, at the time one of the best schools for young engineering officers in the colonial empire, where extensive fortified barracks, roads, and bridges were about to be constructed to carry out the defensive line on the Eastern frontier projected by the late General Lewis, R.E., in 1837, and approved of by the Imperial Government. He was afterwards employed at the Cape for more than seven years, where amongst other important works he carried out the construction of the fortified posts and gun towers at Fort Peddie, Trompeter's Drift and Double Drift, and the barracks and a large bridge over the Great Fish River at Fort Brown, the latter a work of great difficulty in the absence of proper plant and appliances of construction and skilled labour, but which stood intact until last year, when the unprecedented floods which then took place swept away the under roadway, over which the water rose nearly twenty feet but left the stone piers quite undamaged, and the roadway has been since replaced and the bridge is again in working order.

In 1845, having been appointed Acting Adjutant to the Royal Engineers, of which corps no less than three companies were then stationed in the Colony, he accompanied the Commanding Royal Engineer, the late General Robert Sloper Piper, an old Peninsular officer, in his tour of inspection overland from the Cape Colony through the present Free State to Natal, making an accurate sketch map of his route on the way. To Colonel, then Lieutenant, Jervois, belongs the credit of being the first scientific man who drew attention to the real line of direction of the Quathlamba mountains,—the leading feature in South African geography—showing that, running in a N.N.E. direction instead of in a straight line, N.E. to S.W., as shown in Arrowsmith's and other then existing maps, the region forming the Colony of Natal had a width between the coast and the mountains of upwards of eighty miles instead of forty miles previously shown, thus increasing its area at least 2,000 square miles; and for this drawing, as far as we recollect, we do not think he ever got the least credit, although one of the most important geographical corrections ever made in the map of South Africa, determining the position of that great nucleus of mountains called by the French missionaries the Mont Aux Sources, from whence flow to all quarters of the compass the waters of the Orange, Vaal, Caledon, Umtugela, Umsimvoobo, and Umzimkulu rivers; and also showing the available passes through the mountains leading from Natal to the highland plateau, afterwards the Free State Republic.

In 1846 he was Major of Brigade to the garrison of Cape Town, until the arrival of Sir H. Pottinger as Governor and Sir G. Berkeley as Commander-in-Chief, with whom he proceeded again to the frontier to participate in the operations against the Kafirs. Just before the great Kafir war, of 1846-48, called the "War of the Axe," broke out, he was engaged in a very exhaustive and minute survey of Kaffraria Proper,—that is the country between the old boundary, the



Keiskama River and the Great Kei, a proceeding with which the Kafir chiefs were exceedingly annoyed, and his position in their midst, accompanied only by a few chainmen and persona attendants, was an exceedingly dangerous one; yet he completed his work without hurry or leaving any of it incompletd south of the Amatola mountains; the region north of which not being included in his original instructions, he left to be completed after the war by his brother officer and friend, the late lamented Colonel Tylden, who afterwards gloriously lost his life in the Crimea. Jervois and his surveying party were not finally withdrawn until a few days before the outbreak of the war, and it is now ascertained if they had remained in the country but twenty-four hours longer every man of them would have been massacred. His map has been published and an inspection of it will show what minute details he has gone into, and not the least meritorious part of it is his attention to the orthography of the native names of the rivers, hills, &c., a subject he took a special interest in and one too often neglected by modern surveyors. As a piece of ground delineation of a most rugged and difficult country this map is almost unrivalled, and does infinite credit to the engraver, E. Stanford, of Charing Cross, by whom it was published.

Jervois (now Captain) returned to England in 1848, and he commanded a company of Sappers at Woolwich and Chatham until 1852, probably the most uneventful period of his life. In the latter year he was entrusted with the task of fortifying the island of Alderney, then a point of great importance as lying opposite to the great French arsenal of Cherbourg; and owing to the construction of the harbour of refuge there and the rather unsatisfactory state of our relations with France, it was deemed of the utmost importance to strengthen it as much as possible from a sudden seizure. It was at Alderney that Captain Jervois first got an opportunity of studying in a good practical school the modern system of coast fortification, which he utilised to so much advantage when a few years later that of England itself was entrusted to him. Suffice it to say, his designs were fully approved of by the most eminent military engineers of the day, and their execution was completed under his own superintendence. In 1854 he was promoted to the rank of major. In 1855 he was appointed Commanding Royal Engineer to the London district, when he designed and built, we believe, the Wellington Barracks, and was also a member of the Committee on Barrack Accommodation, whose labours have swept away a perfect Augean stable of abuses in the construction of our barracks as well as in the sanitary condition of the habitations of our troops; but if something—and it must be confessed that there is a good deal—remains to be still done, it must not be put down to the account of Major Jervois, who always had his attention fixed on this subject, but to weightier influences, which caused his energies to be more directed to our fortifications than to our barracks; as, owing to the uneasy state of the Continent, the

probability of an invasion came to be freely discussed by such authorities as Sir John Burgoyne and others, and the alarm was increased by the publication of the Duke of Wellington's letter to the latter, so that even sensible, far-seeing men like Lord Palmerston began to believe it might be imminent. Major Jervois then reaped the benefit of his labours in Alderney; he was again called to the front, and in 1856 was appointed to the post of Assistant Inspector-General of Fortifications under Sir J. Burgoyne, and on the appointment of a Royal Commission to report on the defences of the country, he was selected by the Government to be its secretary. From that period his life may be read in the mighty works raised under his direction round our dockyards and arsenals, in the application of iron to our ships and fortifications, in our torpedo system, and every other modern means of defence which has placed England in the front rank of all the Continental powers as the leader of scientific military engineering, and as possessing a body of engineering officers as practical and effective as any nation in the world. The forts built from his designs—designs made, it must be remarked, under many disadvantages, owing to the rapidly-growing increase and changes in the power of modern artillery, and the necessity of providing iron casings and shields—have been closely scrutinised and criticised by the scientific officers of all nations, and have met, with scarcely an exception, their highest approval; and let it be observed that in nearly all his designs which have been carried out, his estimates, made under manifold disadvantages, have seldom been exceeded, and the well-known "Fortification Vote" after the works are nearly all completed, still shows a handsome saving, proving that Jervois is not only a theoretical but a practical constructor. And, indeed, this was caused principally by his own good sense on assuming his important office in resolving to collect around him an excellent staff, not only of officers of engineers, but of surveyors, draughtsmen, and others, men of sufficient practical experience and talent—as time has shown—to carry out his views without that exaggerated expenditure which has caused many a reproach and stumbling-block to the profession of civil engineering, with which profession Jervois' labours must be to a great extent identified. In providing accommodation for the living garrisons of our forts, every care has been taken of their personal comforts and sanitary conditions; and the detachments occupying such isolated localities as the Solent forts, the Plymouth Breakwater tortoise, or the Slack rock off the Welsh coast in Milford Haven, enjoy more healthy abodes and a greater degree of comfort about them than the soldier formerly did in the best barracks in Dublin, Portsmouth, London, or any other large garrison town.

In 1861 he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers and Deputy-Director of Fortifications under Sir J. Burgoyne, who, brave old soldier as he was, never failed to recognize the ready talent and ability of his youthful subordinate, and in 1863 was made Companion of the Bath as a partial recognition of his distinguished

services. In that year he was sent on a special mission to examine into the state of the frontier and naval defences in our North American Colonies ; he again visited Canada in 1864 on the same subject, and his suggestions as to the improvement of the defences both of Canada, Nova Scotia, and Bermuda have been since carried out. In 1872 he visited India with reference to the improvement of the defences of Bombay Harbour, Calcutta, and the Hooghly, and was present at the assassination of the lamented Earl Mayo at the Andaman Island Convict Station on 8th February, 1872 ; indeed, his lordship was leaning on Sir W. Jervois' arm when the fatal event occurred. Since his return from India he has been created a Knight of the order of St. Michael and St. George in 1874. He was diligently employed in the completion of his works on the home fortifications, when he was rather unexpectedly appointed Governor of the Straits Settlements in place of Sir Andrew Clarke, R.E., called to be Commissioner of Public Works in India. Since he has arrived at his government, recent events have shown that he has every prospect of an active and we hope useful career before him, although we believe it never was one of his own seeking.

The public works, either designed or carried out under the general superintendence and control of Sir W. F. D. Jervois, are of a most colossal nature, and involved an expenditure of a great many millions sterling. They comprise, in addition to his early works on the Cape Frontier, the fortifications of Alderney, the Wellington Barracks, London, the land and sea defences of Portsmouth and Gosport Dockyards, those of the Isle of Wight, iron forts of the Solent and Hurst Castle, the extensive Plymouth defences, coast and inland, and the iron fort behind the Breakwater ; the Chatham, Sheerness, Thames, and Medway defences, and those of Dover, — many of these works of great engineering difficulties. There are also the Milford Haven defences, those of Portland, Weymouth, and Cork Harbour, the harbour defences of Hull, Harwich, Weston-super-Mare, Bristol, Teignmouth, Leith, Liverpool, and many other important points ; besides a never ceasing vigilance over the sanitary improvement of our national barracks in general. In our colonies he has had to remodel all the old fortifications, of Gibraltar, Malta, Bermuda, and other important foreign stations. But really this statement, diffuse as it may appear, does not represent a tithe of the work done by Sir William during his occupation of office at head quarters. He has left there deeply regretted by all who had the pleasure or honour of serving under him. He was a kind and genial officer, and his eyes were never shut to talent and industry, no matter how humble the position of the subordinate who possessed them might be, while under his command. As an administrative engineer and director of public works, he has proved himself fully adequate to the important position he held. As a ruler of men and of administrative ability to keep in hand the rather incongruous mixture of races, and the general difficulties of the situation that his present position as Governor of the

Straits Settlements has placed him in, we have no doubt that Sir William Frederick Drummond Jervois will realise all the high expectations formed of him by the present distinguished head of the British Colonial Office.

HENRY HALL.

*Lines Written on the Fly-Leaf of my Bible.\**

I sought for Fame. By day and night

I struggled that my name might be

Emblazon'd forth in types of light,

And wafted o'er the pathless sea.

But sunken cheek and vision dim

Were all I got by seeking him.

I sought for Wealth. The lust of gold

Suck'd my best feelings, sear'd my heart,

Destroy'd my aspirations bold

That form'd my nature's better part ;

And, at the last, though seeming fair,

The prize I clutch'd was empty air.

I sought for Power. The loftiest steep,

The topmost heights, I strove to scale ;

Nor dark abysses, yawning deep

Around me, could my courage quail ;

But bolder ones, with swifter pace,

Outstripped me in the eager race.

I sought for Love. His heavenly flame

Lit for a time my cheerless way ;

But when it fled, my path became

More gloomy for the transient day ;

Death spread above his sable pall,

And turned my fondest hopes to gall.

I sought for Health. The changeful girl,

The more I follow'd, further fled ;

Where the streamlet's billows curl,

And wild flowers burst, she hid her head.

I pray'd her to return again—

My prayers were breathed—but all in vain.

What shall I seek now ? All I sought

Eluded, shunn'd, my nerveless grasp.

What shall I seek ! Oh, sinful thought !

While still this Volume I can clasp.

\* A correspondent, in forwarding these lines, says :—"The excellent verses in the January number of the *Magazine*, by A. W. C., have brought back to my memory the above, written 'on the Fly-leaf of my Bible' by the late Jovind Chunder Dutt, of Calcutta."

## The Orange Free State: A glance at its History.

BY A FREE STATER.

THE earliest traditionary accounts concerning the territory now known as the Orange Free State convey the idea that it was not inhabited by any particular race, but rather that marauding bands from various tribes, either Kafirs, Bushmen, or Corannas, from time to time infested it with a view to secure pasture for their flocks, or to escape destruction at the hands of some stronger and inimical races; and it is only about the years from 1816 to 1820 that the records become definite as determining the fact that a body of Griquas under Adam Kok settled at Griqua Town, and afterwards gradually spread themselves along the Orange River, concentrating their greatest number at what is now called Philippolis.

About this time many colonial-Dutch farmers commenced crossing the Orange River with their flocks in search of pasturage during times of drought in the Colony, and took up their abode in the new territory, more especially in the vicinity of Riet River. These pioneers were afterwards followed up by whole bodies of emigrants, one of which settled in the district of Boshof, on lands purchased by them from the Coranna chiefs Dantzer and Bloem, while another located itself in what was afterwards termed Vaal River district, on lands bought from the chief Mataquan, and many more either leased or bought lands in the territory of the Griquas, between the Riet and Orange Rivers. The numbers of the emigrants were also greatly increased by the influx of those colonists who felt themselves aggrieved by the emancipation of slaves, and left the Colony in 1836 in large numbers in order to place themselves beyond British control.

These settlers formed a government for themselves after the model of the old Dutch Government of the Cape Colony, and matters went on quietly up till 1845, when, in consequence of some fracas between the emigrant Boers and the Griquas which resulted in hostilities, the British Government intervened and, assisting the Griquas with Her Majesty's troops, defeated the Boers at Zwart Koppies. To prevent a like occurrence, a British resident was established in the country, with a small force to support his authority. But a treaty had been entered into between the British Government and Adam Kok in 1845, in which certain terms affecting the Boer tenure of property in Griqualand were comprehended, which gave great dissatisfaction to the emigrants, and their acknowledged chief Andries Pretorius used every endeavour to procure an amelioration of these terms, but without success. Accordingly, after the proclamation of Her Majesty's sovereignty over the territory by Sir Harry Smith, in February, 1848, discontent broke out into hostilities, and the British Resident was driven back across the Orange River in July, 1848, until a strong force could be brought



up by Sir Harry Smith in person, which force met the Boer Commando at Boomplaats, and, after a short but sharp encounter, defeated it, whereby British authority became re-established in the Orange River Sovereignty.

This territory now remained under that Government, represented in the person of a British Resident at Bloemfontein, where a fort had been erected mounting three guns, and the Seat of Residency had been established up to the year 1854. During this period many Europeans and colonists of European descent also took up their abode in the Sovereignty. Owing, however, to the continued embroilments of the burghers with the Basutos, under Moshesh and Moletsaine, not in their own quarrels, but in those of allies of the British Government, and the costs thereby occasioned of keeping up a considerable military force, the abandonment of the Orange River Sovereignty was recommended to the Home Government and carried out under the special commissionership of Sir George Clerk, who, notwithstanding the opposition of many of the inhabitants, especially of Bloemfontein, made over the government of the Orange River Sovereignty to a body of delegates representing the various districts, in terms of a convention entered into on the 23rd February, 1854,—which convention is the Charter of Independence of the Orange Free State.

Two articles of this convention are as follows:—"The British Government has no alliance whatever with any native chief or tribes to the northward of the Orange River, with the exception of the Griqua Chief, Kaptyn Adam Kok; and Her Majesty's Government has no wish or intention to enter hereafter into any treaties that may be injurious or prejudicial to the interests of the Orange River Government; and the Orange River Government shall have freedom to purchase their supplies of ammunition in any British colony or possession in South Africa, subject to the laws provided for the regulation of the sale and transit of ammunition in any such British colonies and possessions." And these articles were approved and confirmed by Her Majesty's Government.

A Provisional Government was at once formed by the delegates, under the presidency of Mr. Hoffmann, and afterwards a Republican Constitution was drawn up and adopted by the Volksraad—the assembly of the people—the members of which had in the meantime been duly elected.

For some time after its erection into a separate state, the Government of the Orange Free State was principally engaged in meeting the difficulties arising out of the many boundary questions with petty native chiefs in and bordering on the Free State, the principal settlement arrived at being the definition of the Vetberg line between Adam Kok and Cornelis Kok and Waterboer, in 1855. And it was only during the able presidency of Mr. Boshoff, commencing in August, 1855, that attention could first be given to the internal affairs of the country, and some order established by salutary local

ordinances, which are in force at the present day, regulating, amongst other matters, the establishment of law courts, tariffs, sale of gunpowder, the liquor law, &c. But this dawn of order was soon to be clouded by territorial disputes with the Basutos, which assumed greater importance, and eventually, in March, 1858, culminated in war between the burghers of the new Republic and their thievish neighbours. The hostilities lasted with varied fortune, and were finally brought to a close by the convention of Aliwal North, on the 29th September, 1858. The following year, 1859, saw the Orange Free State deprived of the further services of President Boshoff by the resignation of his office, and although there are those who may have differed with him, still the almost universal voice was one of regret at the loss of the man who not only did so much for the internal regulation of the country, but also so ably conducted the State through its early difficulties with Witzie, the South African Republic, Scheel Cobus, and the Basutos.

A successor to President Boshoff was elected in the person of President Pretorius, the son of the well-known Commandant-General Andries Pretorius, of Boomplaats celebrity, who assumed the reins of office in 1860. The two principal events during his term of office were—first, the annexation to the Orange Free State of the Bethulie lands by special treaty with the chief, Tephin; and secondly, the purchase from the Griqua chief, Adam Kok, on his migration to the territory of Nomansland in 1861, of all his lands, and those he inherited from Cornelis Kok, of Campbell, whereby the Vetberg line became part of the boundary of the Orange Free State, and the Government of that State obtained right and title to the Campbell lands, situated to the north of Vaal River.

On the resignation of President Pretorius in 1863, a new election was held, and President Brand, one of the leading barristers of the Supreme Court in the Cape Colony, assumed office as the chosen of the people in February, 1864. The peace secured by the treaty of Aliwal proved a hollow one, and as the Basutos not only repudiated their treaty engagements, but continued their depredations and committed various outrages on the burghers inhabiting their frontier, President Brand's first endeavours were directed to the attainment of a satisfactory settlement of the boundary line, and he succeeded in getting this defined by the arbitration of Sir Philip Wodehouse, Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, in October, 1864, whose award was entirely in favour of the Orange Free State. Notwithstanding this peaceful solution of the question, the attitude of the Basutos grew daily more and more threatening, and the Orange Free State saw itself forced to arms, and took the field in May, 1865. The struggle lasted eleven months, and then hostilities ceased, a treaty of peace, on very advantageous terms for the Orange Free State, being signed at Thaba Bosigo, Moshesh's stronghold, on the 3rd April, 1866, by which, among other conditions, a large tract of country was ceded to this State.

The new territory was inspected by commissioners, and divided into farms which were granted and sold on conditions of military tenure, and as Basuto squatters had here and there re-occupied portions of this tract, it became necessary to clear the country of them by a commando called out for that purpose on the 12th March, 1867. But this measure had not the desired effect, for in the months of June and July following parties of Basutos re-entered the territory, and murdered two subjects of the Orange Free State named Bushe and Krynauw, and defiance was flung at its Government when it demanded the delivery to justice of the murderers. Consequently, in the month of August, 1867, the Commando of the Orange Free State burghers took the field afresh, and soon victory crowned the Free State cause, as stronghold after stronghold was taken from the enemy, and there remained now only to Moshesh his own fortress of Thaba Bosigo, when hostilities were brought to a close by the intervention of the British Government, according to proclamation of His Excellency Sir Philip Wodehouse, dated 12th March, 1868, whereby Moshesh and his subjects were declared to be British subjects.

An armistice was agreed upon, during which this contravention of Article 2 of the Convention of the 23rd February, 1854, formed the topic of a lengthy correspondence, and it was only after a deputation from the Orange Free State was sent to England that a satisfactory settlement of the question was arrived at, as defined in the Convention of Aliwal North, dated 12th March, 1869, whereby the terms of peace and a definite boundary line to the new territory were finally fixed as agreed upon between Her Majesty's High Commissioner and the Orange Free State Government.

Immediately after this settlement had been arrived at, negotiations were carried on with the Transvaal Republic which resulted in a Deed of Submission by which the definition of the boundary line between the two Republics was confided to the arbitration of Lieutenant-Governor Keate, of the Colony of Natal, and his decision was communicated to the respective Governments in February, 1870 ; and the award, although virtually at variance with the object for which the arbitration was agreed on, was nevertheless, in the interests of peace and a good understanding with its sister Republic, adopted by the Orange Free State.

But another boundary question which had from time to time engaged the attention of the Volksraad—viz.: that between the Orange Free State and Nicolas Waterboer—now assumed prominence owing to the discovery of diamonds on the Vaal River, near Pniel, a mission station of the Berlin Mission Society in the district of Jacobsdal. A Deed of Submission had been agreed upon between the Orange Free State Government and Captain Nicolas Waterboer, whereby the then Governor of the Cape Colony, Sir Philip Wodehouse, was appointed to arbitrate as to the claims set up on behalf of Waterboer to the Campbell Lands to the north of the Vaal River, which had

been purchased from Captain Adam Kok by the Free State Government ; but this deed was rendered nugatory by the removal of Sir Philip Wodehouse to the Governorship of Bombay in British India.

Under these circumstances every endeavour was made to bring the matter to a satisfactory solution, without further loss of time, but without avail ; and at last the Orange Free State Government, after a meeting with Waterboer and his Council at Nooitgedacht, on the Vaal River, on the 18th August, 1870, from which meeting the latter unceremoniously withdrew, saw itself constrained to proclaim the territorial boundaries of the Campbell Lands to the north of Vaal River purchased by it from Adam Kok, as heir to Cornelis Kok, in 1861.

Meanwhile, a large influx of people from all parts of the Cape and Natal colonies and from foreign countries, to the Diamond-fields on the banks of the Vaal River, took place, and gradually spread itself to the dry diggings at Du Toit's Pan, Bultfontein, and Vooruitzigt, in the district of Pniel, which had been newly created out of the districts of Jacobsdal and Boshof, in order to provide for the establishment of a more efficient control and special regulations for the moral and sanitary condition of the mining population ; and while the Orange Free State Government was engaged in the consideration of the required measures to meet the altered circumstances of this portion of its territory, Waterboer, urged on by his agent, presented a petition to the British Government representing that a great portion of the territory had been encroached upon by the Orange Free State Government, and requesting its acceptance of himself and his people as subjects, and its intervention on his behalf.

Lieutenant-Governor Hay, then Acting High Commissioner of the British Government, thereupon identifying himself with Waterboer's representations, and without awaiting an answer to his official inquiries as to the right and title of the Orange Free State Government to the lands claimed by Waterboer, forthwith, in violation of the second and other articles of the Convention of 23rd February, 1854, appointed commissioners and empowered them with authority over the diggers, which authority was at first only exercised on the north side of the Vaal.

On the arrival of Governor Barkly at the Cape in 1871, a proclamation was issued on the 27th October, 1871, declaring Waterboer and his people British subjects, and claiming as his territory not only the Campbell Lands to the north of the Vaal, but also all the territory on the south side of that river up to a straight line from Platberg to David's Graf, at the junction of the Riet and Modder Rivers, and thence in a straight line to Ramah and the Orange River. This proclamation was followed up by forcible possession being taken of the lands in question, in a time of profound peace ; and in order to avoid a collision and the dire effects which a war with a consanguineous race in the Colony would inevitably entail, the Government of the Orange Free State withdrew its authority and



officials from that portion of its territory by proclamation of President Brand, dated 7th November, 1871, under solemn protest against this invasion of its rights. It has since endeavoured to obtain justice for the violation of its territory in arbitration, and deeds of submission thereto, on the merits of this question, are still under discussion and correspondence between the Government of Her Majesty and that of the Orange Free State.

Many events have occurred in connection with this question, each in its turn threatening to disturb the peaceful relations between the parties concerned in it; but sufficient proof has been given that the terms of the Convention of 1854 have not received that due regard which a weaker power may with the more justice expect from the stronger, and that the endeavours of the Government of the Orange Free State to secure the definition of the boundary line made over to them, with all its attendant difficulties, by that Convention, have but too often been thwarted by those from whom it had a right to expect every possible co-operation.

Such, then, are the principal events which have occupied the Orange Free State Government to such a degree that the internal affairs of the State have not received that attention which many important branches urgently demand; and to this it is owing that the judicial, administrative, and educational departments still call forth the earnest study of every well-meaning citizen with a view to their establishment on the best possible footing.

J. G. F.

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## "That Paragraph!"

### A TALE OF GROUNDLESS JEALOUSY.

"WE could have listened all night had Miss Ridley continued to sing."

These words met my eyes as I glanced at the "Local Epitome" of a newspaper that my *fiancé* had just sent me. He was the writer of the "Local Epitome." He had written those words. I did not stop to read further; that sentence, apparently so meaningless, acted on my unreasoning and jealous disposition like a spark of gunpowder; and long smouldering, pent-up passions burst from my bosom. I flung the paper from me, and, seizing my desk in wild anger, I cried,—

"Percy Hamilton *does* love that woman—here I hold the proof. I only guessed it before; *now* I know it. But it is not yet too late, Gertrude Miran can even now show him that in her he has found his match."

But oh! I loved him.



I took again the paper, hoping, hoping against hope, that something would meet my eyes to lessen the deep meaning of those words. Nothing was there; only more and more earnest praise of Miss Ridley, her powers of fascination and the like; only again that hideous paragraph stared me in the face. I fell upon a sofa in a flood of tears and for many minutes gave vent to uncontrollable grief; but at length, with a desperate effort, throwing off my weakness, and resolving to think only of my wrongs, I rose from my seat, rearranged my dishevelled hair, and placed myself at the table to write.

But I must explain a little.

At the time of which I speak, I was young, beautiful (so every one told me), and rich. I was an heiress. From the time I was twenty-one, not so very long ago, my guardian let me do pretty much as I liked, and I took advantage of his permission to enter gaily into society. I had all the world at my feet, and suitors for my hand, or my fortune, in any numbers. But though I did not flatly refuse any of these, I was at first indifferent to all; I treated them, in fact, alike. I had a smile for one, a gay word for another, a task for a third, and for each the same tantalizing succession of hopes and fears with which such as I have managed to torment, from time immemorial. But submission to my wishes I would have. I loved admiration, and headlong, blind jealousy was my besetting fault. At length I began to feel, though apparently I cared so little for any of those around me, that my heart was gradually being stolen away, and, in fact, that Mr. Percy Hamilton, though only a writer, the writer of the smart racy articles which appeared from time to time in a local journal, was gaining all my affections. He had no fortune, but he had powers of mind which I, spoilt child of society as I was, held to be of infinite more value than money or position. He seemed to me to be a true gentleman, but one of nature's own fashioning, for his ancestors were not known to have landed with the Conqueror, nor were they to be found in the page of ancient peerages. He was not either particularly handsome; but his form was tall and manly, and his somewhat irregular features were radiant with kindliness and good humour. He possessed, indeed, I fondly believed, other and nobler qualities than did the fortune-hunters who surrounded me; and, thoughtless as I was, I had sense enough to admire these qualities. My guardian, perceiving my growing attachment, spoke to me seriously on the subject. He told me I should lower myself, cut myself off from all society, at least from all *my* society, if I married such a man; a man who dealt in the infamous practice of working long and hard for his bread, meriting thereby the contempt of true gentlemen; a man who had not one inch of land to call his own, and who was not even gentleman enough to owe money at his tailor's. Such was my guardian's idea—and he was a true-born Englishman; the right sort of blue blood ran fast in his veins. But such arguments as these were lost on me; and he, seeing he did not in any way convince me,

plainly told me he thought I must be out of my mind, or have become possessed of a perverse and contradictory spirit. Now here I was misjudged. My guardian failed to see that it was the noble, not the weak instincts of my nature, that had strengthened my attachment to Percy. We had both, in fact, been drawn together by a communion of thought of the highest and best, and to have all that put down to a spirit of contradiction, and even insanity, was more than I could bear. It made me rush headlong into the course from which my guardian would have guided me. He saw he had made a mistake, and would have retracted his arguments, but my mind was made up, and I told him so. He had incited me to anger, and now, come what would, I determined to oppose his wishes, and marry Mr. Hamilton. I sent for the latter, told him I knew my affection for him was returned, and laid my fortune at his feet. Percy was quite overcome. He had not dared to hope ever to be more to me than a friend—my position and fortune were so different to his; but satisfied that he really cared for me, I put an end to his objections, and we were engaged.

But now jealousy, my besetting sin, was ever on the watch; and though I could have seen—I ought to have seen—that money considerations had no part in Percy's love for me, I was always on the look out for proofs that it was so; always courting suspicion that it was my money, not myself, he had been so rejoiced to win. Reader, mine was only human nature after all. We are always ready to impute motives dishonourable and false to others—even to those we love best. One of the hardest tasks we could set ourselves in life would be to unceasingly speak and think well of those around us. We do, judging by our own weak natures, naturally turn their very virtues into vices. We talk of ideals; we won't let them exist anywhere but in our imagination; and all the power of love and charity cannot make us, so prone to err ourselves, believe our fellow-creatures to be better. Such was my case. I loved Percy very fondly. If others had found fault with his least word, I could not have borne it; yet here was I myself all the while feeding my mind with suspicions as to the integrity of his devotion.

Why should I have had these suspicions? Percy was always so good and kind. Amongst other little attentions, he used to bring me every day the newspaper of which he wrote the "*Local Epitome.*" To please him, and myself too, I always read what he pointed out as his own. His style was racy and humorous, and I enjoyed many a laugh over his odd sayings. The "*Epitome,*" amongst other varieties, gave descriptions of the various amusements which took place in our little town and in the neighbourhood. These he consequently attended. I went with him sometimes, but found it too fatiguing to go always. On the day in question, instead of bringing me the newspaper he forwarded it by a servant, with a message to the effect that he was very busy, but would visit me on the morrow. This

was, to my suspicious nature, in itself very strange; he had never stayed away before, business or no business; I did not like that he should do so now. I began to grow uneasy. I was disappointed. I mechanically took my work and tried to shake off my *ennui*, by devoting all my thoughts to an elaborate piece of embroidery, but it would not do; I could not get rid of the dreadful fears that seemed to fill my mind. I threw aside my work; an idea struck me. Miss Ridley had sung at a concert which he was to attend. I was jealous of her. He often spoke well of her. I would see what he had said of her in his “Local Epitome,” and so I took up the hitherto neglected newspaper; my eyes rested on the words I have quoted above, and the reader knows the result.

The climax had come.

Seated at my desk with that paper before me, and those words still ringing in my ears, I was, in my blind jealousy, conscious only of one fact, his faithlessness. My fears, suspicions, forebodings, had taken practical shape in the person of Miss Ridley. I never doubted that fact for a moment, if there had been a doubt about it. My mind was so made up on the subject I don't think I should have given him the benefit. But to me there was no doubt. Could he have written in that impassioned way about a lady who sang at a concert—and he did not care much for music—unless he had fallen in love with her? Impossible. He knew her and admired her, and so he wrote in that strain. He loved her for herself, me only for my money. It was not jealousy made me think so, but simple fact. So I argued, and so, to the same effect, I wrote my letter, and though burning tears did course my cheeks, from time to time, telling their tale of love, I, in my letter, bade him never think of entering into my presence again. No voice of reason spoke to me in that moment, bidding me at least give him a fair hearing, or if the voice spoke, I did not listen to it. No, I sealed the letter and my own fate, and cared not what followed.

How illogical it all seems now! But there, again, I was only true to human nature. I did not think—we don't think—and trusting and acting up to the impulse of the moment, we are our own enemies very many times oftener than we ever dream of. These sudden impulses are generally delusions. Delusion, according to the definition of “those who know,” is a species of insanity; the marvel is, this being the case, the doctors do not find out oftener than they do victims wherewith to demonstrate the truth of their theories.

But this is a digression.

When the letter was gone I became quite calm. I felt inwardly pleased at the pluck I had shown—felt there was, at any rate, no sentimental nonsense about me—and began to imagine I should be a fit and novel subject for the writer of romance—that I should “point a moral and adorn a tale.” I tried to harden myself, I wanted neither pity nor sympathy, and when my guardian, though always averse to my marriage with Percy Hamilton, offered consolation

because of this latter's "inexplicable desertion," as he called it, I gave him to understand the subject was a forbidden one.

There came no reply, no remonstrance of any kind. I did think at first there might be a letter, but in going over the matter, I found I had put it to him too forcibly to admit of any reply. "Of course," I said to myself, "he could not say a word after such a dismissal. I suppose he will leave the town;" and so I heard he did shortly afterwards. For my part, I entered into society more ardently than ever, and tried to blot that name and the image of him I had loved so well, quite out of my memory. But I could not do it. I could not forget him. He had filled up a void, so to speak, in my nature none other could replace, and I was unhappy. I had nothing to do, no work, no idea beyond that of flirting, or dressing, or going to pleasure parties; my time hung heavily and sadly on my hands; I could only think, and think of the past. To rid myself of those recollections, and now that my life was to be one of single blessedness (for I made up my mind it should be so), I began to look around me for occupation or regular employment. This alone could help me to forget. But what could I do?

My guardian at the outset bid me remember that my name was Gertrude, and that I was dressed in petticoats. I had never given the matter a thought till now,—"*Woman and work.*" Looking into it for the first time the facts overpowered me, and my investigations led me to this conviction, that anything beyond sitting at my house and making antimacassars and dressing dolls for bazaars, would be considered either unwomanly, strong-minded, or degrading, not only by those of my own circle, but by every right-minded Englishman or woman with whom I might have to do. Then how I pitied those of my sex who were forced to gain a livelihood, as governesses, teachers—all poor degraded beings! Could I do nothing, then, for them? My Guardian interposed: others were doing it and got classed with the enemies of mankind. They were called "*strong-minded women.*" Whichever way I turned objections met me, so I gave up the idea of doing anything, and turned to the antimacassars and the dolls. I made plenty of these and many other little fancy things for bazaars. I was known all over P—— as the lady who worked so much and so well for these charitable sales; but, readers, what was this for a life work, what was this to fill such a void?

Weeks and months passed away. I was getting gradually thinner and thinner; life was becoming a burden to me. I did not try to rouse myself from my grief. I only thought of him. I missed him. I longed to see him again, to hear the explanation of all, to forgive him for writing that paragraph whatever his motives had been. From being unhappy first of all I became miserable, then thoroughly wretched. Remorse, too, had something, perhaps, to do with it. I began to fancy; I half felt—I knew, I had wronged a true and noble heart. This knowledge grew upon me gradually and made me more unhappy still. Little by little I gave up society, and society, seeing

in me no longer the bright and the gay, gave me up too. I had had enough of it; it had had enough of me. Oh! how I regretted the past! I would have called him back again, but the feeling that I was not worthy of him forbade it. My guardian helped to fill up the measure of my grief, by incessantly alluding to his desire that I should settle in life. But no thought of any other love entered my head. I had sown the seed, I would reap the fruit. I would live and die an old maid. First of all I used to look out for news of him, to be pleased at finding his name heading a cleverly written article; but in time I gave up finding pleasure even in that, and abandoned myself to despair. Oh, why had I listened to the promptings of such a nature as mine?

Years passed away. No words can tell how I loved him now. My passion grew with increasing years, and obtained the entire mastery of my heart with subtle and gradual power. If he had only returned he would have won a ready confession of my passion. I was growing weaker and thinner. People said I was still beautiful, but I felt how wane and sunken my cheeks were, and knew my eyes had lost their brightness.

At last—never to be forgotten day—at last, I saw him. He had come to revisit old scenes. He was walking carelessly down our principal thoroughfare, looking at the shops. He was changed. His hair was marked with streaks of grey. He was bent in form, compared with what he had been; but I recognised him even from the carriage window out of which I was languidly gazing.

"Percy, Percy," I shrieked involuntarily, "Percy, come here." I remember no more. I fainted away. When I came to myself, I was lying on the old sofa at home and he was bending over me.

"What is this?" I asked, the whole occurrence coming back gradually into my mind. "Percy, is that you?"

He bent over me fondly and touched my brow, but said nothing.

"Forgive me, Percy," I murmured. "Remember how I have suffered." He folded me gently in his arms. I could tell by his quivering frame that he was too overcome to speak, and so for a few moments there was silence. He took my hands in his and folded me closer and yet more closely towards him. No need of words to tell of his forgiveness; no words could have told the tale so well; no words could have been half so welcome as this his tenderness.

At length he said, "Whatever the past has been we love each other now, dearest, do we not? Let old things be forgotten; we are happy at last."

"Let old things be forgotten!" This allusion to the past, though so slight, swelled my bosom in an instant, with all my old hateful passions. I drew myself hastily from Percy's encircling arms and exclaimed, "Tell me, Mr. Hamilton, why you wrote that paragraph in the '*Local Epitome*,' so passionately praising Miss Ridley's singing?"

He bent his brow. He did not reply at once. He seemed engaged in



thought. At length he said, "Miss Ridley, dearest—Ah! I know to what you allude,"—and a smile of pleasure lit up his face as he continued, "I understand it all now, even why that cruel, sudden dismissal was given; but I never wrote that paragraph at all; I was very busy at the time, as I told you, and I had to entrust the 'Local Epitome' to another writer. How could you think I cared for Miss Ridley?"

He paused; I could answer nothing.

"Gertrude, darling," he went on presently, "Gertrude had you not been quite so hasty how different might our lives have been! But it is forgiven, let it also be forgotten," and again he drew me to him.

I answered nothing, but I trembled in his strong protecting arms. I was humiliated—ashamed of myself. The Past stood before me in its horrors—in the injustice I had done him. I hid my flushed and guilty face from his sorrowful gaze and made a deep, though unexpressed resolve, that to him the devotion of the rest of my life should, if possible, make amends.

E. R.

Bedford.

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### *The Late Mr. James Cameron of Madagascar.*

MOST of the readers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* are familiar with the name of Mr. James Cameron, the venerable lay missionary of the London Missionary Society in Madagascar. Many have doubtless read with interest his occasional contributions to this magazine, more especially a paper on the early inhabitants of Madagascar, which appeared in June, 1873; and not a few still remember him as an old resident in the Cape Colony, which he finally left for Madagascar about twelve years ago.\* To all these a brief record of his labours in the country of his adoption, and of the

\* Mr. Cameron, who was a native of Scotland, having been born near Dunkeld, Perthshire, in 1800, first went out to Madagascar in 1826, and was successfully employed there for several years in teaching and introducing amongst the people the principal mechanical arts and industries. When, after the death of Radama, the British agent had to retire, and the persecution of the Christians commenced, Mr. Cameron left the Island with the other missionaries in 1835 and settled at Cape Town, where some members of his family now reside. Mr. Cameron, however, never gave up his connection with Madagascar; he received and kept up communications in various ways with some of the people, and in 1853 he accompanied the Rev. W. Ellis in the first of those visits to the Island which paved the way for the resumption of foreign commerce and the free toleration of religion. Afterwards in 1863, when Christianity was again recognised by the ruling Sovereign of Madagascar, Mr. Cameron took his final departure from the Cape to resume the labours of his early years among the Malagasy, and prepared to spend, as he has nobly done, the remainder of his devoted and useful life in advancing Christianity and civilization amongst them.—ED. C. M. M.

reverent regard which gathered around him during the closing years of his life, cannot fail to be acceptable.

He was the senior member of the London Missionary Society's Mission in Madagascar. Long before the name of his friend William Ellis had been heard of in connection with the sufferings and constancy of the "Martyr Church," Mr. Cameron was hard at work, in association with the Protestant missionaries and artisans who came to Antananarivo between 1818 and 1830, laying broad and deep the foundations of Christian truth and civilization in the land. From 1826 to 1835 he diligently instructed the young men under his care (sometimes 600 in number), not only in these useful arts which have elevated the tastes, increased the commerce, and vastly promoted the comfort of the people, but in those higher truths which have altered the whole tone of their private and domestic life, and in the confession of which many of them became faithful unto death. We—his younger brethren—used to read of him and speak of him as belonging to the days of Jones, and Griffith, and Freeman, and David Johns, and others, the fathers of our Mission. He was the last living link connecting the present days of Christian progress and advancing intelligence in Madagascar with the days of idolatry, infanticide, licentiousness, slavery, and fierce intestine warfare when Radama I. was king; or when, under the cruel reign of Ranavalona, some 3,000 or more victims perished yearly under the Tangena ordeal; and the Inpisikidy (fortune-tellers), and Inpanandro (astrologers), and the keepers of idols, held the lives and fortunes of the people in their hands.

It was a treat to hear our dear and honoured friend speak of those days. A man of great natural ability, diligently improved by careful cultivation, he had made extensive acquirements in practical mathematics, natural philosophy, astronomy, chemistry, electricity, and the physical sciences generally; while his large reading and experience in the domain of spiritual truth made him a theologian of no mean order. His powers of observation and his accurate and retentive memory enabled him to depict to us, with vivid and graphic touches, the scenes and incidents of past missionary life in Madagascar, while his matured experience and ripe judgment gave to his recollections of the past a special value as lessons for the present and the future. The writer of these notes had a deeper interest and pleasure in cultivating his friendship from the fact of being the missionary in charge of the two congregations in the capital with which our honoured friend had been, from the beginning, most intimately connected. In the Church-book of one of them (Ambatonakanga), now numbering 700 members, with a stated congregation of 1,000 people, is found the record of the first Christian Church formed in Madagascar, bearing the date, May 4th, 1831. Only nine names are there recorded, but the names that immediately follow that of the Rev. David Johns, the pastor, are those of Mr. and Mrs. Cameron. The Analakely Church, another of the largest of the city churches, also at this time under the writer's care, owes its origin to a class of young

men who attended Mr. Cameron's Bible classes in his house at Ambatonakonga, and on the occasion of his removal to Analakely in 1829, in consequence of his house having been burned down, they followed him and became the nucleus of a church that has long been known as the most liberal and zealous in the country. It was with the church of Analakely that Mr. Cameron was of late years more immediately connected, assisting the office-bearers by his counsels, and instructing the communicants in his Bible classes until within a few days of his death.

Intimacy and association in friendship and work led the writer to request Mr. Cameron to embody some of his "*Recollections of Early Missionary Life in Madagascar*" in a paper that was read at one of the quarterly social meetings of the missionaries in Antananarivo last year. That paper was a very valuable one, and will long be treasured by the missionaries who listened to it as a precious mine of information respecting the early phases and incidents of the work in which they are engaged. In rapid but deeply interesting review, our dear friend carried us back to the commencement of the London Missionary Society's Mission in Antananarivo in 1820; spoke of the arrival of Mr. Jones, bereaved but full of heart and hope, along with Mr. Hastie, the British representative, the memory of whose enlightened influence for good is still cherished by the Malagasy; the departure of the last gang of slaves shipped from Madagascar before the abolition of the slave-trade by Radama; Radama's warm interest in the education of the young, and his energetic support of the early mission schools. "There was no printing then," said Mr. Cameron, "and not many slates; all lessons were written by hand, and as a substitute for slates, smooth boards were rubbed over with a soft grease, and dusted with ashes. On this the letters and figures were formed with a wooden style like a common pencil. Corrections were made or sums renewed simply by rubbing with a rag or with the finger, and commencing again as contentedly as if no cleaner or better mode had ever been found out. In that school were first taught, in such a way, the flower of the youth of Imefina."

After describing briefly the personal appearance and character of several of the early missionaries, and noting various details of successful work, alternating with disappointment, sorrow and death, Mr. Cameron went on to tell us, in an amusing way, of the grand effort made to work the printing-press after the sudden death of Mr. Hovenden had prevented its being previously brought into use. "Mr. Jones had been in a printing-office, and had witnessed the various processes of printing, and Mr. Cameron had recently erected a large workshop on his premises at Ambatonakanga, the present site of the first memorial church; and to that place the packages of printing material and the press were now brought. Among the late Mr. Hovenden's books we found a work on the printing-press and printing, so we anticipated our success in becoming printers as all but certain. The various

timbers with their bolts and screws, the platten, the great screw, the stone bed or plate, the compositors' frames and cases for letters, &c., came together piece by piece, or dropped into their places without much trouble, and the printing-press stood upright before a score of delighted eyes. Mr. Jones was now the chief manipulator. The frame was furnished with type in English fashion, and composing commenced. Mr. Jones, assisted by Mr. Griffith, adroitly picked out the letters one after the other, and no doubt the ladies present helped them to some, for they also had a hand in the enterprise; at any rate, the first twenty-three verses (or thereabouts) of the first chapter of Genesis were put together, wedged in the iron form, and laid on the smooth flat stone. What next? The leather balls, the printing ink put on the iron plate, the stone muller to rub up the ink, the two balls well smeared over with the prepared ink, then rolled and rubbed, and patted together, with trembling anxiety—a little more ink added—then the type inked, or rather well anointed with the ink for some time. Stop now, that will do! Down went the screw with force, and the first page was printed. Most of it could be read, but it was a very perfect blur. It was taken by the writer to the Cape of Good Hope, and if memory serves rightly, was deposited in Sir George Grey's Library, with other things, as a memento of Madagascar at that time." Now that repeated editions of the Malagasy Bible have been sold by thousands, and of the New Testament by tens of thousands, it would be interesting to look upon those first twenty-three verses of Genesis printed so long ago. Though printed with much difficulty and by unpractised hands, and although scarcely legible and "a very perfect blur," was not the effort a noble and a memorable one? For it was the earnest and instalment of all the countless thousands of religious and educational publications that have since been sown broadcast over the land.

In the paper read by Mr. Cameron, the story of Rapoornegro and of Paul the diviner were alluded to, the six hundred students to whom Mr. Cameron taught chemistry and the useful arts; his gift of the site of Ambatonakanga Church to the London Missionary Society Mission; the formation of the first Christian community in the building shortly afterwards erected there, with the words of Mr. Johns on the occasion, "Now, Mr. Cameron, I hope this church will remain a church till the end of the world." Then, the ominous forebodings of the coming storm of persecution, and the fact that it was chiefly owing, under the providence of God, to Mr. Cameron that the gathering clouds did not burst upon the Christians, and oblige the missionaries to leave the country five or six years sooner than they actually did. Mr. Cameron related to us that the Queen would only allow the missionaries to remain on condition that they could teach the people "something useful," such, for instance, as the making of soap from materials found in the country. After a few days' trial, Mr. Cameron succeeded in accomplishing this to the Queen's entire satisfaction, and further inquiries being made as to



what else he and his colleagues could instruct the people in, the mission was allowed to continue for nearly six years longer. The brief summary given by Mr. Cameron of the benefits conferred by the missionary artisans before they left the country in 1835, may well stand as an enumeration of the good achieved by himself personally; a matter which his characteristic modesty made him ever reluctant to refer to. After speaking of the improvements in the manufacture of iron-work, and in the tanning and preparation of leather, he says:—"In building they improved many kinds of wood-work, and introduced stone-work for various purposes, made bricks of various kinds for building purposes, and Mr. Freeman brought slates and grindstones from Betsileo, which were unknown here before.

"They discovered limestone in the country after years had been spent in fruitless search for it.

"They introduced cotton machinery and cotton spinning which, though not economically adapted to the civilization then existing in the country, continued to be used till the machines were worn out.

"They discovered plants which yielded a large supply of potash and soda, which they used in the manufacture of soap, on a considerable scale; and of glass and pottery ware to a small extent.

"They also discovered—what had long been sought for in vain by the Government and others—a metallic sulphuret or other mineral from which sulphur could be extracted in abundance.

"They directed the manufacture, mostly on a small scale, of various salts, chiefly sulphates, carbonates, and nitrates, used in various arts and in medicine, and carried on by the Government till the present time.

"They constructed water-mills for the Government, with a large reservoir, and brought water to the same from a distance of some miles."

In every instance here referred to the work was accomplished by Mr. Cameron himself.

It is well-known that after his departure from Antananarivo, on 20th June, 1835, and during his long residence at the Cape, he lost no opportunity of communicating with the native Christians and strengthening and encouraging them to patience and steadfastness in the faith. In 1853, he accompanied the Rev. W. Ellis on his first visit to Madagascar, and having ascertained at Tamatave the lowest terms on which the ruptured friendship between the Madagascar Government and the merchants of Mauritius could be adjusted, namely, by the payment of \$12,000, he had the honour of conducting the negotiations to a successful issue. The Chamber of Commerce of Port Louis commissioned him to pay over \$15,000 on his return to Tamatave, and the trade was immediately re-opened after having been suspended for eight years. During this visit to Madagascar, he and Mr. Ellis, with the co-operation of Prince (afterwards King) Radama, managed to introduce about 300 books and some tracts for distribution among the Christians of Imerina,



On the recommencement of the London Missionary Society's Mission in Madagascar in 1862, Mr. Ellis obtained from Radama II. a grant of the ground on which most of the martyrs had suffered, and an appeal for funds was made to the Christians of England to assist in the erection of four or five suitable places of worship that might also serve in some way as remembrancers of the faith and constancy of those who have suffered there. As is well known, the appeal of Mr. Ellis, "Will England give to Madagascar these memorial churches?" was liberally responded to, and Mr. Cameron was invited by the directors to return to Madagascar to superintend the erection of the churches. He arrived in the capital on the first Monday in September, 1863, while a large monthly prayer-meeting was being held at Ambatonakanga, where he had formerly resided while superintending the Government works, and where the bell to call the workmen together still occupied the place where he had fixed it thirty years before. The service was just about to commence when Mr. Cameron arrived at the gate, and the spectacle that presented itself to him of hundreds of persons, assembled openly and unhindered, for the worship of the true God, together with the hearty, joyous welcome accorded to him by many whom he had known and left in anxiety and sorrow in the dark days gone by, must have been as cheering to him as it was unexpected.

From that day to the day of his death, the thought and energy of our dear friend were devoted to the enlightenment and progress of the people among whom he had cast his lot, and the record of his doings is an inseparable part of their history. As all the buildings in the capital had previously been of wood, and as the erection of the stone memorial churches could not be carried on without a good supply of lime, it became necessary to seek and open out hitherto unknown sources for its obtainment. The discovery of these, in a copious supply of limestone within a moderate distance from the capital, was one of the first boons conferred by Mr. Cameron after his return. Soon after this he constructed a canal for irrigating the Queen's rice-grounds. Then he undertook the erection of a new palace for Queen Rasoherina. The first corner-post was raised on April 25, 1865, and the opening was celebrated with great rejoicing on April 3, 1867. "Although much smaller than the two great palaces, it is far superior in design and workmanship to either of them, and reflects great credit on Mr. Cameron, by whom it was designed and superintended. It has been named *Manampy-soa* :—*i.e.*, adding what is good." ("Madagascar and its People," pp. 350, 354.) About the same time (January, 1864), was commenced another building, the Mission Hospital at Analakely, the erection of which (apart from its direct benefit to the sick, some 5,000 of whom every year have received advice and medicine as in-door or out-door patients), was the initiation of a new kind of building material which has utterly changed the building operations of the people. Instead of wood or clay which had been employed heretofore, Mr. Cameron

made use of bricks dried and hardened in the sun ; and the experiment was so successful that it has been almost universally adopted by the natives in the building of their dwelling-houses, and the result has been to fill the capital and many parts of Imerina with good, substantial, two-storied houses, healthy, commodious, and replete with comfort, in place of the miserable, close, and dirty mud or wooden buildings which had been the highest ideal of a cottage home until that time. Had Mr. Cameron achieved nothing else for Madagascar, he would have left his mark upon its civilisation visibly and ineffaceably for generations yet to come.

The "Children's Church" at Faravahitra (so called because the funds for its erection were raised by Sabbath School children), next engaged his attention. It was built on the northern extremity of the hill on which Antananarivo is situated, and on the spot made memorable by the burning of four Christian nobles there in 1849. Writing to the directors on July 30, 1867, Mr. Cameron, says, "It will be interesting to the directors to know that in digging out the ground for the foundation we crossed the very spot where the woman was burnt who gave birth to a child in the flames. Near the spot indicated we dug up, within the space of a yard or two, undoubted memorials of that affecting scene, consisting of charcoal and ashes, known by the natives as belonging to the dried shrub which was heaped around the martyrs ; and one discovered, among the ashes, part of a human bone belonging to the shoulder, which the natives also considered as part of her remains. Without any special intention on our part, the first stone of the 'Children's Memorial Church' was laid exactly under this spot, at the south-west angle of the church." A flourishing Christian community now meet for worship there every Lord's Day. The building is enshrined in sacred recollections, for as long as Christian fidelity is known and honoured, the place whereon it stands will be holy ground.

It is impossible in this sketch of our departed friend's career during the last twelve years of his life to give more than a general idea of the many works of usefulness in which he was actively and ceaselessly engaged. Besides the neat substantial church at Analakely raised by him, a stranger travelling in the districts north of the capital could not but be struck with the many beautiful places of worship, well-finished, neat, and commodious, some of them embowered in trees by the road-side, others on some eminence commanding the surrounding country far and wide. These earnest of a nation's regeneration, landmarks of its increasing piety and civilization, bear the impress of our dear friend's kindness and thoughtful skill. "The decent church that tops the neighbouring hill," of which many a "sweet Auburn" here in Madagascar is justly proud, owes its design and finish to *him*. The most comfortable of the mission dwelling-houses were also erected by him, as well as the houses of many of the natives. One of his latest works was the erection of a chaste but massive memorial stone in Ambatonakanga

Churchyard, to the memory of the Rev. L. Tyerman, Mr. Hastie, and many of the early missionaries, or of their children who died here. As a surveyor, he made a new map of Imerina, laying down almost every town and village from personal observation. The deputation sent to Madagascar in 1873, felt it a privilege to avail themselves of Mr. Cameron's knowledge and experience in their journey to the Betsileo. He was invited to accompany them, and although the undertaking was much too fatiguing for one of his advanced age, he nevertheless cheerfully consented. "During his journey he succeeded by a series of new observations in adding many places to his map, and in laying down a line of stations extending to the southern limit of the Betsileo province." The work thus done by our departed friend formed the basis (too scantily acknowledged) of the larger part of the beautiful map recently published by Dr. Mullens.

At once the largest and most conspicuous building which Mr. Cameron undertook, and perhaps the one with which his name will be longest associated by many, is the large palace called Manjaka Miàdana (reigning prosperously). The palace itself is the largest building in Madagascar. It is about 100 feet long by 80 broad, and is 120 feet high at the apex of its lofty, high-pitched roof. It is built entirely of timber, and was, until 1869, surrounded by a broad verandah the whole height of the building exclusive of the roof. The verandah was supported by enormous posts averaging two feet in diameter, and was in three storeys. There were seven bays in the length, and five in the breadth, each bay having a semicircular arch formed by boarding. The whole exterior of the building used to be painted white, and being situated on the summit of the hill on which Antananarivo is built, the palace is the first and last object visible to the traveller on approaching and leaving the city. The great work just finished by Mr. Cameron consisted in removing the wooden verandahs and replacing them with massive yet light and elegant verandahs of stone, with a tower at each of the four corners of the building. Externally, the palace is altogether new, and the style adopted by Mr. Cameron, that of the Italian, harmonises admirably with the character of the original interior which it encloses, and makes the new palace at once the most conspicuous and the most beautiful building in the country.

It would give but a very partial idea, however, of the character and actual life of our dear friend to suppose that his attention was entirely taken up by secular and material pursuits. Not a missionary in the country was more deeply interested in the work of education, or threw himself more heartily into schemes for its promotion. Hence the institution, chiefly by his suggestion, of the Madagascar Home Missionary Society some three or four years ago. To the work of religious instruction he gave himself most devotedly. Every Thursday he was accustomed to ride out from the capital in his palanquin, a distance of from six to eight miles, to conduct a large

Bible class for church members and preachers at Ilafy or Ambatofotsy. Every Sabbath he held a similar class at Analakely, and the work which he had carried on there all through his long residence in Madagascar, and in which he had been the honoured instrument in training the best teachers and preachers in the island, was continued until within a week of his death. Conscious that the time was approaching when oral teaching on his part would be no longer possible, one of his latest employments was the arrangement for publication of his notes on the four Gospels. They are a condensed summary of lessons imparted in the course of many years. The preface speaks of them as a farewell taken to his former pupils, and as such they will be accepted, and studied, and pondered, a fruitful and precious memento of a departed benefactor.

It will not be wondered at that the Queen and Prime Minister, from their knowledge of his long-trying devotedness to the best interests of their country, honoured Mr. Cameron as a wise and trusted counsellor, often consulting him in matters of importance. His long experience, his knowledge of the habits and requirements of the people, his calm deliberateness and ripe, unbiassed judgment gave to his counsel among his brethren in the mission a peculiar value. Then, how gentle and patient he was in stating and reasoning out his convictions when the opinions of younger men sometimes clashed with his own! Like all who are truly noble there was in him a complete absence of impatient self-assertion. How often has he laboured, whilst others have reaped the fruits and appropriated the praise! But he had learned not only "to labour" but "to wait." What an example of unflagging industry he was! In him, the motto, "Redeeming the time," found a notable illustration. Like his Master, it was his custom often to rise a great while "before day," "while it was yet dark." In those silent hours he would meditate on subjects for his classes, or prepare papers for the monthly magazine called *Teny Soa*, or engage in abstract studies. Some months ago, when our dear friend was weak and prostrate from a severe and almost fatal illness, the writer several times found him sitting up in bed at work on his Malagasy notes on the Gospels, or sketching a beautiful plan of the Temple at Jerusalem for the use of the young people in his classes. Always, his mind seemed occupied with thoughts and plans for the good of those around him, and for the promotion of the great cause of Christian progress in Madagascar, which he had so long had at heart. Into the sacred domain of his quiet, happy home, the home of Christian tenderness and peace, it is not needful for these records to enter. We could see happy reciprocation of the unflinching love that was paid to him as a father; and we could feel how good it was to be regarded by him as a friend. And then, as gradually his bodily strength decayed, and we could not but be reminded that the sound of the Master's voice might be heard at any time, "at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning," to call his servant home, his attitude was that of one who



was calmly *waiting*. Nothing seemed to be left unthought of, or unprepared ; all was ready.

“ By unperceived degrees he wore away ;  
Yet like the sun, seemed largest at his setting.”

And when the summons actually came, his sufferings, though at times very severe, did not last long. After only a few days' illness, during which he was ministered to with all the loving tenderness that filial devotion could supply, his spirit gently passed away for ever from all sickness, infirmity, and sorrow, “to where beyond these voices there is peace.”

“ Sure the last end  
Of the good man *is* peace ! How calm his exit !  
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,  
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft.”

Thus closed on this its earthly scene, at the age of 75 years, a really noble life. “ And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours ; and their works do follow them.” Rev. xiv., 13.

Our tribute to the memory of Mr. Cameron would not be complete if we failed to record the universal sympathy and sorrow called forth by the tidings of his death. On that Sabbath morning the sad news reached the different congregations in the capital just as they were assembling for worship, and preparing to partake of the memorials of the Lord's death. How different was *our* commemoration, from *his*, who was then “ absent from the body,” but “ present with the Lord !” With us, a deep gloom and sadness overspread all ranks and classes. Every one seemed to be mourning the loss of a father or of a dear and venerated friend. The Queen and Prime Minister attired themselves in mourning, and their grief was deep and sincere. A kind letter of sympathy was at once dispatched by them to Miss Cameron, with the request that the Queen might be allowed to show her regard for her departed friend by bearing all the expenses of the funeral, and signifying her wish also to erect a suitable and lasting monument over his grave.

At the funeral, an immense concourse of people gathered together. All the Protestant missions in the capital were strongly represented, and the aged M. Laborde, the French Consul, also joined, by his presence on the occasion, in paying the last tribute of respect to his friend.

At the grave, one of the highest officers of the Court, as representative of the Queen, read in her name a proclamation, of which the following is, as nearly as possible, a literal translation :—

“ Thus saith Ranavalonamanjaka, Queen of Madagascar, &c. Carry this my word to my subjects, and to Mary Cameron, and to the missionaries of the London Missionary Society.

“ For, inasmuch as the decease of Mr. Cameron has befallen my country and people, thus declares Ranavalonamanjaka, Queen of Madagascar, that great indeed has been the good done by Mr.



Cameron. He sought, and desired, and accomplished such things as benefit my kingdom and people. And he sought whatever would promote the Gospel of Jesus Christ here in my kingdom and among my people. And not only so, but from the very beginning, until now, he has endeavoured to prosper this kingdom, for he was not a fickle man, nor a man who ever opposed the interests of my kingdom, but he did what was becoming and right.

“Further, on account of the benefits conferred by Mr. Cameron, says Ranavalonamanjaka, Queen of Madagascar, and inasmuch as a subject of my friend Queen Victoria has done good here among my people, and has died here in my kingdom, we therefore send our representative to show our respect at his funeral. And although, in the present state of things, no cattle are slaughtered and no cannon are fired (to show him honour), nevertheless I account him as among the benefactors of my kingdom.

“And further, I proclaim to my subjects, and to his daughter, and to his friends, that whatsoever amount may be expended at the funeral of Mr. Cameron, be it done according as you desire; for I will defray all the expenses, for he has done good to my people and my kingdom, and I do not forget:

“Saith

“RANAVALONAMANJAKA,  
“Queen of Madagascar.”

And so, at the conclusion of the service in English and in Malagasy, we committed him to the tomb, where he sleeps by the side of his fellow labourers in the vineyard who entered into rest before him. The beautiful monument to their memory had been but lately completed by him, and its shadow falls upon his grave. His remains rest in the spot sacred to the memory of the labours begun by him for the welfare of Madagascar nearly fifty years ago. There he taught the 600 young men those useful arts and sciences which have changed the social life of the people and increased their comforts a hundredfold. There he set up the first printing-press and helped to strike off the first twenty-three verses of the First Malagasy Bible. There he joined in forming the first Christian church and helped to cheer and strengthen the early converts amid the dark forebodings of the storm of persecution that was soon to burst in fatal fury upon them. There on his return to Madagascar, he was welcomed by the acclaiming “voice of a great multitude” assembled for prayer and praise to God. There he aided in the erection of the first memorial church, built to commemorate the faith and patience of many who had been brought to Christ by his own instrumentality. And as long as that building stands, or the faith of which it is a visible symbol survives in the hearts of the people, the name of JAMES CAMERON will be treasured unforgotten, as one of Madagascar’s earliest and greatest benefactors. “The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.” Psalm cxii. 6.

CHAS. FREDK. MOSS.

Antananarivo, Madagascar.

## South African Tribes.

BY H. CHARLES SCHUNKE.

ALTHOUGH much has been written on the subject of South Africa with reference to the tribes, products, and resources of the country, yet it is a surprising fact that so little real knowledge of the history, classification, relationship, and customs of the aborigines should be possessed by the general public. Had it not been for the discovery of the Diamond and Gold regions, ignorance on this subject would be still greater. For most of what is known we are indebted to missionaries and the few men who have travelled for science. Many of the hunters and traders have, by giving superficial accounts only, added to the confusion which already existed in the classification of the aborigines, and even many a learned man, after having been a short time in the country, has gone off with totally wrong ideas on the relationship of the tribes. Only in later years, after a careful investigation into the nature of South African languages, some light has been thrown on the subject. It is, therefore, very much to be regretted that the great work which the late Dr. Bleek commenced is not carried on in all its parts, and that, on account of its importance being under estimated and insufficiently understood by the general public, it should be allowed to drop. Now is the time that something ought to be done, for many of the less numerous native clans are fast diminishing, and ere long most traces of their existence will be effaced.

It has often been attempted to classify the aborigines in a short comprehensive way, but every method failed, until it was based on the knowledge of the languages. This is the only true mode of classification, and I shall endeavour in the following paper to give it, taking the late Dr. Bleek as authority.

No part of the world offers such a rich field to ethnologists, comparative philologists and anthropologists as South Africa, and it would indeed be a credit to the country if some of its people, and especially the young men who have now so many advantages in the way of obtaining the preliminary knowledge necessary, would interest themselves in these subjects, and try wherever opportunity offers to preserve for the future anything of the languages and dialects spoken by the many different tribes, together with their very rich folk-lore. It would not only be useful to science, but also elevating in a certain degree to know what passes in the mind of the native, what his ideas, conceptions, &c., are, and in what state of development he is. With many tribes it is already too late, for they are either extinct or in a state of abnormal rapid mental development, which is their destruction, for in such a case they naturally take more readily to the vices of their white neighbours than their virtues. But there are still several to be found in their original state from whom may be gathered some knowledge of the past. No one, we can assure them, will ever regret in

later years having preserved even were it but a single original legend, tradition, or personal history taken from the mouth of a native ; and if many co-operate much will be effected.

I will now give the classification of the native tribes of Southern Africa in the most natural way possible. All the aborigines from the Equator to the Cape may be divided into three distinct classes : Hottentots, Bushmen, and Bântu.

The Hottentots were far more numerous two centuries ago, and sub-divided into many tribes and clans, all well organised, and ruled by chiefs. They inhabited the whole present Cape Colony as far as the Fish River in the East, Namaqualand, and part of Damaraland. I cannot credit the account given in Moodie's "Records" of the *Bede* having found the Hottentots in 1677 extending as far as 12°47' lat S. on the West Coast. Of these numerous tribes only a few have survived : the Namaqua, Coranna, Griqua, and Gonaqua (the latter only as individuals near the Kat River). Besides these there are many Bastards, of which a great number lived between the Karreebergen and the Orange River. They have now emigrated to the North, partly to Damaraland (Rehoboth), and some have joined the Griqua under Waterboer.

The second-class, the Bushmen, quite a distinct race from the Hottentots, inhabited the more inland parts from the Drakensteenbergen to the Quathlamba Mountains. Towards the north they are found up to the Okavango River. They were at one time very numerous and had their best strongholds in Bushmansland. North of the Orange River on the western border of the Kalihari Desert many degraded Hottentots deprived of their cattle are called Bushmen although they only speak Nama. The same difficulty arises in distinguishing in the old Dutch "Records," between Bushmen and Hottentots. This accounts for the wrong idea which many had in classing Bushmen with Hottentots. It was only after the late Dr. Bleek had proved the Bushmen to be a distinct race with separate language, that many abandoned the idea.

The third-class, the Bântu, exceeds by far in number the other two taken together. The name Bântu is from the Zulu, a'Bântumen in a smaller sense in contradistinction to the whites. This name has been adopted because it exists with few modifications in all the languages of the tribes belonging to this class. Dr. Krapf, who was a long time missionary among the Wanica and Wakamba, uses the name "Orphno Hamiten" to distinguish them from the more northern "Semito-Africans." In the languages of the Bântu tribes there exists a concord between almost all the different parts of speech, and it is given by pronominal prefixes without the slightest denotation of sex.

The Bântu extend a few degrees north of the equator, that is in the north-east to the country of the Galla and the northern parts of the Lacustrine regions ; in the north-west to the Gaboon territory ; and even the inhabitants of Fernando Po belong to this class.

The most northern tribes are the Wakuafi, Wapocomo and Wacamba, Benga, Bakeli, and Fernandians. The most southern, the Amafingo, Basuto, Ovaherero, and Ovambantierù.

The whole of the Bântu may be divided into a South-eastern, Middle, and Northern branch.

Belonging to the northern branch we have the Bakeli, Benga, and the inhabitants of Fernando Po.

The middle branch :—

1. The Mozambique tribes—the Makua, Ma'syao, and the Sena and Tete tribes on the Zambese.

2. The Zanguebar or Zangian tribes—Wakamba, Wanika, Wasuaheli, Wasambara, Wa'nya'muezi, Wajiji (of Ujiji), Warua, &c. (Probably all the tribes on the Lualaba, found by Livingstone and Cameron may, judging from the nature of their names, belong to this division).

3. Tribes of the interior—Bayeyi and Baukxoba.

4. Bunda tribes—Ovaherero (with Ovambantierù), Ovambo, Okavangari, Ovakuambi, Ovakuandjera, the Vanano (Benguella', and the tribes of Angola.

5. The Congo and Mpongwe tribes.

The south-eastern branch is divided in its turn into Kafirs, Zulu, Bechuana, with Batlapi and Basuto, and the tribes near Delagoa Bay.

This is the most natural and correct classification as adopted by the late Dr. Bleek, and based entirely on his great knowledge of South African languages.

Of the three large classes of natives, the Bântu naturally attracted most attention, whereas the other two are fast diminishing, and comparatively little has been done in the investigation of the different dialects of their respective languages.

During the last few years I have taken a particular interest in the Hottentots, and have tried to obtain as much information as possible about them, especially of the remnants of the southern and south-eastern tribes, with a view to collecting when opportunity should offer, anything of their dialects, legends, traditions, and personal histories. Many of the south-eastern Hottentots of great age are living amongst the farmers, and on the locations granted by Government, who have still a clear mind, speak their language, and have a good recollection of former days, and of the traditions handed down to them by their fathers. It is, therefore, my principal object to give in these pages, to the best of my knowledge and ability, a brief account of the Hottentot race. For this purpose I must beg the reader to follow me back to the days when Van Riebeeck first settled with a few Dutch in Table Bay, and we will see how the Hottentots were then, and what has become of them in after days.

When Van Riebeeck landed in 1652, he found the land round Table Mountain inhabited by several nomadic Hottentot tribes, rich in cattle, independent, and well organized under chiefs. A large tribe, which was found wandering constantly about in the country



between False and Saldanha Bays and Berg River, was called by them Saldanhers or Caepmans. Van Riebeeck says they consisted of about 3,000 men capable of carrying arms. They gave themselves the name of Cochaqua, and often migrated with their large herds, carrying all their movables on pack-oxen a considerable distance inland.

All along the coast were found the Strand-loopers, Watermans, or as they called themselves Goringaicona, who subsisted only by fishing from the sea-rocks.

Then we have the Goringaiqua, afterwards nicknamed Tobacco thieves, consisting only of three hundred men, exclusive of women and children, and possessing few cattle.

A day's journey north-east of Tygerberg, the Gorachauqua, numbering six hundred to seven hundred men, rich in cattle, were found by a party of Dutch in 1657. These were supposed to belong to, or closely allied to, the Cochaqua.

In 1658 the Dutch heard of the Hancumqua, who were the most powerful of all Hottentot tribes, living to the East; and also of the Chariguriqua, later called Grigriqua (Griqua most probably) having come down to Saldanha Bay.

In 1659 a party, advancing as far as the lower Oliphant's River, heard of the Namaqua, living seven or eight days' journey north of that river. In 1661 Meyerhoff, with a party, visited these Namaqua; they used shields, and were, according to him, half giants. He must have met them near to the present town of Clanwilliam. Their chief, Akembi, treated the Dutch most kindly, and Meyerhoff succeeded in negotiating peace between the Namaqua and Cochaqua, in order to facilitate trade.

What the Dutch sought for in those days was the cattle of the natives, which they, poor wretches, were very reluctant in bartering away, for they had few wants, and loved their herds. All the expeditions to the interior were only for the purpose of obtaining cattle from the natives.

Meyerhoff found also the great Chariguriqua (Griqua). After this the Namaqua wandered with their herds northward for some time.

The Namaqua and Grigriqua were very opulent in cattle, and led a happy, free, nomadic life,—the former in the country north of the Oliphant's River, round the Kamiesbergen; the latter in the present Hantam.

In 1662 Cruythoff (during Commander Wagenaar's time) tried to reach the Vigiit Magna (Orange River), but was driven back by the Namaqua. Living between these tribes, and roving about like banditti, were the Sonqua, inhabiting mostly the mountains, and doing much harm to their neighbours. By the description and their usage of bows and arrows I feel inclined to class them with the Bushmen. They were subdued by the Namaqua in 1662.

In 1663 the Chonouqua or Hancumqua (Gonaqua?) were found under a chief Sausoa thirty-one mijlen from the fort behind the Hottentot Holland mountains. To the East of the Chonouqua the



Heusaqua had their grazing grounds; they often wandered as far as Mossel Bay. The Chonouqua were a mighty tribe and the rivals of the Cochaqua.

In 1668 we hear for the first time of the Gauriqua East of the Heusaqua, most likely near the Gauritz River. They said that the Attaqua lived beyond them.\*

In 1669, Cruse reports on the Obiqua found on one of his expeditions; they were most probably like the Sonqua Bushmen, for they used bows and arrows, were mountaineers and robbers.

In 1672 the Cape peninsula was formally sold to the Dutch by the Cochaqua. Shortly after this, in 1673, hostilities commenced between the Dutch and Cochaqua under the chief Gonoma; most of their cattle were taken by the Dutch, and the latter thanked God for His mercy in giving it to them (!!) In this affair the Goringaiqua leagued with the Dutch. In the same year some free men (colonists) were murdered by the Obiqua.

In 1676 orders were given by Governor Goske to destroy all male Gonomas (Cochaqua).

Notwithstanding this, peace was made between the conflicting parties in the following year.

In 1678 we hear of a chief being held in custody until one of his men, who had committed theft, should have been apprehended. Here the atrocities of the Dutch commenced, and did not cease until they had broken the nationality of the tribes, and given them over to destruction, taking away their means of living—their cattle. A great misfortune was always the close monopoly of the East India Company's government, excluding aborigines from intercourse with other European nations. Of course, it was always hard for the deprived natives to see their cattle in the hands of the white man,—it must have made them bitter against him; and the Dutch, by occupying or giving their land away wholesale on free and quitrent tenure, brought those unfortunate wretches to a lower state of degradation.

In 1685 Governor Van der Stell went northwards to the Namaqua, in search of gold and silver, and in hopes of reaching Vigiti Magna. He showed much cruelty to the inoffensive Namaqua, and was forced to come back without arriving at the river.

Deadly epidemics also broke out about this time amongst the Hottentots, and took them off rapidly.

In 1689 the Namaqua came down frequently, with hostile intentions, as far as Berg and Twenty-four Rivers.

Schryver was sent that same year to the east to find the Tierra de Natal, and succeeded in reaching the Finquase Hottentots on the Gamtoos River. In passing through Longkloof and the Kamnasie he met the Attaqua. He received from Hycon, the Finqua chief, information about other Hottentot tribes living still further—the Kubuqua, five days journey, on the coast; upon them the Damaqua; then along the coast were Ganumqua, Namunqua, and Gonaqua.

\* They lived on both sides of the Langeberg, above Mossel Bay, and near the present town of George, hence Attaquakloof.

All these tribes were under established forms of government, and led a happy, undisturbed life.

We have seen how the cruel treatment of the Hottentots commenced under the last Governor before 1690. The Dutch took their land and cattle, starved, destroyed them, or reduced them to a condition of servitude. Besides, epidemics broke out frequently, caused by the intemperate use of coffee, arak, and tobacco. We can imagine how much good must have been done in civilizing the Hottentots if we read of little blacks receiving a glass of arak for having learned a prayer !

We will now see how they were soon reduced and driven back unmercifully out of their homes to the north and eastward, where we will follow them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### *Language.\**

THE nature and growth of language are subjects interesting in themselves, and fascinating to us all, because they are intimately connected with the all-engrossing problem of the origin and pedigree of mankind. When once Liebniz had freed scholars from the Rabbinical and Patristic notions that Hebrew was the source of all languages, and had taught them how to apply sound, inductive reasoning to the study of languages, as of the exact sciences, Comparative Philology grew apace, and investigations into the laws of growth, and even into the nature and origin of language, became possible. The literary world was happily released from a repetition of such publications as the work of one Goropius, published at Antwerp, with the view of proving that Dutch was the language spoken by Adam and Eve in Paradise. The labours of the Asiatic Society at Calcutta gave a true direction and a still unchecked impetus to philological studies, when Sir William Jones wrote:—"No philologer could examine the Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin, without believing them to have sprung from some common source, which perhaps no longer exists." Bopp, Rask, Schlegel, Grimm, and a host of distinguished men, down to Max Müller of to-day, have thrown the light of their earnest scientific researches over the long-buried tracks of diverging tongues ; and the contribution from America, which is specially referred to in the note, is a most valuable and popular exposition of the results of the most recent speculations and studies in the field of linguistic science, and will greatly help to give shape and harmony to the crude and discordant views which people generally have about the prime related facts of language, and the conclusions to be legitimately drawn from them.

\* "The Life and Growth of Language." By W. D. WHITNEY, Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Yale College. King & Co., London, 1875.

"Language." By A. FINDLATER (Chambers's Elementary Science Manuals). W. & R. Chambers, 1875.

The little Manual, issued by Messrs. Chambers, will initiate the school-boy into mysteries of philology, word-building, dialectic variations, and phonetic decay, which the most learned of scholars a century ago were not privileged to penetrate.

Whether we shall ever arrive at a solution of the beginnings of Language is, of course, as uncertain as whether biology will definitely settle the pedigree of Man; what we have to do is to follow out a legitimate process of analysis and research; and if the science of language fails of attaining to all the ultimate conclusions which the ardent student looks for, yet the valuable lessons which we gather, as inquiry proceeds, will amply repay the time and toil. The naturalist has great advantages which the circumstances of the case deny to the philologist; the former proceeds in a direct method of investigation from the embryological phenomena of his subject through the gradually developing stages up to maturity, and thence through the descending phases of ebbing life, even to dissolution itself; the philologist must take the languages of mankind as he finds them now—it may be in varied stages either of growth or decay—and trace them back to their ultimate sources, the roots or germs out of which words have sprung. He may then, after tracing the processes of word-building, busy himself with a speculative inquiry: How came these roots or germs into existence? how, in short, did language begin?

At the outset, we have to admit that facts familiar and incontrovertible condemn the theory that we inherit language as a *race characteristic*, in the way in which the physical and mental characteristics are inherited from parents; and Professor Whitney, among other such facts, refers to a community like the American, where there are in abundance descendants of American, of Irish, of German, of Southern European, of Asiatic, as well as of English ancestors, all using the same dialect, without other variety than comes of differences of locality and education. Other familiar evidences are mentioned—*e.g.*, children of parents living in a foreign country grow up to speak the foreign tongue, unless carefully prevented from doing so, or speak the foreign and their mother-tongue with equal readiness. Nor is the other theory tenable, which represents language as independently produced by each individual in the natural course of his bodily and mental growth. This implies that a man derives from his parents a family or constitutional tendency which leads him to develop the same speech as theirs; or, on a wider scale, that there is an intellectual affinity in the members of the same community which leads them to frame accordant systems of expression. Such theories are unsupported by experience.

We have, then, following the guidance of Professor Whitney, to consider the process of speech-getting. The time arrives when the child, after having learned to associate certain names with certain familiar objects, can imitate some of the audible as well as the visible acts of others, and can reproduce the familiar names, more or less perfectly, by a mere hint of the true sound. This is the real beginning of the acquisition of language. The process which makes a

child connect particular names with their respective ideas is wholly external ; the ideas themselves are empirical and imperfect. The familiar names first acquired, such as *papa*, *mamma*, *good*, *bad*, *water*, *milk*, are provisional ; the child does not know what is really implied in these names ; all signs are in themselves equally good for all things ; no tie exists between word and idea to him ; but experience will make his conceptions clearer, and his distinctions truer ; and so the slow, steady growth goes on, the child acquiring words, and learning things through words, not apprehending, without long practice, the mysteries of inflexional changes, cases and numbers, and tenses, and the use of pronouns.

All this seems simple enough ; but it involves a series of physiological processes, of thrilling interest to every scientific inquirer, and especially to the linguistic student.

This is the conservative side of the life of language ; the children of a community obtain its spoken signs from the lips of those around them, and thus the identity of the speech of that people is maintained, except so far as other counteracting tendencies intervene to introduce change and decay ; and experience shows that all living language is in a condition of constant growth and change. The classification of linguistic changes, as illustrated by our author, is as follows :—

1. Alterations in the old material, including changes in the uttered forms of words, and in content or signification.

2. Loss of the old material, whether of complete words or grammatical forms and distinctions.

3. Production of new material, by additions of new words or forms, and general provision of expressions for new thoughts and knowledge.

It is not necessary to set forth a summary of the graphic illustrations of these various classes of changes, because such a book as this must soon be in the hands of every student of the English language ; and our remarks are only designed to attract the student's notice to the work itself. But we may say that there is assumed to be nothing, in the whole of this complicated process of word-making, which points to any efficient cause other than that of the reasonable action of the speakers of language, the purpose of the speakers being the adaptation of their means of expression to their constantly shifting needs and preferences. There is no need to have recourse to the theory of those who teach that words get themselves attributed to things by a kind of mysterious natural process, in which men have no part ; that there are organic forces in speech itself which (by fermentation, or digestion, or crystallization, or something of the sort) produce new material and alter old. (Whitney, c. 8.) We can see that the human mind in these developments of change in speech does not work consciously for that purpose ; but yet the work is that of the speaking community and of none other ; no individual can arbitrarily add to or detract from language ; but the community does so, even without any very conscious agency in this or that direction ; the community is the final tribunal, although every new word, every loss



of inflexion, has its own time and place of origin, and possibly its own individual author, who first gave it currency to go and win popular acceptance for itself. Men made the beginnings of their own speech, as well as created all its after-development; and there is no occult mystery to unravel in this business of word-making. Such are the conclusions of the Professor.

At the same time, those who are too hasty in forecasting the conclusions which they are anxious to see confirmed are pretty clearly warned by the *dictum* of the author of this treatise, who, after expatiating on the immense difficulty of arriving at the ultimate roots, even of the Indo-European family of languages, says plainly that it is impossible for linguistic science ever to be able to prove, by the evidence of community of the first germs of expression, that the human race in the beginning formed *one* society together; and he thinks it equally incompetent for linguistic science to pass any decisive judgment on the *diversity* either of the human race or human speech.

The genuine student of language need not be disturbed because he cannot expect to solve the problem which biology is labouring at; the perusal of such a work as the one under review will yield him fruits, not to satisfy the appetite for knowledge, but to whet the desire for further investigation and research. Comparative philology is going on rapidly with the collecting and sifting process, penetrating the relations between words, and arriving at such conclusions as structure and growth suggest. This is the *working* phase of the study of language, and is, in the opinion of Professor Whitney, important as a part of special training rather than as an element of general culture, whilst, on the other side, the science of language deals mainly with the laws and general principles of speech, and constitutes the regulative, critical, and teaching phase. These principles are still subjects of great diversity of opinion; and the Professor concludes that it is high time for this period of chaos to cease; and certainly his own treatise will do much to give shape and system to the *tohu* and *bohü* which appear to be as characteristic of the science of language to-day as of the primæval earth.

Δ.

### Notes of the Month.

THE ELECTION of the Hon. William Porter to the office of Chancellor of the University of the Cape of Good Hope, which took place a week or two ago, has been beyond question in complete accordance with the feelings and the judgment of all classes of the people of this Colony. No differences of opinion or of political views have ever prevented the hearty recognition of the great services which he has rendered to this country. The public sense of these services was fittingly expressed on his retirement from the Attorney Generalship by both Houses of the Legislature in 1865, and no one who then witnessed the scene will ever forget the enthusiasm with which the thanks of the country were conveyed through the Legislature to Mr Porter, or the emotion, the eloquence, and the dignity with which he acknowledged the honour done to him by the Colony. It will also be in the remembrance of all who take an interest in the intellectual life



of the country how, of the pension voted to him by Parliament, Mr. Porter devoted £500 per annum to found a scholarship in connection with the late Board of Public Examiners. Of this Board Mr. Porter was an active member. When the University Commission was appointed, he drafted the Bill which is now the University Incorporation Act. And yet these gifts and services, important as they are, form the least of his claims to the honour which the graduates of the University have done him by electing him to be their Chancellor. These services are best known to, and can be appreciated only or chiefly by, the few. But the community generally have long known and felt the beneficial influence of the large heart, the kindly hand, the splendid intellect, and the majestic oratory of Mr. Porter, and rejoice that the graduates have done themselves and the Colony the honour of electing him to the high and honourable office of Chancellor of the University.

NOVEL READERS will welcome a new story by Mr. Wm. Black, author of "A Princess of Thule," which is commenced under the title of "Madcap Violet," in *Macmillan's Magazine* for January. George Eliot is issuing another work, "Daniel Deronda," and like its predecessor "Middlemarch," it is to be in a series of books, the first "The Spoiled Child," being published this month. Mr. A. Trollope is again writing a fresh tale for *Temple Bar*. In *Evening Hours*, a monthly serial which has several readers in this colony, Lady Barker (who is now a resident in Natal), is contributing letters from "South Africa."

"NATURE" announces that Capt. Moresby of H.M.St. *Basilik*, has finished his work on New Guinea and Polynesia, which will shortly be published. It will include the recent discoveries and surveys of the *Basilik*, and it will be interesting to compare the book with one recently published by Capt. Lawson on "New Guinea," which several of the critics have condemned as a Munchausen story.

NATAL has started a *Christian Magazine and Literary Miscellany*. It is to be published quarterly, under the auspices of the Pietermaritzburg Young Men's Christian Association. The first number, which has reached us, is a very creditable production. As might be expected from its title, the religious element holds a foremost place in its pages, but topics of general interest are not excluded. There is an *In Memoriam* notice of the late Rev. J. Cameron, Superintendent of the Wesleyan Missions in Natal, whose high abilities as a preacher and a lecturer will be long remembered in South Africa, and selections from his literary remains are promised in future numbers.

A BIOGRAPHY of the late Rev. Tiyo Soga, the Kafir Christian minister and missionary, has been written by the Rev. J. A. Chalmers, and will shortly be issued in England. Those of our readers who remember the memoir of Mr. Soga from Mr. Chalmers' pen, which appeared in the *Cape Monthly* of January, 1872, need no assurance that the volume will be highly interesting, and that we shall find in it a faithful portrait of the most educated and gifted of the children of Amakosa, as well as sketches of the condition of Kafirland, and the lights and shadows of mission life there.

A VALUABLE contribution to the palæontology of South Africa will shortly be issued by Professor Owen, who has completed about sixty illustrations of our fossil Saurians, including many new specimens of *Dicynodon* remains. These specimens have been developed by Mr. Davies, sen., of the British Museum, and lithographed by Mr. Griesbach, who may be remembered as a resident of Natal for a short time. Dr. Atherstone, who is now in London, writes that he has secured a splendid cast of *Dicynodon* for the Cape Museum.

LIEUT. CAMERON, the traveller, by latest accounts had not reached England; but some of his letters forwarded from Loando, were read before the Royal Geographical Society. The anticipations entertained of the results of his journey have not been fulfilled, in as far as furnishing fresh light regarding the connection of the Congo with the Central African lakes. It appears that from Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, he went to Nyangwe, the furthest point Livingstone reached, and by what he supposed was the same route as Livingstone followed.

Arrived at Nyangwe—which he found placed ninety miles too far to the westward—he could not get canoes, and tried to reach a lake called Sankorra, into which the Lualaba runs, and whither, it was said, traders came in sailing boats, wearing trousers, and buying palm oil and gold dust. In this, too, Cameron was disappointed, nor could he push his way upwards or downwards to visit the lakes of the Lualaba. For want of a better alternative, apparently, as he could not stand still, he made a contract with a black trader named Alviz to proceed with his caravan to the Portuguese settlements on the West Coast. This, after vexatious delays, necessarily took him away from the true line of geographical interests along the Lomâmi to a place called Totêla, where there were more tantalising delays, ending in another costly disaster, for one of his men burned part of the camp down, the maps and journals being happily saved, though, as the gallant officer tells us, “it was touch and go.” The traveller, thus pushed from his proper route by want of means and ill fortune, was tediously conducted in a south-westerly direction across the watershed of the Lulua and Zambezi, over a vast table-land with numerous streamlets, some flowing to the Kassabè and some to the Lyambai, and so to Bihè and Benguela. The path thus followed is doubtless one of much interest, but it is already known in parts, and—unless Lieutenant Cameron has more to tell us—leaves nothing except conjecture respecting the great problems of the drainage of Tanganyika, the course of the Lualaba, the connections of the upper Congo, and the mystery of the new lake Sankorra.

IN THE LOVEDALE Mission Institution Report for the past year, just published, we find some remarks by the Rev. Dr. Stewart, on the capacities and capabilities of native African youths, well worthy of attention. They are the following:—

“THE NATIVE RACES IN RELATION TO EUROPEANS.

“So far as things have gone as yet, it might be supposed that the juxtaposition of the Anglo-Saxon and the African races in South Africa was a mistake. The colonists say that nothing can be made of the natives, and look abroad for a supply of foreign labour, while the country is full of capable but idle people. Our experience, limited if it be, may throw some light on this important question. *No one can gain an ascendancy over the minds of the natives who has no sympathy with them.* For sympathy there is no substitute. Another mistake usually made is a neglect of the moral well-being of a native *employé*. If his morale is allowed to go down the case with him is ended. We never attempt to continue the education of any one who is demoralized in any essential point.

“AFRICANS REACHING A MAXIMUM.

“It is a long time since it was observed by men of other races, that the African who shows so great an aptitude in the elementary stage of education, becomes fossilized at a certain point, and is apparently incapable of farther development. Writers of a certain class support their theory of a separate origin of the African race by denying that there is, or can be, an African of high education and culture. That Africans, usually reach a maximum, and that a low one, is an undoubted fact. That it is a necessary fact may be disproved by examples to the contrary, and these may soon increase in number. There is no physical or mental defect in the African to occasion it. Our experience throws some new light on the matter. It is partly due to the want of favourable conditions and opportunities. Still more, it is owing to a moral paralysis. Men of all races have the same moral constitution, and whenever any one ceases to maintain a good conscience and gives way to vicious indulgences, all progress upward comes to an end. This unfortunately is the rule with Africans.

“DECLARED PURPOSE OF EDUCATION IN NATIVE YOUNG MEN.

“A general meeting of all the young men in the Institution was held on an evening in November last, for the purpose of putting before them the question, ‘What do you mean to do in life?’ Often before, and now again it was said to them, men are wanted, who will go and preach the Gospel to your countrymen! Incessant demands are made on us for teachers, and we are obliged to say we have none to give. All cannot be preachers

or teachers. Some men only have the requisite gifts and tastes. But however you may be employed, to what do you mean to give the influence of your life? A large number of young men, native and European, rose one after another, and spoke to the point, plainly and briefly. Much more was said on that occasion than we were prepared for, of deliberate weighing of consequences in taking one path or other, of long cherished purposes, and in some instances of elevated aims. Some said they wished to study for the ministry. Many had resolved to become teachers; it was noticeable, however, they did not look on mere teaching as an end in itself. The rest said, they wished to be on Christ's side in life, though not teachers or preachers. The meeting was continued into a second evening. When the names were taken down of all who came forward to declare their purpose in life, they were found to number a hundred and twenty. Of the perfect sincerity of all that was said, there cannot be a doubt. There was no excitement, and the silence of some indicated that those who made statements did so from the moral power which conscious sincerity gives. But how much blossom never comes to fruit. Early promise, bright hopes, good resolutions often come to nothing. Let every one, however, who is conscious with himself, how poor a proportion performance bears to good resolved in his own case, judge these African young men with candour. Probably many will bear no fruit at all, but some may bear a hundred fold."

THE SEARCH FOR GOLD in the Knysna district is still being prosecuted by Mr. Osborne of the Public Works Department, and we are promised shortly a fuller account of the geological phenomena of that part of the country, which has hitherto never been thoroughly prospected. In reference to the examination already made, we have received the following very interesting communication from Mr. Thos. Bain, Inspector of Roads in the Western Districts:—

Swellendam, 19th February, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. NOBLE,—I have just read Mr. Osborne's report about the discovery of gold at the Knysna, in the *Cape Monthly* with great interest, the more so perhaps, because it is confirmatory of a prediction I ventured to make some years ago to Mr. Brierly, the Duke of Edinburgh's special artist, with whom I was in correspondence about the establishment of a Colonisation Company at the Knysna. The following is an extract from my report, dated 9th October, 1871:—

The question was asked—"Coals--Have any been found?" My reply was, "That no coals have been found, nor likely to be, because the Knysna rocks are of the lower Silurian series, which are of course very much below the carboniferous formations. I am, however, somewhat sanguine of finding precious metal at Olivenhout Bosch (formerly Bathgate's farm), and in that neighbourhood. The granite protrudes the Silurian rocks, and gneiss and metamorphic rocks are in abundance there. Quartz reefs are numerous. Altogether the country looks very promising. Quantities of iron pyrites in the quartz. I made a wash or two in a gully, the result of which I sent to Mr. Dunn, an Australian geologist, who found gold in other parts of the colony, and he was much pleased with the indication. The Government have secured his services at present to go to Namaqualand, but on his return I shall probably have an opportunity of going with him to point out the above indications, which will then be prospected at Government expense. Geology is a subject I am very fond of, and have given some attention to, and judging from the rocks, I must say, I feel sanguine about the mineral prospects of George and Knysna."

Unfortunately, when Mr. Dunn returned from Namaqualand, he had other engagements, and no opportunity to go and examine the above.

Some six years ago, I was engaged in setting out a road and cutting a bridle path through the Forests, &c., between the "Hoogekraal River" and the great "Homtini River," when I discovered a remarkable quartz reef, of an average breadth of fifteen yards, commencing near Terblans' cottage, on the farm Rooi-

kraal, the property of the Honourable H. Barrington, and running in an easterly direction through a deep gully, thence along the "Klein Homtini," and on to the Great Homtini, in the precipitous banks of which it ultimately disappears. It runs almost entirely under cover of dense forests, only appearing in the open near Terblans, in the form of a mass of *white stones*, so that it is not likely to attract the eye of a cursory observer. In fact, the Knysna is a most difficult country to prospect, on account of its rank vegetation, which covers nearly all the rocks. I found several smaller reefs as well in the forests.

I do not agree with Mr. Osborne about the mode of search he proposes, viz., by deep shafts and pumping apparatus, &c. Nature has done the digging for us, as the following will give you some idea of:—The tract of country between Hoogekraal and Homtini, which I always considered most promising is about 16 by 10 miles in extent. It is drained and rent assunder by the following—Hoogekraal River, 480 feet deep; Gielhout Boom River, 250 feet; a small gully at "Olivenbosch," about 80 feet deep (this gully has promising indications); the Caratara River, 300 feet; gully near Terblans, 550 feet; Little Homtini, 250 feet; and finally the Great Homtini, 520 feet deep, which is so narrow, that it looks as if you could almost fire a charge of slugs across it from bank to bank. The precipitous banks of these rivers and their beds, I should say, ought to be carefully examined, and a few tons of the quartz crushed and tested. The large reef above mentioned is doubtless the source of the nugget found, as 'Terblans' house, where it first shows itself, is on the watershed of the Caratara River, in which the gold was found.

The principal assets of the Government are still in the Knysna and George districts, in the shape of Crown land covered with valuable forests, and for aught we know may have valuable mineral resources as well. A vote of at least £1,000 ought to be given by the Parliament to have that locality thoroughly prospected, and double that sum to test the numerous quartz reefs of the Wittebergen, Lakenvley, and Karoopoort, where we found the colour, and small grains of gold in so many places. In the latter locality the Government have also large tracts of land, which will soon be brought to the hammer, and probably realise a mere cipher compared to its intrinsic value.

When the gold was first discovered in the Transvaal, some ten years ago, it was found only in minute specks, and since that time a large number of people have been constantly searching and prospecting there, and now only have hit upon something like a payable field. Might the same result not be expected here?

The gold specks which were found must have a source. The rocks, the fossils and all outward indications justify a thorough investigation. A few thousand pounds would be money well spent to solve the question.

I am only surprised that private enterprise has not been aroused in Cape Town, and a company formed to test the quartz.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

THOS. BAIN.

We take the liberty of directing the attention of the Government to Mr. Bain's remarks and suggestions. The Cape is far behind other countries in its encouragement of scientific investigation; and it is especially a reproach that now, while it owes so much of its advancing prosperity to the accidental discovery of mineral wealth, scarcely any attention is given to the prosecution of practical geological research. Private enterprise has in a very few instances made some effort to develop our latent resources; but the examination of those parts of the Colony where there are indications of productions of economic value properly devolves upon the State, as the utilization of such products will be for the general good. A regular geological survey, such as Canada and Australia have carried out, may be beyond the present means of the Colony to undertake; but an annual vote to secure the services of a competent geologist to prospect and report upon such localities as may be considered worthy of examination, would be practicable, and most undoubtedly of great public advantage; and we believe if the necessary proposal is submitted to Parliament, it will be cheerfully accorded.



# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## The School and the Workshop.

EVERY one allows that the secular instruction in our elementary schools ought to bear, as much as possible, on the practical business of life ; life itself is short, and the few golden years of school-time are often wasted in the imperfect acquisition of subjects which fade from the memory ; so that the young man, when entering upon the trade or handicraft, by which he is to earn his living, finds to his regret that he has acquired but little of that real knowledge of things, which can be turned to account in the toil of daily life.

Look at the months and years, out of the gladsome childhood, during which a pupil dawdles through a series of copy-books, and spelling manuals, and other exercises of a purely mechanical kind, without any ray of light reaching his latent mental powers ; toilsome routine, dull, dreary, and monotonous ; to end, perhaps, in a capacity to scrawl a letter which would disgrace a merchant's journal, or startle the reader by its varieties of phonetic combinations. There is little doubt that from the age of six years to twelve or thirteen, whilst children are acquiring the capacity to read and write and work simple sums in arithmetic, at least two of the four or five school hours are absolutely wasted, from the absence of skilled teachers who could utilize the residuum of school-time in object-lessons and in imparting a knowledge of common things.

In an efficient school, where the subjects of instruction are actually *taught* on true and intelligible principles, with due regard to the capabilities of children of tender age, the acquisition of the power to write a free, neat, and legible hand should be the work of months, not of years. So in regard to other elementary subjects ; including geography, which ought to be introduced at a very early stage, as a most engaging study for children, forming the text of conversational lectures which should range over the familiar phenomena of the physical world.

If we give up our children unreservedly to the public teacher for seven years, from six to thirteen, for the purposes of general elementary instruction, we have a right to expect that the young scholar will, at the end of his career, be able to fulfil at least the following meagre list of requirements, viz. :—to (1) write a business-like hand ;



(2) read any narrative in English; (3) write English correctly; and (4) perform all necessary calculations in commercial arithmetic expeditiously.

A parent has an undoubted right to expect, at least, this moderate standard of attainments to be reached by his child; and much more may be done by qualified teachers, without undue pressure on the child's faculties, in teaching free hand outline drawing, and in familiarizing the mind with the fundamental truths of physical geography, and illustrations of natural philosophy and mechanical science.

Assuming, then, that the boy of thirteen years leaves the elementary school with the qualifications, as sketched, and that a parent is anxious to employ that most important time, the *three* years, from thirteen to sixteen, which are to elapse before the workshop or the counter monopolizes the lad, to the best advantage and in a way that will contribute to his son's success in life, what will he do with him? This is a plain practical question that comes home to most of our townspeople who are blessed with sons. I destine my boy for trade or handicraft; if I send him to college, he will spend his two or three years in mastering the rudiments of Latin, Greek, and pure Mathematics, &c., but I intend him to follow the business of a builder or engineer or carpenter, or some such craft; and without depreciating the value of the classical languages and literature, pure mathematics, logic, and philosophy, as valuable means of intellectual training for those who purpose to devote themselves to the professions, usually so-called, I and my brother tradesmen must ask consideration from those who guide the helm of public education. Are we not entitled to advice and help in providing the practical and technical instruction which is necessary to enable our sons to pursue, with credit and success, their several callings in the lower but equally useful spheres of the arts and trades, that are exercised in promoting the comforts, conveniences, and luxuries of civilized society?

It is desirable to sketch roughly the outline of a course of practical instruction, suited to boys from thirteen to sixteen years of age, before they are apprenticed to trades or enter on their career of life.

The programme of practical studies should include:—Commercial arithmetic and penmanship, practical mathematics, including mensuration; the principles of mechanics and the practical application of the mechanical powers; chemistry in its relations to the industrial arts and to mineralogy, and especially to agriculture; metallurgy; drawing, to include free hand outline drawing from the flat and afterwards from the round, and from solid models, perspective; instruction in the theory of colour; also, geometrical and topographical drawing, as required by architects, surveyors, and engineers. The laws of health, with the subsidiary subjects, drainage, ventilation, &c.

The more advanced course should embrace animal and vegetable physiology, geology, light, heat, electricity, and magnetism, and other departments of natural philosophy.

The English language and, perhaps, one other modern language might be studied simultaneously with the severer subjects of a practical character.

If such a technical school is really wanted in each of our chief towns, the continent of Europe will supply many a model for our imitation. The State of Switzerland, eminent in the industrial arts but not affluent, has a complete system of technical instruction. Germany has almost everywhere its trade-schools. Workmen on the continent have very great facilities for art-culture and for practical training in every department of industry. And it seems reasonable that we should now begin to organize the means in this colony, whereby our young men may get systematic instruction in all that relates to the departments of building and domestic trades, as well as in the higher appliances of architecture, engineering, machinery, and chemistry.

Whether such a trade-school shall be interposed between the elementary day-school and the workshop, to put within reach of colonial lads the means of acquiring that knowledge of *things* which will be of special value to them in their industrial occupations, depends on ourselves. It is not likely that the Legislature will busy itself about educational reforms, unless the people show an earnest purpose and a real interest in the introduction of a new phase of youthful training. And yet there are wider aspects of the question which have regard to the material interests of the public generally, and lift the necessity for action far above the needs of individual parents. In the development of popular instruction, just now advancing in England and elsewhere with unprecedented progress, the ability to read, write, and cipher will soon become the characteristic of the many; not, as hitherto, of the favoured few; and a qualification, which will be almost universal, will cease to be a means of living except in conjunction with a distinct art, trade, craft, or other service. When every artisan has as much schooling as now fits a youth for a post in a merchant's counting-house or in some quill-driving department of the Civil Service, skilled labour alone will command high wages in the market; even at present there is a glut of mere clerks, and the prospect of their earning a decent maintenance is daily diminishing. Skill in the arts will command high remuneration, and the man of trade will in future overtop the man of the desk, by reason of his having over and above the ordinary schooling a superior training in the industrial arts, in which, as civilization with all its wonderful accessories is pushed on, there will be an ever increasing competition and demand. The long continuance of peace leads to the accumulation of wealth, which fosters a love of luxury and of everything that can make life easy, on the one hand; and yet contributes, on the other, to the enterprising development of Alexandra Palaces, Museums, Art Exhibitions, &c., railways, telegraphs, and similar appliances of human convenience, by the very necessity of using the superabundant money and by the demand for amusement, comfort, con-

venience, and speed, on the part of the wealthier section of the community.

It is useless for individuals to inveigh against the social tendencies of the age or to fight against the strong tide of public opinion; to some it may appear a more gentlemanly occupation if their sons wear a black coat and drive the quill, than if they don the workman's apron and use a trained eye and hand in the carpenter's shop or the foundry. This is a matter of sentiment; but the clerk, with his seedy coat and domestic wants, and *res angusta domi*, will soon have to feel that he of the apron is his superior not only in wages but in the estimation of society. Artistic skill will rise in value, whilst the clerk's occupation remains at a low scale of pay. Probably few will be influenced by these general remarks on social changes to direct the attention of their children to handicrafts, until the requisite machinery is provided here by a Colonial Department of Science and Art; and those who have not kept themselves abreast of educational progress in England need to be reminded what such a department has done for English workmanship, enabling the English artisan to compete successfully, in the higher branches of the industrial arts, with his skilled rivals in Germany and France. The Science and Art Department had 345,382 persons under instruction in the various practical subjects bearing on the industries of the nation, during the year 1874; and scientific instruction is provided, at a nominal fee, in London, and elsewhere for the artisan classes. The importance of teaching drawing to children of the poorer classes is recognized in 3,000 elementary schools, in which nearly 300,000 scholars were taught drawing as an essential part of the elementary instruction. It is not pretended that the arrangements for technical instruction in England are adequate, or in any way worthy of comparison with the systematic trade-schools and art-colleges of the Continent; but the nation is awakening to the changing aspect of the educational question, and it will be as well for us to take the steps which prudence and economy dictate; they bid us rear *here* our own skilled workmen and mechanics, our own master-builders, and foremen generally in those occupations, where a quick and correct eye and manual skill, where intelligent and well-directed energy, are indispensable requisites. We may make a beginning at once and without great cost, by giving our colonial lads access to some of those advantages of training and observation which continental youths have in their trade-schools, where the applications of science to the manufacturing arts and the general purposes of Industry and Commerce are illustrated practically before their eyes.

The technical instruction of our colonial youth is a public want; whether we are willing to provide this necessary adjunct to the school-system *at once*, is a question to which this short paper may elicit some answer. As regards the material prosperity of the Colony, it is not a matter of indifference.

The importation of Asiatic labourers and the introduction of

African natives for public works will not supersede the art-training of our own sons, but will render it more necessary if those of European race are to retain their inherited superiority in the arts of civilized life. As a self-reliant people, boldly providing for our own needs by educating our children in habits of self-help and usefulness, not fettered by the prescriptive modes of teaching which have sufficed for other epochs, but in an eclectic spirit choosing the good and useful in every system of public instruction and rejecting the superficial, we may now lay the foundations of a noble structure; but we must exorcise that spirit of selfishness which begrudges time, labour, and money, if spent on undertakings, of which the fruits cannot immediately be enjoyed by ourselves.

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*To the Honey-sucker.*

## I.

Bright little bird, that in the sun  
Dost shine with ever-varying dyes,  
Whose only labour 'tis to sip  
The sweet that in the flower-bud lies ;  
Of all thy feathered tribe, the one  
Art thou, whom I would choose to be,  
O'er beds of flowers to gaily trip,  
Or warble from the waving tree.

## II.

Floating in air, on tireless wing,  
The coyest flowers to thee disclose  
Their nectared chinks, alike caressed  
By Lily pale, or queenly Rose.  
Honey to sip, and love to sing,  
Such thy employ through sunny hours,  
While thy brown partner builds thy nest,  
Or, jealous, woos thee from the flowers.

## III.

I envy not the Dove's swift flight,  
Nor wish the Eagle's piercing eye,  
Nor yet the Lory's brilliant coat,  
Nor Lark's light wing to scale the sky ;  
I'd hover in the sunbeams bright,  
Or, perching on the Rose's spray,  
I'd sing my love with joyous note,  
Then flit on wanton wing away.



## A Voice from the Banks.

As an old soldier who has seen some service in all parts of the world, and who had risen to the rank of sergeant-major in a crack regiment before retiring on a pension of £60 a year, after twenty-one years' service, I would like to say a few words upon a subject that just now is exercising the minds of great men like Earl Grey and the Duke of Cambridge—viz., the difficulty of picking up recruits, and the number of desertions every year in the army. Some day we shall have, at the Cape, to get up an army of our own; and if we don't want to be put under conscription, or sent on commando, we must look around us and see how we propose to induce the youngsters to take their turn of necessary drill.

In Germany, where the nobility think it beneath them to go into trade, and will have nothing to say to a subaltern in the army, unless he is a man of good family and descent, the officers are drawn from a class who in England would be courtiers or members of Parliament, and who, as a rule, are very haughty and proud, and great sticklers for points of honour. From their earliest days they are told to expect that one day they must take their turn of military service in the ranks, whether they be rich or poor. No substitute will serve. They must be treated like common soldiers, but they alone have the chance of rising up to the highest grades, provided they elect to stop and take their chance. In consequence of this plan, every German male, who is able-bodied, is "set-up" in the army for a limited period, say for two years or more, and he is then allowed to leave, but liable to be called out hereafter if required by State necessity. In this way, between the years of eighteen and twenty-one, every civilian gets an insight into military life, and learns to appreciate its good points, while as all, both high and low, are taught the advantages of strict obedience and of military discipline, very few offences are committed, and petty tyranny from low-bred officers is nearly impossible. As the Emperor also is the head of the army, and the fountain of honour, very few complaints are made of neglect and incapacity in high quarters. The men know *who their officers are*, and the well-born privates very soon make their grievances known to those above them, should they be badly used by petty officials.

In England and the Cape, of course, we could not expect this plan to work; but, at least, we might get rid of abuses that take the pluck out of smart young men in a very short time, and cause everyone to stare astonished at the difference between the habits, looks, and appearance of the sister services, and of the marked good humour and jovial air of sailors over soldiers.

The Duke of Cambridge thinks that the present difficulty of getting recruits has been caused by the prosperity of the country, and by the great increase in wages in all employments within the last few years. Therefore he recommends increase of pay to soldiers.

But men used to desert for other reasons than slackness of pay, and Earl Grey thinks they have already got too much money to spend, and will only spend increased wages in increased drunkenness. His idea is to add to the attraction of the soldiers' calling, and he proposes to do this by altering the regulations under which, whether a man enlists for long or for short service, that is, for twelve years in the army, or six in the army and six in reserve, he has to run the risk of being prevented from re-enlisting before the expiration of the first engagement for a further term of nine years, so as to earn a pension by twenty-one years' service, and thereby get turned adrift after twelve years' service, when he is too old to learn a new trade, and has had no time to save anything out of his pay. Now the prospect of earning a pension used to be highly prized by good soldiers, and although Earl Grey thinks it would be most unwise to revert to the old system of habitually retaining soldiers in active service till they can earn pensions, he favours the idea of turning these men who are not good enough for the army, over to the reserve for a further period of nine years, so that pensions would be of three classes, one for those who had served in the army for twenty-one years continuously—say from nineteen to forty—one for those who had served six years in the army on short service and fifteen in the reserve, and a third for those who have been twelve years on long service enlistment and nine in the reserve. While in the reserve they only receive fourpence a day, and are "liable to be drilled occasionally, but so as to interfere as little as possible with their trade or occupation, and are only to be re-called to service in the army on full pay, in case of imminent national danger or of great emergency." Earl Grey proposes to give them nothing while they are doing nothing in the reserve, and, to use his own words, "to give them, when called out, double the usual pay of soldiers, one half of which should either be given to their families, or kept for them when dismissed, that they might not receive more money than their fellow-soldiers while serving." In short, to keep soldiers in good humour after they are free from long or short service in the army, they are to have their names down on a paper reserve, and get double pay only when they are urgently wanted or required for occasional drill; and this scheme is put forward now in order to tempt men to enlist, and to encourage them not to desert afterwards.

Earl Grey ventilates another idea about the recruiting officers picking up such very young recruits, that they are neither old enough or strong enough to be absorbed into the army at once. He wishes to remedy this by sending these overgrown children in the first instance to depôts of instruction, where they might be left to grow and develop into men, so that they shall begin to reckon their service only from the time when they have been certified to have attained sufficient strength and knowledge of their duties as to be able to take their place effectively in the ranks. At this rate, long or short service is not to be paid for until the recruit is properly fed up and

broken into his duties, and thus it is hoped that growing lads might pleasantly and cheaply be tempted to enlist, instead of hanging back as they do now.

I think these "instruction dépôts" would be very useful things to establish, but they must not be held out as a temptation to recruits to enlist. They could be made to serve a better purpose, which I shall presently explain, and should take the place of training ships for homeless boys and pauper street Arabs, who swarm by thousands in every large town, and would supply capital raw material out of which to manufacture tolerable soldiers and sailors.

So much for Earl Grey's reforms; and now for Archdeacon Wright, who, as Chaplain to the Forces, has lately propounded his views, "How to obtain a really efficient army." First, he would add an extra quarter of a pound to the daily rations, both of bread and meat; he would allow groceries and vegetables, and a money payment of eightpence per diem. Next, he would lay by for every soldier threepence a day, so that on discharge at the end of his six years each man would have £30 to receive, £10 at once, £10 at the end of six months, and £10 at the end of a year; or, if he chose to re-enlist, at the end of another six years he would have £60 to draw. Archdeacon Wright also proposes that £12 a year should be given on entering the reserve, to become £16 after six years, and to cease at the age of forty-five. The venerable gentleman protests against such worrying regulations as requiring a soldier to come into barracks at nine, and go to bed immediately after. Fining for drunkenness, he thinks, does more harm than good, and it would be an improvement to pay twice a week instead of once. More fuel should be allowed, and the free kit should really be free, which is not the case at present. Pensions should be permanent, and regimental clubs should be established in every garrison. Lastly, Archdeacon Wright is satisfied that desertion will never be stopped until there is a return to the old system of branding men dismissed with ignominy "B.C.," and deserters with "D." "There are," he says, "a great many idle, disreputable fellows, of a wandering turn, who make a convenience of the army, they enlist when stern necessity compels, and then desert as it suits them. It is said, that some of these men have been in a dozen regiments. In the Garrison at Portsmouth, a man was tried only the other day who was proved to have enlisted into seven regiments. Surely, marking—not branding, as some foolishly imagine—such characters would be a boon, not only to the army, but to society at large."

From these propositions it will be seen how thoroughly everybody is ready to throw stones at soldiers for drunkenness, whereas, if the truth were known, there is really very little actual *bonâ fide* drunkenness in the army at all. Of course, every regiment has its half dozen of bad characters, who are always in hot water, but what are these out of 600 men, or about 1 per cent? And are not soldiers

often said to be "drunk" when they simply have been taking a glass, like any quiet civilian, and upon the strength of this all sorts of offences are scored against them in the defaulters' book.

To clear up this apparent mystery about desertion and objection to re-enlist, I should like to jot down a few facts, which I hope may reach Lord Grey's ears and open his eyes to glaring evils. When a young man joins the army he never thinks of a pension for years after, nor until he has served fourteen or fifteen years, when he begins to look forward to the time of his discharge, and thinks of home and the days of his youth. As for his pay, he knows what he has to get before he enlists, for it is a common saying, "go and be shot at for a shilling." Every man knows what is to be got out of a shilling; it is neither pension nor pay that troubles the recruit, and makes him discontented with his position and causes him to desert. It is the treatment he receives, owing to the peculiar style of discipline in the army. I will here relate some of my own personal experiences of petty tyranny and annoyances, while striving hard to earn the good opinion of my superiors, and keeping on good terms with my comrades.

In the first place, he is never treated as a responsible being, but watched in and out of barracks. If he makes the slightest false step he is whipped up before his officers, and his name placed on the defaulters' list for some trifling offence, such as being late for "recruit drill," or dirty in early "morning parade." Now, what is the cause of a boy being late or dirty? It is this! He turns out for drill at 6 o'clock in summer, and 6 30 or 7 in winter, drills until 7 30 or 8 a.m., when he is dismissed to breakfast, and ordered to parade again for drill at 9 a.m. He has one hour to eat his breakfast and clean himself for parade. When he has done breakfast he will have to brush his clothes, wash his face, polish his boots, and be ready to turn out at 9 o'clock, which he will always succeed in doing in time, *if not prevented*; but he will not be allowed to do this in peace. As soon as he is ready, or even before, one of the men in the room who may be orderly man will say, "Here you, Mickey! fetch a bucket of water." To another, "Come, you Chaw-bacon, take this scrubber and rise the dust off these boards," meaning him to dry-scrub this room. To a third, "Here, you Johnny Raw! wash this table." Now, the first boy spoken to will wet his boots and trousers in carrying out his orders, the second will be covered with dust, while the third gets splashed with soap and sand all over his clothes. Ere these three boys can again clean themselves the bugle will sound for drill. They either run out as they are, or stop to tidy themselves up a bit, in either case they are reported and punished, and in all probability confined to barracks, and will have to answer to the defaulters' call, to do which they will have to wait in the barrack square, and make their first acquaintance with all the defaulters in the regiment, who will probably lead them into the same line of life as themselves.

The recruit will drill from 9 or 9 30 a.m. till 10 30, when he will



be dismissed, and go to school. The school over, he goes to his dinner, which will be a good and pleasant meal, but wanting in one very necessary thing for a growing lad, and that is, a glass of good ale. Now very few young men join the army but have been used to take a glass of beer to their dinner, and for what reason a soldier should be deprived of it I cannot conceive. It would be at least one way of spending his pay to a good purpose, and the matter could be easily arranged by a corporal taking the names of the men who require it, and fetching it from the regimental canteen—the soldiers, of course, handing over their money to the corporal when giving in their names. This system was successfully carried out in Corfu, even to men on guard, the corporal of the guard sending for the quantity required, and no harm came of the indulgence.

After dinner the recruit will have two hours' drill, and one hour's schooling, and if the drill instructor is a good man and knows his business, he will make his pupils go through their drill with pleasure, but if the instructor is a bad man and a bully (and of these there are many in the army), the life of every recruit in the regiment will be made miserable and unhappy. The sergeant in charge of the drill should be a steady old sergeant, one who is known to be of a kindly disposition, yet strict and firm, not to be imposed upon by either recruit or drill instructor, but be capable of judging between right and wrong, and of watching every word and action of the instructor so narrowly that he will not allow foul or abusive language to be used, and at once put a stop to anything like foul play. With such a man looking over, there will be no catching by the throat or shaking an unfortunate blunderer, no poking in the ribs or back with the "pace-stick," or rapping smartly on the heels when measuring the pace. Many a severe blow does a boy get upon his ancles with the end of the "pace-stick," and if he cries out, or speaks, or turns his head, the guard-room is his doom. Should he complain to his officer of having been unfairly struck with the "pace-stick," the drill instructor will be sure to say, yes he did, but the recruit was stepping short, and he could not help it. He only "tapped" him; and the man is in the habit of making replies in the ranks, and, in fact, is a very troublesome fellow. This, of course, is a "finisher." The boy is punished, and has no appeal. Now if the sergeant in charge of the drill does his duty properly, this sort of thing could not take place, and the drill instructor would soon find himself in the wrong box altogether.

After dismissal from drill and school the recruit will have time to go out of barracks and take a walk. Now is the time for the colour-sergeant, or any sergeant, in fact, to see with whom he goes out, for his future depends much upon it. If he goes out with one of those so-called *old soldiers*, who have become unfit for station-life through vices and dissipation, men who are so cunning that they are never caught napping, and are probably in possession of three or four good conduct marks, he is lost. Before this recruit gets back into barracks he will have a regular course of police inspection to pass

through. The commanding officer, under the impression that he is acting with zeal for the service, will look through the regiment and pick out what are generally called "police sergeants," with a corporal and a few men to watch the movements of the others when out on leave. This pack of curs is set upon the regiment to scent out all misdeeds committed both in and out of barracks; and as these hounds will combine in all they do, God help the poor devils who fall into their clutches, when once they are run down. These men have a regular system in their mode of operation, and are sharp fellows enough, greedy of praise for their zeal for the service, and not too scrupulous in their style of business. Their plan is this:—As soon as the men are all out of barracks the sergeant calls up his pack and gives them their instructions. To the corporal he will say, "Now corporal, we will have a good haul to-night, this is pay-day. You go up such and such a street and look into the "publics," mark out your men, and meet me at the gate a little before the quarter bugle. I will go round the town and mark off any men that I may see, and if any of the boys are going into barracks, send one of my men to the gate to watch him go in. The sergeant of the gate will let him pass when he sees one of the police at the gate; and mind you are there in time, or some of them will slip through our fingers."

All this time the recruit and his comrade are carousing in the different public-houses, some singing, some playing at cards, and some courting the girls; all of them are in good order and fit for any duty they are likely to be called upon to perform. They look at the clock, "Hullo!" says one, "it is time to go. Come on, boys, we shall be late." A few minutes are lost in shaking hands and settling the account, and then away they go for the barracks, running. As they turn the corner, they perhaps run up against the corporal and party of police placed there by the sergeant. "What's all this about?" shouts the corporal, "Halt! Here, two of you take this man to the guard-room, he is drunk." "No, I am not drunk," pleads the young recruit, "I have been running, and am only out of breath." "We'll see about that," says the corporal, "take him off." The remainder say nothing, but go up to the barrack gate, which will be closed by orders, and every man will have to stoop his head and lift his leg to get in at the wicket. You will say, what is inside that wicket? We will see. The sergeant of the picket, the sergeant of police, the sergeant of the guard, and the sergeant on gate duty; all of them have a strong force of men at their backs to carry out their orders. These men arrive at the gate with the recruit. The first of them stoops his head forward and lifts his leg, tips the sill of the door, and stumbles forward. The light from a lanthorn is flashed into his eyes, and the word "right or left turn" is bawled into his ears until he is in the guard-room, and confined for being drunk, although they are not sure of it. All they know is, that he has been out and had something to drink, so he must be "drunk," and drunk they say he is. "I am not drunk" roars the prisoner, and "I will not

put up with such usage." "Put him in the cells," says the sergeant of the guard. "I will not go into the cells," says the man. The guard makes a rush at the man, he makes as much resistance as he can, his clothes are torn, he breaks the window, perhaps strikes the corporal or sergeant, and is finally pushed into the cells, and the door shut upon him. In a few minutes the corporal of police arrives with his man whom he captured in the street, and who has become so excited and maddened by the injustice of the arrest, and has so far resisted his captors, that the corporal has had to call for assistance from the gate. Two men of the picket will then be sent to bring the prisoner in. They are sure to have their great coats on, and, of course, the prisoner will tear and destroy them if he can. At length they will get him to the gate, and instead of opening it they will push him through the wicket and bundle him into the presence of the sergeant of the guard. He, on his part, will hand him over to others inside, who will push him and haul him about until he is got into the guard-room, and then make their escape from him. The man is now at liberty to do all the damage he can, and very seldom does he let the opportunity slip. While all this is going on, inside and outside, the gate is like a madhouse, and is, in fact, a disgrace to the army. Who is to blame, if not the pack of picked men, who have hounded on their fellow-soldiers into committing themselves? The recruit may escape with a caution, but he does not understand how he has managed to lose two of his comrades for the night. He knew they were not drunk, he also knew they wished to get home, his brain is puzzled, and he lies awake all night trying how to make it out, but cannot arrive at any conclusion but one, and that is, he will try not to do the like, for he would not relish getting such kicks and clouts, besides being hauled through the mud, tossed through the wicket gate, and pitched head forward into a cell.

The next morning the recruit goes to his drill, and keeping clear of the guard-room, is on the look out for the result of last night's work. Thinking his two comrades will be out at dinner time, he waits till then, but is soon undeceived as to their fate, by being informed that they are both to be tried by a general court-martial. He will naturally ask, "What for?" and you may judge of his surprise and horror when told that the two men will be duly tried and sentenced at least to two years' imprisonment with hard labour. Here is another puzzle for him to rack his brains over, and it does not tend to make him over-satisfied with the course of justice in the army.

In a few weeks our recruit is fit for duty. We will say he is a boy who would make a good soldier, and probably put in twenty-one years without causing trouble to anyone, if it were not that the system I complain of is allowed to exist, and press men into trouble. Take an instance: As yet he has kept clear of the guard-room, and will continue to do so if he can, but one day it is his turn to be "orderly man." A comrade says to him, "Come Tom, will you come with me?" "I can't," says Tom, "I am orderly man, and

you know the corporal will not give me leave after what happened the other day between him and me." "Oh, never mind, you go to the sergeant and ask leave, he will be sure to let you go." So Tom goes off to the sergeant, gets leave, and goes out, leaving a man to answer for him, if required. About half an hour before tattoo Tom comes into barracks and goes to his room. The corporal has laid his plan for getting him into trouble, by emptying the bucket of clean water fetched in by the man left to answer for Tom. When Tom comes in the corporal is out, and just as Tom has taken off his belt the corporal walks into the room, goes up to the bucket, and says;—"How is this? No water! Who is orderly man?" "I am," cries Tom. "Very well, then, just you fetch a bucket of water, and look sharp about it, for if you don't I will put you somewhere else." "Oh, I'll fetch the water," says Tom, "you need not kick up such a row about it. I dare say you upset the water that was in the bucket, on purpose to have a row." "*Will* you go for the water, and hold your jaw," shouts the corporal in a rage, "or I'll make you." "What! *you'll* make me, will you, you miserable old rat, will you, take *that*, and *that*." By this time some of the men have got hold of Tom, and he is taken to the guard-room in a miserable state of mind, knowing full well what the result will be, viz., a court-martial for striking his superior officer, and two or three years' imprisonment, and his future prospects in the army gone for ever.

Let us now hunt up the men reported absent, and find out how it is they do not go into barracks. There are three of them, we'll say. Two of them are sober, one is drunk, but can walk. They find they are late for "tattoo," so they reason thus:—"If we go in now we shall meet the police sergeant and his party of curs, and our crime will be set out as 'absent from tattoo, brought in by the police, drunk,' for they are sure to say we are all drunk. If we stop out, we can go in in the morning early, and our crime will be only 'absent all night.' What shall it be boys? Stop absent? Yes? Where shall we go? I have no money! Nor have I! — that police, if it were not for them a fellow could go in! What shall we do?" "I'll sell my shirt," says one, "and you can do the same." So the thing is settled, and the three men remain absent, sell their shirts for a night's lodging and drink, are guilty of a serious military offence, and all because they could not get quietly into barracks without being rushed upon, sworn to be drunk, and put in the guard-room, and three "crimes" brought against them the next morning, (1) being absent from tattoo, (2) brought in by police, (3) drunk.

Or, again, a soldier is absent from camp when his regiment is in the field. It is well known in which direction he has gone. The next morning the cattle, horses, &c., are sent out in the same direction. The sergeant of the cattle guard is told to keep a look out for the missing soldier, but not to go near him, but to send two men to see that he goes back into camp. For this order there is this good reason, that the sergeant and the absent man belong to the same company,



and the one has been the cause of the other being tried by court-martial on a former occasion. In fact, the sergeant is known to be "down" upon this particular soldier, and happens to be a nasty sneering little cub besides. Well, in a short time the absentee makes his appearance on the top of the hill. By-and-bye the sergeant "spots" him, goes over to him, and stands in front of him, saying, "Oh, ho, my fine fellow, I have you now, and you will get your dues this time." The man, perhaps, has a stake or a large branch over his shoulder, for firewood, and in a jiffy he raises it up and knocks down the serjeant for his impertinence. He walks on, followed by the sergeant and a couple of his men, into camp. When they arrive there the man turns to his right to go to the guard-tent as a prisoner, when the sergeant starts up and makes another sneering remark. In a minute the bit of wood is tossed from his shoulder and hits somebody, say a corporal, on the nose. There is some confusion. He then picks up stones and throws them at the sergeant, and, of course, is tried for it by court-martial, and six years' imprisonment with hard labour, is his sentence, to say nothing of the loss of a good soldier to the Queen—all through the inquisitive police.

One instance more, and I have done. A soldier gets drunk in the early part of the day, say ten o'clock. He is confined, brought before his commanding officer, and thus addressed (kindly or sternly, according to the style of the officer):—"You were drunk at ten in the morning. Where did you get the drink? Sergeant-major, send for the canteen sergeant." When that individual arrives he is questioned. "Do you know how this man got drunk in the morning so early?" "No, sir," says the canteen sergeant, with an inward shiver, thinking of his profits being taken from him. The prisoner is then kept for one hour in the orderly room, and every sergeant and corporal of his company are rushing about the barracks to find out when, how, and where the prisoner obtained drink. When they have tried all they can, and can't find out what the man drank, where he drank it, how he drank it, and from whom he got it, the prisoner is sent back to the guard-room till the next day, when all these wise men will be just in the same state as they were before, *i.e.*, they don't know. The man will be punished, and several non-commissioned officers sharply reprimanded, leaving the whole of the non-commissioned officers miserable on account of this man's offence. What will be the consequence? They will now be on the alert, and God help the poor wretch who may be caught after this affair with an empty bottle, or even with a smell of liquor in it. That bottle will have to be traced, and its whole history laid before the commanding officer the next day. Most likely it will be traced to one of the women of the regiment, who had a sick child, or who herself, perhaps, may have been ill. What's the result? This poor woman is ordered out of barracks, and struck off the strength of the regiment. Herself and children being separated from husband and father, in all probability the husband will become a drunken sot, the

wife may hold up her head for a time, but we all know what the end will be. Nor will this be all the troublesome consequences caused by this bottle. An order will be issued in secret to search all the women coming into barracks, and report to the orderly-room all with whom liquor is found, so that they too may be packed off out of barracks.

Now to avoid the above and previous so-called "crimes," I would suggest that the recruit should be treated as a rational being, and protected from all injustice and imposition until he is dismissed from recruit's drill.

(1). This could be done by giving him into the charge of a steady old soldier, and make him understand that if his pupil commits himself during the period he is under his wing he will have to answer for him.

(2). Leave the barrack gate open until the last post, and let the soldiers come home in peace.

(3). Order the sergeants of police to remain in barracks, and let the men alone.

(4). Never send out a picket or police after absent men until ten o'clock, giving all that are absent a chance of coming in by themselves.

(5). Never question a man when he comes in late. The man will *not* tell where he has been or what he has been doing.

(6). As for confining him for being "drunk," if the man has run for a distance and can yet walk straight into barracks, he should not be confined, but allowed to pass free.

To many people these may appear small things, but yet they concern the comfort of thousands of able-bodied, robust, and healthy men, who are forced to live an idle life when we are at peace, and a most wretched exhausting life is their lot when we are at war. Discipline, of course, must be maintained, and without drill and obedience the English army never could hold its own against foreign powers; but if I may quote my own experience, soldiers like to have gentlemen for their officers, and expect to be dealt with leniently for the minor military offences—of being out after tattoo, and liking a drop of good beer. What harm can come of a man drinking a pint of ale with his dinner if he can pay for it; or why should he not have free access to the regimental canteen—at reasonable hours—whenever he cares to wet his lips in a quiet and respectable way? If he has no money he must go without luxuries; but a pipe of tobacco and a pot of beer are almost real necessities to military men; nor will they do harm if taken in moderation. I feel assured if soldiers—between six o'clock in the morning and "tattoo" time—were allowed to call at the regimental canteen for anything they could pay for, *cash*, they would avoid excesses in the public-houses, and real drunkenness in the army would sensibly diminish. Of course, this is a question for commanding officers. If they are good fellows, and know the true wants of their men, they may take my word for

it, that a glass of beer at the soldier's dinner-time, and free access to his canteen for a modest wine-glass of *vin ordinaire*, will do no more harm to an English soldier than it is known to do to the French or German, and will make him quite contented with his lot and condition in life. But to treat a man like a child always and to follow him about from pillar to post to see what he is after, and report him for the veriest trifles to his superiors—through over-zealous non-commissioned officers—is just the way to make men disgusted with the army, and force them to get away from it as soon as possible, either by desertion or by buying their discharge. If we see but few old soldiers in the ranks just now, there must be a reason why men do not stay long enough in the army to work out their pensions. Soldiers are said to be great drunkards, and they are known to desert largely ; and it is a very difficult job to persuade them to re-enlist. Must we, then, fall back upon conscription, as in France, to fill the dépôts ? or will it not be found that lively, active young fellows would like to see the world in Her Majesty's service, provided that they were not bullied, and over-drilled, and court-martialed out of all sense of happiness and manly independence, by a parcel of stiffly-starched corporals and sergeants, and martinet colonels and adjutants, with a craze about "drink" ?

In my opinion, when a soldier is confined for an offence, such as disobedience of orders, striking a non-commissioned officer, or any "crime" in fact, the officer commanding the company should *strictly* and *personally* investigate the case, and if he finds that the soldier has not been *really* drunk when the offence was committed he will also find that the soldier has been aggravated and annoyed, until he has lost command of his temper and so committed the offence. On such an occasion I think the officer should confine the non-commissioned officer in fault, and bring *both* before the colonel, or officer commanding the regiment—the non-commissioned officer for aggravating the man, the man for striking or abusing his superior officer ; and so *both* should be punished, and this abominable system of tyranny and petty-oppression put down with a firm, yet gentle, hand. There are some regiments where the men almost adore their officers. They do anything for *real* gentlemen. The reason is not far to seek. Real gentlemen are sympathetic and kind, and put a kindly interpretation upon the actions of others when they can. They spend their money freely, they say the "good word" and do the kind thing in the nick of time, and they detest prying into a man's antecedents. Above all things, they don't go about quoting the Queen's regulations all the day and overlooking the true spirit and *entente cordiale* that ought to prevail between the officers and the men rank and file. If all lieutenant-colonels were gentlemen like the late Hon. Adrian Hope we should hear precious little about desertion in the army.

I, too, have my little plan for re-organizing the army, and I should like to bring it to the notice of Earl Grey or the Duke of Cambridge.

Up to the present time there has been no regular plan for raising the army of England. Regiments owe their origin to the private enterprise of warlike gentlemen or nobles who had the courage and means for raising a troop of horse or a body of servitors in defence of king and country. From time to time different counties have supplied men, and the regiments so raised have been called after their counties. Just as the Scotch Lords headed their clans, so the colonels of the regiments put themselves at the head of the warriors whom they had lured to their sides; and commissions were made out very different to what they are now. In fact, the King was at the head of the army, and gradually they hunted up recruits wherever they could get them. The time has now arrived when I think a better organization could be carried out. By taking the example of the Volunteers, who now muster over 250,000 men, and raising regiments in every county—each of the forty-two counties into which England is divided could furnish an average quota of 5,000 men, more or less—or say eight regiments each for a camp.

To carry out my idea, we would require to raise 180,000 men for foreign service in India and the Colonies; and keep about 20,000 troops at home—for garrison or home service.

At present each regiment has a *depôt*, from which to supply gaps occurring on service; but for obvious reasons if *each county* had an "Instruction *Depôt*," such as that mentioned by Earl Grey in his scheme, no man would be allowed to enter on his period of foreign service until he has acquired the necessary growth and strength, and certainly not until he has reached the age of twenty-two. Now many recruits are enlisted at eighteen or nineteen, and are quite unfit to do hard work. What are you going to do with them in the meantime? I consider his term of foreign service shall only be reckoned after the date of his being pronounced fit for it; and the interim time spent in learning his duties, &c., at the *depôt* or in a garrison town, should be counted up as a portion of his "home" service, so that if after twelve years of actual foreign service he should decide to re-enlist for a further period of six years' "home" service he will then only have to serve three years more, because he has already "put-in" three years of this time before entering upon foreign service at all, *i.e.*, between nineteen and twenty-two, and again between thirty-five and thirty-eight. After this he should be placed on the Reserve, or, if he likes it, continue in the army till he has served twenty-one years in all, and earned his retiring allowance. To make my meaning clearer, no soldier should get more than six years' "home" service; and of this one-half of the time should be precursory to his entering on "foreign" service even though he has enlisted for that alone.

A soldier is never really fit to enter the field until he is about twenty-four years of age, and yet to enlist him at all you must catch him up and train him when he is young. Now if the time spent in doing this is to be deducted from his foreign service, you will not get



more than eight years of real service abroad out of him, and just as he is useful and seasoned he is liable to be sent adrift by the present regulations.

Now if an entrenched camp be found in every county, and all the soldiers raised and instructed there be drafted into regiments named after the counties which raised them, and officered by gentlemen of the county, an *esprit du corps* would soon be raised, which would go far to stop desertion from one regiment to another, because no man would be received into a regiment unless they could trace the fact of his belonging to the county of the regiment wanting his services.

All soldiers returning from "foreign" service should be allowed to join the entrenched camp of the county to which they belong until they are placed on the Reserve.

No soldier should be sent away on foreign service until he is qualified and fully competent for his duties, after probation in the Instruction Depôt of the county camp.

The entrenched camp for each county would thus be the assembly for the whole county, including the Volunteers and local Militia. Here would be taught the young recruits who have voluntarily enlisted for the Queen's shilling; and here it would be easy to feed up and drill the hundreds of homeless orphans who are now prowling about the towns, and who, if properly looked after on shore, might serve for the raw material of an army just as the street Arabs of the *Goliath* and the *Warspite* have been trained up to serve on board ships of war. It would be better to make soldiers of them than to let them grow up to be thieves; and it is wonderful how English boys of twelve or fourteen years develop into strong youths if they get regular meals and are duly sheltered and taught for a few years.

Divisions of troops could be formed and sent to the garrison towns to do duty from each camp. This would fit them all the sooner for foreign station service.

The pay and rations might be increased certainly; but if the restrictions mentioned by me, on the liberty of the soldier could be removed, the army would rapidly become popular in every county and camp attached to it.

At present the British army is not equal to one division of the Continental armies, neither in numbers nor in the bodily strength of the men. The men are too young. They are not properly "set up," and they are not able to march and carry a soldier's full kit, with arms and ammunition. All the talking in the world will not make a good soldier of a man unless he has bone and muscle; and the want of these frequently puts him on the sick-list. More men die from disease than they do from wounds or bullets; and early service means as a rule very short and very poor service for the Queen. If, however, they be sent to Instruction Depôts as I suggest, and both officers and men are raised out of the same county, the entrenched camp would become a capital training ground for the

whole county ; while the young soldiers being near their home and knowing something of the birth and position of their officers would be more content with their lot, and would induce their friends and relations to join them as comrades in the same regiments. The plan has succeeded with Volunteers ; it is worth working out by better heads than mine ; and Earl Grey is welcome to take it for what it is worth.

J. S.

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### *A Maiden's Grave.*

#### I.

We laid her gently in her mother-earth,  
Crowned with the maiden's garland sweet,  
We cast the trophies green, as meet  
To show that death was but the pang of birth.

#### II.

We laid her gently in fair nature's womb,  
Not doubting soon to see the spring  
Of life, when our own risen King  
Shall call all those who love Him from the tomb.

#### III.

We sang in triumph sad sweet songs of peace,  
While yet we stood around the bier,  
While yet we shed the bitter tear ;  
We knew she sang a song that ne'er will cease.

#### IV.

We left her silent in her quiet rest,  
Quiet, not lonely for by her were laid  
Those she had loved and lost ; we said  
She had but gone to join those happy blest ;

#### V.

And more, we left her with her God above ;  
We knew with Him secure to find,—  
When by His Angels He will bind—  
His wheat and ours in Garner of His love.

L.

## Musings—On the Banks of the Bashee.

THIS is Sunday. Here I am on the banks of this playguy river in Kafirland, which, after the treacherous manner of Kafir rivers, has impeded us on our journey already for some days, and threatens to detain us many a day yet longer.

The rainy season here lasts for about four months, namely, from November to March, during which time you can never make sure of a day without rain, nor that any of the numerous and dangerous rivers you may have to encounter will be fordable for a week at a time.

Well, it's Sunday. I'm in a religious frame of mind, and would like to go to church, only I can't—for the good reason that there is not one to go to—unless it is, indeed, Nature's Grand Cathedral, with the blue heavens for its ceiling, the glorious sun for its light, and living trees and creatures for its adornment, more beautiful by far than mortal architect has ever designed or decorative artist ever attempted to carry out. \* \* \*

I meant to have gone on in this thoughtful vein in which I have just begun, but as I am writing on my knees, sitting on a katel in my ox-wagon, with all the usual inconveniences attendant on camp life, I find it very difficult to retain that serenity of mind needful and proper to serious reflection, and still more so to secure that steadiness of hand so necessary to enable one to put one's ideas of such a nature down on paper in legible characters and in an intelligible form. Now—

Just as I was carefully bringing round the finishing curve to that last m in "form," Patjie Windvogel began chopping with an old blunt axe at the hind leg of an unhappy old ox, which was suspended from the side of the wagon, causing my hand and pen to shake and bob about in a manner most ridiculous and provoking to a nervous and irritable man like me, and defying all calculations as to what kind of hieroglyphics I should, quite against my will, be compelled to make next. The fellow has now gone off, exultingly, with a shin and marrow bone which he means to prepare, I suppose, for our next meal. He'll come back in half an hour or so, telling us that "Wittels is up-sare!" which is his stereotyped, primitive, simple, and touching mode of telling us that breakfast is ready. Now just stop and look at that last f in breakfast. I don't, of course, mean in the last meal of that name, but in the written word; its bloated, faulty, and dissipated form is owing to my lively travelling companion jerking and bumping about, and just as I was writing that word he gave me a playful prod in my side with his elbow (of course, quite unintentionally) which caused the malformation mentioned.

I said just now that there was no church, but I was mistaken, for there is one. I am just reminded by sounds I hear; but it's of no use to me though, for I can't understand the language preached or prayed in. The building is not a tin cathedral certainly, such as I hear the Bishop of St. John's means to put up at the Umtata, but a

real punjum one ; in short, a well-formed, though well worn, bell-tent, carried with us for the shelter of our native servants, with some great holes in its sides, which, however, serve the double purpose of windows in fine weather, and at the same time allow the bouquet d'Afrique (which, don't you know, might otherwise be unpleasant) to escape. The preacher is a Kafir from a neighbouring mission station ; the language used is, of course, Kafir, and the audience or congregation about a dozen natives, dressed very decently as things go in this country. Old X is an example to many a white man. His life has been a very chequered one, being a man of very considerable ability, with much energy of character. In the dark days of cruel chieftainship in this country, he is said to have taken an active part in many a cattle-raid, and helped to "eat up" many a fat but inconvenient subject. Now, however, all that is changed, and I believe that he is a thoroughly reformed character, and earnestly bent in season and out of season on doing all the good to his fellow natives in his power. Wherever he is of a Sunday, be it in a hut or tent, or behind a bush, he gathers together all he can find to listen, gives out his hymn, two lines at a time, leads the singing, gives good practical advice in a short sermon, and offers up an impressive and impassioned prayer. The wildest-looking and most untutored savage amongst the listeners has never on the many occasions upon which I have been present acted otherwise than in the most decorous manner during these services. This must and certainly does have a mollifying effect on the natives brought under its influence. To say that the Missionaries have done no good in the country is to say what is untrue and unjust to the men who have devoted their whole lives to the glorious and hery work of Christianizing and civilizing the natives.

S.

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Changed.

I waited one long night, and kept  
 My watch for you while the sun slept.  
 There came no sound along the air,—  
 Save echoes of my heart's one prayer,—  
 Beneath that deep dome where the stars  
 Looked down between such tangled bars  
 As the thin branches, scantily leaved,  
 Laid across heaven's brow, and grieved :  
 And a low whisper, faintly heard,  
 As though one of God's angels stirred  
 The flickering pulses of some string  
 In the night's music with his wing :



And thrice a night-bird's wailing cry :—  
These things I heeded not ;—they lie  
But like the pebbles in a stream,  
Which still remain though flash and gleam  
That marked their falling have gone by.

The stars paled out beside the moon  
Which clomb the dim vault to her noon,  
And, then, grown faint because the sky  
Grew bright to know her lord was nigh,  
Slipped slowly from me, ere the sun  
Was wakened, or the day begun.

And then, betwixt the night and morn,  
There was a sudden sadness born.  
The chill air shivered : and a leaf  
Slid down beside me, dead for grief  
Of the dead summer ; and there crept  
Up from the lower lands a mist  
About the mountain's breast, which kissed  
The cold grey rocks, and broke, and wept.

So, watching if the sun would rise,  
I marked, within the floweret-eyes  
In the bent grass, great tears of dew ;—  
And, then, despite my hope, I knew  
The earth was sad for loss of you.  
For me no gold burned through the grey ;  
No sunshine dawned on me that day ;  
Only, from all the teeming ground,  
While the morn ripened, came such sound  
As you and I both knew so well,—  
But deadened, like a muffled bell,  
And foreign to my ears that knew  
Not how to hear it without you.  
Familiar things we used to see  
Together, had grown strange to me  
Alone ;—yet woke in every place  
The memory of one loved, lost face.

## Some Thoughts on Drink.

IF one might judge from the frequent allusion to the subject from platform and pulpit, from the bench and the press, the curse of intemperance is in a fair way of being thoroughly investigated and removed. Of course there are considerable difficulties in the way of those who would definitely abolish the use of strong drink, and break up the monopolies of sale and production; but we indulge in the hope that before many more years have passed over our heads the use of pure alcohol will be confined to physicians' prescriptions, and none but the lowest of the low remain worshippers of Bacchus. At present the abuse of wine and strong spirits is something frightful to contemplate. In England alone, no less than 270 millions a year is lost to the industrial classes by expenditure in drink, and it is almost impossible to compute the full measure of the losses to genuine trade by this reckless squandering of high wages in the consumption of alcohol, as distinguished from other luxuries.

We can scarcely turn over the pages of any magazine or paper without perceiving how prone men's minds are just now to denounce the evils of a drinking system, and its many demands upon our pockets, our tempers, our constitution, and our physical and moral health. The subject has been worn to death by jokers like Sir Wilfred Lawson, and sensational orators like John Gough. It has been turned into ridicule by Cruikshank, and exposed by the scientific researches of Dr. Richardson; and it now remains for the men and women of every orderly community to make it a test of principle and of social prosperity that they abstain from the use of strong drinks to the utmost of their power!

By the term "drinking system," a recent writer on this theme, comprehends whatever is concerned in the production, circulation, and consumption of intoxicating drink with all the consequences direct and indirect. Taking this as our definition also, we propose to say a few words on the physiological bearing of alcohol taken as a food, as a stimulant, and as a considerable factor in the production of brain and spinal diseases. That intoxicating drinks are not a necessity may be gathered from the fact that whole nations in various parts of the world pass through life without them. "If they are in any degree beneficial to health," writes Mr. Whittaker; "if they assist any part of the system in the discharge of its functions, if they contribute to any appreciable extent to keep our bodies or minds in proper working condition, either by direct assistance, or by protecting them from injury, it must follow that any one who is deprived of these liquids, or who is not provided with a substitute for them, must be so much the worse in proportion to the benefit to be derived from them. Nothing can be a benefit of which it is no loss to be deprived. In England and Scotland hundreds of thousands of people, chiefly females and children, do not drink intoxicating liquors,

nor are they provided with a substitute, yet it has never been proved that they are, in consequence of their non-use of these liquors, in any way, morally or physically, incapacitated for the discharge of all the duties of life." On the contrary, it has been stated by Mr. Brassey, that the total abstainer among navvies is stronger than the ordinary workman on his railway lines; and that, compared with those who do use the drinks, even in what is called "a proper way," they are the healthier, the less injurious, and the more moral citizens. They suffer less from sickness and disease, they are longer lived, and their names are far less frequently, if ever, found in the list of those who are known as our pauper and criminal classes.

There can be no doubt about it that drinking causes poverty. People waste not only their money on drink, but also their time in drinking; a man spends sixpence on drink, and he will waste as much time over it as he could have earned another sixpence in. It indisposes men for work by bringing them into association with idle, dissolute companions, disease is promulgated and accidents are caused by it—a father or a son is laid aside and killed, and families are thus reduced to poverty. If it be so in England, what are the evil consequences in South Africa where "Cape smoke" is so largely consumed, and where it is next to impossible to get men to work with any regularity unless they are allowed to drink as often as they please? Fully one-half of working-men's wages are wasted in drink. The higher their wages, and the greater the demand for skilled labour, the more do they indulge in the drinking system. In fact, they only labour that they may have the means of soaking their clay, while their wives are forced to find the clothes and meat out of their paltry earnings and savings. In the report presented to the Convocation of Canterbury, by the Committee on Intemperance (1869), the testimony of 119 governors of workhouses is quoted. Of this number, eighty state the proportion of pauperism that they consider to be the result of intemperance; not one gives it lower than one-half, and the average estimate is 73 per cent. or over ten millions a year.

Drinking promotes crime. It leads to crimes of violence by exciting men's brutal passions, and throwing them into evil associations. It causes dishonesty by pauperising the drinker, and creating within him an appetite for that which money alone can buy. The steps from drinking to poverty, gambling and dishonesty are frequently short and quick. "Our judges and magistrates, superintendents of police, and governors and chaplains of prisons," says Mr. Whittaker, "unite in testifying that almost every criminal that passes through their hands, owes his or her degradation to the temptations and associations of the public-house. The connection between drink and crime is also clearly shown by the fact that whenever the sale of drink has been restricted, either by prohibiting distillation, or by increasing the duty, and consequently enhancing the price, or by shortening hours of sale, or otherwise limiting the facilities for obtaining it; the number of charges and committals for crime have corres-

pondingly decreased. The cost to the country of crime owing to intemperance is nine millions a year. This expenditure impoverishes the country, and decreases the demand for labour."

It looks, however, like flogging a dead horse, to give further proof of the evils flowing from indulgence in stimulants, or to moralize on the degrading associations connected with habitual intemperance. Every doctor knows that drinking is the main cause of insanity, sapping the vigour of the brain and enfeebling the circulation, and that alcohol exerts a different influence on nervous structure and brain tissue in life to what it does after death. If we would wish to preserve a museum specimen we naturally harden it in spirits; but if we wish to soften the brain we have only to keep on drinking to excess, and sooner or later we shall have our wish gratified. Thus mental power, physical strength, and length of life are directly reduced by drink.

Next there is the loss of labour and time through drinking; and in estimating this, account has to be taken, writes Mr. Whittaker, not only of the loss of labour of the man while he is drinking, but also the loss which employers and others suffer through his being "off work;" and also of the loss through the reduced quantity and inferior quality of the work he will ordinarily do, in consequence of his drinking habits. Whole works and valuable machinery are often kept standing for days by the want of a piece of machinery or some repairs that cannot be completed, simply because the man who is required to do the job is on a drinking bout. Valuable work is frequently entirely wasted by workmen going off drinking at critical moments when it is absolutely necessary that the articles should be finished or they spoil.

It would not be very difficult to prove from the experience of Cape Town employers of skilled labour how very annoying and vexatious is the loss imposed upon them by the first day of the week being literally converted into "Black Monday" by their idle apprentices. From the earliest dawn the sounds of fiddles and drums proclaim the mood in which these coloured gentry intend to spend their weekly holiday. Having fuddled themselves with beer and wine on Saturday, they have tried to sleep off their debauch on Sunday only to thoroughly relax their energies on Monday—and turn to business on Tuesday, and Wednesday, and Thursday, being, of course, too pious to do other than say their prayers on Friday. Thus, the so-called Malay workman has a very easy time of it; and the wagon and coach factories, and the masons, and carpenters, and tailors of the town, have to patiently wait till their smiths and assistants choose to come to their work after their spree is over. The wages now earned by the labouring classes are exceptionally high. The work done by them is usually coarse and bad; while some of the worn-out old coolies and "dodderds" will not even condescend to undertake a chance job, unless they are paid ahead. If you wish to send a message or a parcel in a hurry, you will, in Cape Town, have to pay



a shilling at least to the bearer, while to load or unload a wagon, to beat a carpet, to cut up forage, or in any way to give casual assistance when called upon, the common coolies insist upon being paid three to four shillings for their trouble. Thus the labourers are not in want of employ, and need not live in miserable hovels out here, and yet what are their surroundings, and what do they do with all their money? The prison and house of correction are full of big hulking men and women, who are not in any way overwhelmed with shame at their position, and in only too many cases they have been sent there because they have been drunk and disorderly.

In a series of lectures lately delivered before the Society of Arts, by Dr. Benjamin Richardson, an attempt has been made to invite the general public to practice temperance, not by throwing ridicule on those who drink to excess, but by showing what are the exact physiological results of abstaining from the use of alcohol. To this end he instituted a series of experiments on the action of Butylic alcohol, a heavy fluid obtained from what is called fractional distillation, that is, by distillation of it at certain fixed temperatures, from fusel oil, or oil of beet-root, or from molasses after distillation of Methylic spirit. But we shall let the learned lecturer speak for himself:—

“The action of Butylic alcohol on the animal body is divisible into four stages, the same as we have seen in respect to Methylic spirit, but the period required for producing the different stages is greatly prolonged; and when the third stage, that of complete insensibility, is reached, there is added a new phenomenon which does not belong to any of the lighter alcohols. In this third degree, after the temperature of the body is depressed to the minimum by Butylic spirit, distinct tremors occur throughout the whole of the muscular system. These come on at regular intervals, spontaneously, but they can be excited by a touch at any time, and in the intervals when they are absent there is frequent twitching of the muscles. The tremors themselves are not positively muscular contractions, but are rather vibrations or wave-like motions through the muscles, and are attended with an extreme deficiency of true contractile power in the muscular fibre. An electrical current passed through the muscles which would in health throw them into rigid contractions, will now excite the tremors and keep them proceeding, but will not excite complete contraction. So long as the tremors are present the temperature of the body is depressed, falling even half a degree; but when they cease the temperature rises again, not to the natural standard, but to or near that which existed before the tremors were excited. One fact of singular significance attaches itself to these muscular tremors. They are the tremors which occur in man during the stage of alcoholic discharge, when there is set up that malady to which we give the name of *delirium tremens*.”

We shall spare our readers many professional details as to the cause of these tremors, and pass on to the influence of common alcohol on animal life. “Exalted by heat into the form of vapour

it may be inhaled by man or animal, when it will penetrate into the lungs, will diffuse through the bronchial tubes, will pass into the minute air vesicles of the lungs, will travel through the minute circulation with the blood that is going over the air vesicles to the heart, will condense in that blood, will go direct to the left side of the heart, thence into the arterial channels, and so throughout the body. Or, again, the spirit can be taken in by the more ordinary channel—the stomach. Thus, in whatever way the alcohol is introduced it enters the blood; the shortest way is that by inhalation, the longest and most ordinary way is by the stomach.”

“Suppose, then, a certain measure of alcohol be taken into the stomach, it will be absorbed there; but, previous to absorption, it will have to undergo a proper degree of dilution with water, for there is this peculiarity respecting alcohol when it is separated by an animal membrane from a watery fluid like the blood, that it will not pass through the membrane until it has become charged, to a given point of dilution, with water. It is itself, in fact, so greedy for water, it will pick it up from watery textures, and deprive them of it until, by its saturation, its power of reception is exhausted, after which it will diffuse into the current of circulating fluid.”

To demonstrate the absorption of alcohol by the body and its diffusion through the organism, as well as its action on the blood, and the nervous systems of the body, Dr. Richardson gives elaborate experiments, which it is out of our power to reproduce; but the gist of his physiological argument is this—that the addition of water to alcohol quenches its systematic absorption, and that if we do not dilute it sufficiently before drinking, it is diluted in the stomach by transudation of water in the stomach until the required reduction for its absorption, at the expense of contiguous tissues. Tracing the course of alcohol in its round through the body before its consumption, the lecturer insists upon it that it is carried by the blood into every minute portion of the body, and that brain, muscles, secreting and excreting organs have their share of it; so that when the alcohol enters the blood it comes in contact with the watery fibrine, albumen, salts, fatty matter, and corpuscles, and if it be in sufficient quantity, produces disturbing action. By means of the microscope this fact can be shown to any class.

Passing now from the physical action of alcohol on the blood, Dr. Richardson proceeds to point out the existence of two distinct nervous systems in the body—the one called the system of organic or vegetative animal life, governing all those motions which are purely involuntary, the other volitional and directly under the influence of the will. Thus man has two nervous systems, the primary nervous chain, and the added centres with their fibres. The two systems are connected by their fibres in different parts; but they are still distinct, both anatomically and functionally. “Keep in mind the two nervous systems, and add to the remembrance this one additional fact that all those minute blood vessels at the extremities of

the circulation are under the control of the primary or organic nervous supply. Branches of nerves from these organic centres accompany every arterial vessel throughout the body to its termination, and without direction from our will regulate the contraction and dilation of the blood vessels to their most refined distribution."

"When certain simple physical impressions are made upon the organic nerves, the disturbance of their supply is indicated by distant phenomena, and the blush which mantles and the pallor which overspreads the cheek under the influence of mental emotion or shock are phenomena of this order.

"I can bring to your notice an experiment, showing the production of paralysis and of all the phenomena above quoted by the mere action of cold upon the organic nervous fibre. By evaporating ether from the back of my hand quickly, I can freeze the skin, and thereby produce paralysis. I take the ether away, and now into the paralysed vessels, which are capable of offering no efficient resistance, the blood rushes, distending the vessels, remaining for a moment stagnant in them, and giving a brilliant red colour or crimson blush over the part. I feel in this part the glow commonly called hotache, —it is the blush which occurs on the cheek, and it is from the same physiological condition."

It is on this property of alcohol to induce paralysis of the minute blood vessels and allow them to become diluted with the flowing blood, that many of the progressive stages of over-indulgence at table may be said to depend. First, the eye brightens, the face begins to get flushed, and the voice is more resonant—phenomena common enough, but due to the reduction of nervous control—in the early stages of vascular excitement after drink.

"The action of the alcohol extending so far does not stop there. With the disturbance of power in the extreme vessels, more disturbance is set up in other organs, and the first organ that shares in it is the heart. With each beat of the heart a certain degree of resistance is offered by the vessels when their nervous supply is perfect, and the stroke of the heart is moderated in respect both to tension and to time. But when the vessels are rendered relaxed, the resistance is removed, the heart begins to run quicker, like a watch from which the pallets have been removed, and the heart-stroke, losing nothing in force, is greatly increased in frequency, with a weakened recoil stroke."

According to the researches of Dr. Parkes, of Netley, and the late Count Wollowicz, the average number of beats of the heart in twenty-four hours in individuals only drinking water was 106,000, while the same subjects when gradually dosed with alcohol in increasing quantities, increased their rate of pulse from 21,000 to 25,000 more a day. Thus, to take these figures on the ninth day of experiment, with the addition of one fluid ounce of alcohol to the diet of a water drinker, the heart beats 4,300 times more.

On the 10th day, with 2 ounces, 8,172 times more.

|      |   |   |   |        |   |
|------|---|---|---|--------|---|
| 11th | „ | 4 | „ | 12,960 | „ |
| 12th | „ | 6 | „ | 18,432 | „ |
| 13th | „ | 8 | „ | 23,904 | „ |
| 14th | „ | 8 | „ | 25,488 | „ |

Admitting that each beat of the heart was as strong during the alcoholic period as in the water period (and it was really more powerful), the heart on the last two days of alcohol was doing one-fifth more work !

Here are facts for Good Templars and total abstinence men taken from the armouries and quivers of first-class inquirers and men of science, who cannot be laughed out of court by followers of Bacchus. But there is more truth to come.

“The stage of primary excitement of the circulation thus induced lasts for a considerable time, but at length the heart flags from its own action, and requires the stimulus of more spirit to carry it on in its work. Let us take what we may call a moderate amount of alcohol, say two ounces by volume, in form of wine, or beer, or spirits. What is called strong sherry or port may contain as much as twenty-five per cent. by volume, brandy over fifty, gin thirty-eight, rum forty-eight, whisky forty-three, vin ordinaire eight ; strong ale fourteen, champagne ten to twelve—it matters not which, if the quantity of alcohol be regulated by the amount present in the liquor imbibed. When we reach the two ounces, a distinct physiological effect follows, leading on to that first stage of excitement with which we are now conversant.”

In other words—if our systems can stand two ounces of alcohol with impunity, we shall be at liberty to drink eight ounces of sherry or port, four ounces of good brandy, ten of gin, four and a half of rum and whiskey, fifteen of strong ale, twenty-seven of vin ordinaire, and about thirty ounces of champagne, according as our tastes and pockets vary. If we take more than this, there will be excess, and mischief will follow upon the free use of alcohol. To return to our author, let us take his illustration of how vital organs are congested by alcohol :—

“By common observation the flush seen on the cheek during the first stage of alcoholic excitation is presumed to extend merely to the parts actually exposed to view. It cannot, however, be too forcibly impressed that the condition is universal in the body. If the lungs could be seen they too would be found with their vessels injected ; if the brain and spinal cord could be laid open to view they would be discovered in the same condition ; if the stomach, liver, the spleen, kidneys, or any other vascular organs or parts could be exposed, the vascular engorgement would be equally manifest.

“The action of alcohol continued beyond the first stage, the functions of the spinal cord is influenced. Through this part of the nervous system we are accustomed in health to perform automatic



acts of a mechanical kind, which proceed systematically even when we are thinking or speaking on other subjects. Under alcohol, as the spinal centres become influenced, these pure automatic acts cease to be correctly carried on. The nervous control of certain of the muscles is lost, and the nervous stimulus is more or less enfeebled. The muscles of the lower lip in the human subject usually fail first of all, then the muscles of the lower limbs, and it is worthy of remark that the extensor muscles give way earlier than the flexors." "This modification of the animal functions under alcohol marks the second degree of its action. In young subjects there is now, usually, vomiting with faintness, followed by gradual relief from the burden of the poison."

The alcoholic spirit carried yet a further degree, the brain centres become influenced, and the controlling powers of will and judgment are lost. The rational part of the nature of the man gives way before the emotional or organic part. The reason is in abeyance, and all the more animal instincts and sentiments are laid recklessly bare. The man is drunk: the reason, the emotions and the instincts are all in a state of carnival and in chaotic feebleness.

Finally, if more alcohol be pumped into this drunken mass of humanity, the senses are beclouded, the voluntary muscular prostration is perfected, sensibility is lost, and the body lies a mere log, dead and paralysed by all but one-fourth, on which alone its life hangs. The heart still remains true to its duty, and while it just lives it feeds the breathing power. And so the circulation and the respiration in the otherwise inert mass keeps the mass within the bare domain of life until the poison begins to pass away, and the nervous centres begin to revive again.

Such is a physiological outline of the primary action of alcohol on those who may be said to be as yet unaccustomed to it, or who have not yet fallen into a fixed habit of taking it. It needs no very great acuteness to foretell that if the habit be continuous, as a source of pleasure and enjoyment, it rapidly gives rise to destruction of internal organs, and consequent loss of health, strength, character, and physical happiness.

All the evidence of a general kind which can be gathered from these observations point to the utter uselessness for man of such an agent as alcohol. It is not a food, it is not a necessity, it is a delightful poison, of which the luxury rapidly degenerates into a curse and a torture.

"Alcohol contains no nitrogen: it has none of the qualities of structure-building foods; it is incapable of being transformed into any one of them: it is therefore not a food in the sense of its being a constructive agent in the building up of the body; but from its great affinity for water and its paralysing and congestive action in the minute capillary circulation is a most destructive agent in the process of physical decay."

We now approach the subject of alcohol as a factor in the genera-

tion of heat and its disposal in the organism. On this subject, Dr. Richardson speaks with no uncertain sound :—

“ Throughout the whole of the vast sheet of the minute circulation there is ever in progress, during life, a process of slow oxidation of carbon and hydrogen, by which heat is produced, and carbonic acid and water are produced. The heat is proved by the animal warmth which is ever present in our bodies while we live : the carbonic acid and water, as products, are proved by their continued presence in the secretion from the lungs, skin, and other organs.

“ Alcohol, we have seen, is carried by the blood into this minute circulation. Is it possible it can pass through that ordeal and undergo no chemical change? If it does undergo any change, what is its nature? Until the experiments of Lallemand and Perrin, it was generally held that the alcohol taken into the body is consumed there with the evolution of heat—that apparently follows upon the imbibition of spirits ; but these observers first started the view that in cases of death by alcoholic poisoning the odour of alcohol detected in the nervous tissues at the post-mortem examinations was a proof of alcohol remaining in the organism under certain circumstances without undergoing any change at all. From the results of many experiments, they came to the conclusion that alcohol taken into the living body accumulates in the tissues, especially in the liver and in the brain, and that it is eliminated by the fluid secretions, notably in the urine, as alcohol.” Since then, however, a most distinguished physician, the late Dr. Anstie, and Drs. Thudichum and Richardson, have clearly made out that the quantity of alcohol eliminated by the renal secretions is but a fraction of the spirit that has been injected. In the words of these gentlemen :—“ We are driven by the evidence now before us to the certain conclusion that in the animal body alcohol is decomposed ; that is to say, that a certain portion is transmutable into new compounds ; that a certain portion is lost in the organism, and that a portion of it appears in the fluid secretions when submitted to alcoholic test.” This conclusion leads to a further inquiry—Does alcohol cause increase of animal heat, and is alcohol a food or a stimulus?

We have the authority of Dr. Richardson for saying that its effect on animal temperature, is at first to slightly raise it, and then to depress it below the natural standard. In experimenting upon the human subject in health and in various stages of alcoholic diseases, the same conclusion was arrived at, viz., that in the first stage of vascular excitement, the external temperature was raised by about half a degree, with relaxation and injection of the blood vessels of the minute circulation as already pointed out. In the confirmed drunkard where the cutaneous vessels are readily engorged, the thermometer will run up a degree and a half, and the object will feel a warm glow.

But this glow or heat is not due to the combustion of alcohol. It is, in fact, a process of cooling, owing to the unfolding of the larger

sheet of warm blood, stagnating in the paralyzed capillary vessels, and from the quicker radiation of heat from that larger surface. "During this stage, which is comparatively brief, the internal temperature is declining, the expired air from the lungs is indicating, not an increase, but the first period of reduction in the amount of carbonic acid, and the reddened surface of the body is so reduced in tonicity that cold applied to it *increases the suffusion*. It is this most deceptive stage that led the older observers into the error that alcohol warms the body."

In the second stage, the temperature first comes down to its natural standard, and then declines below what is natural. In this stage there is some excitement with muscular inability and deficient automatic control.

In the third stage of rambling, incoherent emotional excitement, with loss of voluntary muscular power, and ending in helpless unconsciousness—the fall of temperature rapidly increases from two to three degrees or more; and as the fourth stage is approached it reaches a decline that becomes actually dangerous, accompanied as it usually is with profound sleep or coma.

In the fourth, or final stage, the heart itself begins to fail, and death closes the scene if not attended to in time.

From this, the author under review deduces the practical importance of distinguishing between the sleep of apoplexy and the sleep of drunkenness, by marking the difference in temperature. In apoplexy the heat of the body is above, in drunkenness below the natural standard of  $98^{\circ}$ .

As there is a decrease of temperature from alcohol, so there is proportionally a decrease in the amount of the natural products of the combustion of the body. The quantity of carbonic acid exhaled by the breath is proportionately diminished with the decline of the animal heat, and may be roughly stated to be about one-third below the natural standard.

"We are landed then at last on this basis of knowledge: An agent that will burn and give forth heat and product of combustion outside the body, and which is obviously decomposed within the body, reduces the animal temperature, and prevents the yield of so much product of combustion as is actually natural to the organic life.

"What is the inference? It is that the alcohol is not burned after the manner of a food which supports animal combustion; but that it is decomposed into secondary products, by oxidation, at the expense of the oxygen which ought to be applied for the natural heating of the body!"

It would be idle to say that these copious extracts from thoughtful writers are intended to exhaust the subject of the physiological consequences of imbibing alcohol as a regular drink, but they are well calculated to draw our attention to the literature of the subject, and make us open our eyes to the waywardness of modern table traits. Leaving theoretical points of inquiry, to revert to the practical, it

seems to us that Dr. Richardson has conclusively shown that alcohol cannot, by any ingenuity of excuse for it, be classified amongst the foods of man. It neither supplies matter for construction nor heat. On the contrary, it injures construction, and it reduces temperature.

The Hygienic lessons to be learned from these inquiries amount to this, that the best way to promote recovery from overdose of alcohol is to apply external warmth; and that if you are cold and weary, tea or coffee with plenty of warm milk will rapidly raise the temperature and brace up the tired nerves and muscles.

In the treatment of *delirium tremens* there cannot be a more fatal error than to administer so-called stimulants. Rest, warmth, with simple diluents, and nutritive fluids like milk or beef tea, are infinitely safer and within the reach of all.

In conclusion, we make no apology for directing the attention of the medical faculty here to the very great influence that their mode of dealing with the question of alcoholic poisoning has upon the consumption of alcohol as ordinary drink. Doctors are too fond of prescribing stimulants by rule of thumb, instead of strictly prescribing alcohol as a medicine to the extent of producing arterial relaxation, and of setting the heart at liberty to perform an increased series of motive contractions. The habit of drinking what is called "moderately" is in itself a social evil. "Continued daily it induces a new physiological and altogether unnatural condition in which the sense of acquired necessity enforces desire, until at last the spirit is made to become a positive requirement of the organic and mental life. Every extra effort must be preceded by the resort to the stimulant. Every prolonged weariness must be relieved by the same measure; but when the effect of the stimulant has speedily subsided, there is left a greater exhaustion than before. Up to the age of thirty, a man may, with care, drain the social glass now and again, and not be the worse for it; but when the body is fully developed, when the extra vital capacity which attended youth is expended in growth and development, when all the organs have assumed their full size and activity, and when the balance of secretion is so nicely set in all parts that not one secretion can be disturbed without a disturbance of the whole; when the spring of the elastic tissues is reduced, when the lungs cannot fail ever so little in their function of throwing off the gaseous product of combustion without a vicarious extension of gases into the alimentary canal, when the completed organic moving parts become encumbered with fatty matter interposed between them or laid out around them, then the effect of alcoholic spirit begins to be realized. The fluid is now retained longer in the living house; is decomposed less quickly, is thrown out by primary or secondary eliminations less speedily."

If we would know more specifically what are the deteriorations of the flesh to which we become subject, we have only to apply to any fairly educated physician and he will tell us that the nerves, the brain, the stomach, the heart, the kidneys, and the liver are all



pecially liable to be sapped and undermined by the use or abuse of alcoholic drinks. Dyspepsia, sleeplessness, nervous derangement, cutaneous eruptions, and alcoholic phthisis; with inflamed livers, softening of the brain and *delirium tremens*, have one common progenitor, and are not to be cured by the common pill or potion. We must leave quackery of this sort to Morrison or Holloway; but if we would test the strength of our principles and gauge the quality of our vital organs, let us stick to bland fluids like water or milk, and see where they will land us in old age. It only needs a fair trial,—and scientific investigators are doing more for the welfare of posterity by proving the goodness and harmlessness of water as the common and natural beverage of all created things, than by discovering new worlds or new articles of diet. If after these plain and practical lectures now publishing in the *Lancet*, the professional men of our day can still snap their fingers at those who practice temperance and eschew strong drink in any form, they must indeed be deaf to all inquiry and to all reasoning power. Their duty it is to battle with disease in every form and to trace it out from the humblest origin; but between mysterious derangements of our bodies and absolute direct violation of the first principles of morality and Christianity, there ought to be a wide gulf fixed by them. Anxious inquirers are probing many secrets of the human laboratory and are doing good in many ways; but no discovery could more happily affect the well-being of mankind than to re-discover the true principles of health, and to cause us to live more freely than we do on the kindly fruits of this earth, and to quench our thirst at springs that have been running for our benefit ever since the world began. If we love our glass, it is because we crave to steep our senses in oblivion, and try to shut out care and worry with a pleasant taste on our palate. The world goes round—the wheels of life spin faster—there is excitement and ruin before us, health and happiness are left behind; but what is the goal, and at what a cost do we ride! Our prisons and churchyards are not for the vicious and the worn out alone. Here come our young men and maidens and our servants and our children, and “the trail of the serpent is over them all.” Is it a theme upon which to jeer or to moralise? The Demon Alcohol is the idol of all civilized communities; and before his altars and shrines more lives are sacrificed and more innocents offered up than plague, pestilence, and famine have stricken down in the days of old, or battle, murder, and sudden death have removed out of this fair and beautiful world. It is right that an English Archbishop should lead a crusade against the modern Baal, “but will we care to follow if Astur leads the way”?

## Our Hunting Excursion.

A FRAGMENT.\*

Beyond green Boschberg comes a change of scene,—

The kloofs are treeless and the mountains bare ;  
Guarrie and speckboom make some spots look green,  
And other shrubs that spring up here and there ;  
But grass is scarce, and rarely to be seen,

Though stock grow fat upon these pastures spare ;  
You'd say the farms were hardly worth a button,  
And yet there's lots of meal and beef and mutton.

On Bruintje's Hooghte, as you take your stand,  
And look beyond the "Slot van Camdeboo,"†  
You see a wilderness ! much like the land

That Moses led the Hebrew wanderers through ;  
And though the mountain scenery is grand,  
"Distance lends *no* enchantment to the view :"  
If Israel's lot was like what this appears,  
I wonder how they stood it "forty years."

We crossed the Blye, the Vogel, and Milk rivers,  
Where little milk or water can be found,  
Then reached the Tandjees Berg. If you should ever,  
When wandering, come upon this self-same ground,  
You will admire this mountain, or you never  
Need look upon the scenery around ;  
For here the Mighty Architect has piled  
The rocks in shapes fantastically wild.

I love to look on such a mountain scene ;  
From early childhood I have wandered where  
The forest rears its boughs of evergreen,  
And sweet wild flowers scent the wilder air ;  
Where insects glitter and the bee hath been  
To gather honey from the blossoms fair ;  
Or strayed upon the shore when wild winds rave,  
And watched the roll of ocean's stormy wave.

\* From a [rhyming epistle descriptive of a Shooting Excursion, made beyond the Orange River in 1847, by the brothers Bowker.—ED. C. M. M.

† The end of the Karoo Flats, westward of Bruintje's Hooghte.

Beneath the bright and burning sun we pass'd,  
 On the hot road across the desert brown ;  
 Next reached the Sundays River, and at last  
 Arrived in Graaff-Reinet—a smoking town.  
 The country round it seems a dreary waste,  
 Or barren wilderness ; the hills look down  
 Upon the place ; the scorching sun shines bright  
 All day upon it, and the moon by night.

Here at their doors the inhabitants are seen  
 Smoking tobacco ; from their pipes ascend  
 A cloud of smoke ; sometimes, the puffs between,  
 They give a nod unto a passing friend,  
 Then puff, and to diversify the scene,  
 Their pipes are stopping with their finger's end ;  
 Or sleep away the midday hours, when  
 Nothing's astir but dogs and Englishmen.

Some days we halted, then we travelled on,  
 No great inducement offering to stay,  
 Except to rest our cattle ; this is one  
 That on a journey causes no delay.  
 We used to travel when the sun was gone ;  
 Progressing thus a little day by day,  
 We got to Colesberg, which is, I must say,  
 The queerest place we came to by the way.

Built in a hole, the hills they stand around,  
 As stand the hills about Jerusalem ;  
 But here the olive tree does not abound—  
 The “besom bosches” grow instead of them.  
 Here it is said the Bushmen once were found,  
 Though here's few bushes. I shall not condemn  
 The place, but feel for those who here reside—  
 In winter frosted, and in summer fried.

It seems a most extraordinary place  
 In which to build a town, but then all know  
 Water's not always found in open space ;  
 Though how in future days the town's to grow

It's hard to tell ; they'll have a job to raise  
A decent one—its sunk so very low ;  
It may extend, like to the old cow's tail,  
By growing downward, lower down the vale.

Beyond the Orange we found endless plains—  
Or nearly so—they are not endless quite.  
In looking over them the eye it pains,  
And shuts for ease, they stretch beyond the sight.  
Here the wolf howls; here native wildness reigns,  
And fearful noises may be heard at night ;  
The fields with game are thickly scattered o'er,  
“ And midnight listens to the lion's roar.”

Which, after all, is not so very loud,  
And not to be compared to distant thunder,  
Or wild wind's wailing when the forest's bowed,  
Or cannons roar, that almost splits asunder  
Your ears ; but a good deal must be allowed  
For those astray at night—it's then no wonder,  
When trembling with fear at every sound,  
They think the lion's roar should shake the ground.

Here by the fountain-side the wand'ring Boer,  
Outspans his wagon and erects a home ;  
Though he has many hardships to endure,  
He braves them all in hopes the time may come  
When he no more will have to follow “ spoor,”  
And sheep and cattle may in safety roam,  
When Kafir wars and plundering may cease,  
And he may live and also “ die in peace.”

O'er the wide plain, on on without a tree,  
And scarce a flower to glad the weary eye,  
Whilst the grass waves like corn upon the lea,  
And here and there a cloud in the blue sky  
Goes sailing onward ; game ran wild and free,  
While flocks and herds were sometimes feeding by  
The way, among the wilder beasts of chase,  
Which unto me seemed strangely out of place.



One evening, when the sun was getting low,  
The leader came to say that there had been  
An animal—though what he did not know—  
Coming towards the oxen on the green,  
Sneaking in the tall grass, and creeping low ;  
He came, as though he wished not to be seen;  
So Plaatje thought it was not safe to stay,  
And he brought the cattle and himself away.

We had but just come in from hunting round;  
The horses they were feeding close beside;  
So it did not take long, ere we were found  
All armed and mounted, and prepared to ride.  
Then quickly galloping across the ground,  
And taking Plaatje with us for a guide,  
We found the lion, who at once began  
To run—few creatures like the looks of man.

He ran away, unto a koppie near,  
Covered with rocks and bush, in which he made  
A sort of fortress, as it would appear,  
From whence he often had the fields surveyed.  
Quickly we dismounted, for it now was clear  
To give us battle there the lion stayed  
Upon the koppie, and for deadly strife  
He seemed prepared, to fight us for his life.

There, glaring fiercely round, the lion stood,  
When a shot struck him that did slightly wound ;  
Then on he came at once, in furious mood,  
Clearing the rocks and bush with mighty bound.  
We cared not for him as our guns were good.  
A shot from one here laid him on the ground.  
We thought him killed, but then a second spring  
Made us aware that he was no such thing.

Alighting on his feet the lion got  
Quite close before us, and stood face to face  
A moment, when we fired another shot,  
That at once checked him in his headlong pace

And sent him rolling over on the spot ;  
We all concluded he had run his race,  
When turning slowly round upon his track,  
He limped off bleeding to the koppie back.

He might have been prevented getting there ;  
But at the moment no one felt inclined  
To shoot him thus—we wished to kill him fair,  
And not to slay him with a shot behind.  
He'd rushed upon us boldly from his lair,  
So to the bush again we let him find  
His way and thought he then might safely lie,  
And breathe his last—we knew that he must die.

There he lay still, and all that we could do  
Would not arouse him, so some stones were thrown ;  
Then in the bush we fired a shot or two,  
But nothing save a growl—much like a groan—  
Was heard. It now was late, and evening threw  
Dark'ning shades round us, and so all alone  
We left him wounded sore, and rode away,  
To come again with the return of day.

Next morning we were up without delay,  
Took early coffee and were off again,  
Through the bright dew that in the morning ray,  
Like glittering diamonds covered all the plain;  
Then reached the koppie of our evening fray,  
Where rocks and grass showed many a sanguine stain—  
These we could plainly trace in searching round ;  
Beyond these traces nothing could be found.

Leaving the bush we sought for him outside,  
And there beside a rock we found him lying,  
Stiff from his wounds ; to rise again he tried,  
But all in vain his efforts—he was dying.  
I need not tell you here how soon he died,  
That he died quickly there is no denying ;  
We placed him on a horse's back, and then  
Rode slowly to the wagon back again.

It's quite exciting work to kill a lion—

At least it was exciting work to me—  
And if you are not cool it's no use trying

To do the thing—you'd better let it be ;  
For a roused lion seldom thinks of flying,

But fights it out. In this way two or three  
Were killed ; we shot them as they rushed upon us,  
Or they some serious damage would have done us.

It takes some nerve, or even more than that,

When he comes rushing with a mighty bound,  
Half flying, as he sweeps along the flat,

Clearing at every leap no end of ground.  
It's you or he ; so you must " kill the cat,"

Or you no longer will be safe or sound ;  
And if not killed, it takes no end of patching,  
To mend again a lion's bites and scratching.

There is an end of all things here below.

The time had come to think of our return ;  
So back again we straight prepared to go.

We called at Bloemfontein and there did learn  
From letters that were sent to let us know,

Peace was proclaimed, and that to Craigieburn,  
We could return, as other farming neighbours  
Had done, and once more recommence our labours.

Blesboks we shot, and many wildebeest

And other creatures, fell to us a prey ;  
Jackals and wolves were given as a feast

Unto the vultures that from day to day  
Flew over us—some hundreds at the least,

We daily fed—until we went our way  
Back to rebuild our homes, from whence we came,  
Leaving the Wild Land and its wilder game.

R. M. B.



## Extraordinary Hairbreadth Escapes.

### A FRAGMENT OF FRONTIER HISTORY.

THE year of grace 1851, must be regarded as one of the darkest and most trying epochs in the history of the Eastern Province. It is rendered memorable, not simply by an inburst of barbarian Kafirs, but by a treacherous rising of the coloured classes located, adjoining to them, within the colonial border. Sir Harry Smith, then Governor of the Colony, with all his admitted dash and sagacity, was taken completely by surprise ; and at the very outset of his endeavours to quell the disturbance, he himself only escaped capture by the fleetness of his horse and the darkness of night, under cover of which he scoured the plains between Fort Cox, in which he had been shut up for a fortnight, and his head-quarters at King William's Town. That the outbreak was a long concerted movement on the part of the insurgents, is quite indisputable ; and yet there were not wanting those who at the time could sympathise with the aggressors, and who were active in casting about for excuses for the daring and atrocious deeds of which they were the daily perpetrators. As in all previous cases of native disturbance on the Kafirland Frontier, precautionary measures on the part of the Government were on this occasion taken *too late* ; and it is worthy of note that in every instance of extensive commotion along the Eastern Border, a disregard of comparatively petty offences has been followed by gradually-increasing aggressions, until at length open defiance and an appeal to arms have been the outcome of our own shortsightedness and indifference to passing occurrences.

In 1851, ample warning had been given to the Colonial authorities ; for so impressive had been the representations of the Border farmers of the dangerous state of affairs, that a Commission had been appointed by Sir Harry Smith, to inquire into the alleged disturbed state of the Frontier, and as to the actual reality of the losses stated to have been sustained by the numerous complainants. That Commission held its sittings at the Blinkwater, the very focus of the disturbed districts, and it was not long in discovering that serious commotion was imminent.

The report of this Commission, hurriedly dispatched to Sir Harry Smith in Cape Town, aroused him at once to a keen sense of the apprehended danger, and assured him of the stern necessity of immediate action. Hurrying to take ship at Simon's Bay, a very few days thereafter saw him at East London, collecting and organizing all the force he could muster, avowedly to punish the aggressors, so as to give a warning to their fellows in time to come. All who remember Sir Harry, and could estimate his peculiar idiosyncrasy, will readily bear testimony to his incessant activity and extraordinary sagacity ; and yet on this occasion it was abundantly shown that

neither in activity nor in shrewdness was he equal to those natives who were in arms against him, and whom he thought he knew and might implicitly trust. Sir Harry had assumed for the nonce the character of a philanthropist. He had been dreaming of halcyon times on the Frontier—of the lion and the lamb being in harmonious association—and from this he was rudely awoken by the war cry of the rebels, and the execration of the Frontier farmers as they fled from their burning homesteads.

It was well known that the chief agent in this insurrectionary movement was the Kafir Chief Hermanus. This man had rendered good service to the Colony in the war of 1834-5, and as a reward he had been permitted to occupy a fertile tract of country at the head of the Blinkwater. The condition of his occupation was that he might associate with himself twelve followers, whereas it was ascertained by the Commission, so supine had been the Colonial authorities, that these dozen followers had increased to more than a thousand, some hundreds being well armed, prepared for revolt, and ripe for atrocious mischief. The Commission had scarcely left the locality, when the insurgents, headed by Hermanus, put themselves into motion, commencing offensive operations by a night attack on the town of Fort Beaufort. That this daring movement was defeated must in justice be attributed to the gallantry of the civil inhabitants of the town,—a fact that stands out to their great honour, and cannot be disputed. It is true a military force was on the spot, but a belief that a grand attack would be made upon the Military Arsenal, situated at the upper end of the town, induced the military commander to keep in hand all the force he had in that quarter, leaving the civilians to repel, as best they could, the fierce assault of Hermanus and his murderous followers. And gallantly did these brave Frontier men maintain their position; the result being the total repulse and dispersion of the rebels, with the loss of their leader Hermanus, whose body was brought into the town the following day, and placed in the public market for the purpose of identification.

Looking back, after the lapse of sixteen years, the get-up of this insurrectionary movement is amusing, for its absurd extravagance, and the utter hopelessness of a successful issue. That the Hottentots of the Kat River should have lent themselves to it, and have helped to swell the commotion, is the greatest marvel of all, and can only be accounted for by that reckless impatience which so often marks the commission of atrocious wrong-doing, evoking the Nemesis which is sure speedily to overtake the criminal, and to demand eventually terrible retribution. Placed, as they had been, in possession of one of the fairest and most productive districts of the Colony, it required nothing on their part but the exhibition of ordinary industry and good conduct to ensure comfort and achieve respectability; and yet the canker-worm of disaffection was permitted to find a lodgment and spread amongst them, the result being those daring acts of agrarian outrage which forms so dark a chapter in the history of



the Eastern Province. There is abundant evidence to prove that the outbreak was deep-laid and long-considered, of which the following, given by the missionary Read, a native of the Kat River, is all that need be adduced in proof of what is here advanced. It is extracted from a letter addressed by him to, and published in the *Commercial Advertiser*, of the date referred to. He states that at a meeting of the insurgents at the Blinkwater, at which he was present: "There was the essence of agrarian equality, of French socialism, liberty, equality, fraternity, radical destructiveness and levelling, and the uprooting of existing social arrangements. Politically, some were for independent government in this country, and which was only to be inhabited by Hottentots, Boers, and Gaika Kafirs, on this side the Kei and Great River to the sea, west and eastward; Hottentot land was to extend from Gaika's Peak round by Shilo, the Kei, Baavian's River, across the Zuurbergen to the Sundays River, bounded on the east by the Indian Ocean, and thence across the country to the Chumie Hills."

It will probably suggest itself to the reader of this extract, that the superlative nonsense it involves, might have precluded its republication, and that the distasteful subject might well be buried in undisturbed Limbo. But the fact is, that the Native question *will* crop up, do what we may, in this country, and it is but right that dear-bought experience should be made use of as a beacon light, revealing to us our past mistakes in our Border policy, and warning us of danger in time to come. The natives now, as then, have warm and stubborn advocates, whose prejudices in their favour and in opposition to the advance of colonization, are as stubborn and deep-rooted as ever. These are as ready now, as in past days, to gloss over, and sometimes to defend, those acts of moral or political delinquency which react so injuriously upon themselves, and which are so opposed to the vital interests of the European residents of this country.

It is not in human nature that the sufferers at the period in question should regard such a feeling with complacency; still less that Graham's Town, the Metropolis of the Eastern Province, should remain mute under such disreputable, implied, or expressed imputations. Indignation soon found expression in action; a public meeting was convened, and, amidst much excitement, resolutions were passed, denouncing in strong terms the slanderous imputations cast upon the European inhabitants, and adopting a petition to the Governor, closing with the following prayer:—"That your Excellency, in consideration of the weighty reasons now brought to your Excellency's notice, will appoint, with as little delay as possible, a Judicial Commission, charged with the duty of inquiry into the causes which have led to the present disastrous rebellion of the coloured inhabitants of this Frontier." This petition, signed by five hundred of the inhabitants, was committed to the care of Messrs. Cock and Godlonton, the only two Eastern Province members of the Legis-

lative Council, with instructions to proceed with all speed to Fort Hare, on the Chumie River, where Sir Harry Smith then was ; and at a personal interview urge upon His Excellency the necessity and importance thus strongly impressed of compliance with the request of the aggrieved parties. This appointment of delegates was an easy matter, but not so the discharge of the duty committed to them. Fort Hare, where Sir Harry Smith then was with General Somerset's division of the army, was fifty miles distant from Graham's Town, the intervening country being in time of war among the most difficult and dangerous tracts on the Frontier. It lies for many miles through the Fish River Bush, the famous war-path and fighting-ground of the Kafirs. It is intersected by several rivers, the fords of which in times of flood are always hazardous, and it is thickly covered with bush, then infested by formidable bands of marauders, who had perpetrated several atrocious murders, and plundered every farm homestead within that circle. To have dispatched two individuals without an escort on such a mission would have been an unjustifiable risk ; a difficulty which was at once surmounted by the voluntary offer of service on the part of several of those whose gallant activity had been proved in numerous encounters with the savage enemy, and who were intimately acquainted with every part of the country the mission were called to traverse. The party made up at the moment consisted of—first, the two deputed members, and secondly, of Messrs. R. Crouch, C. Cock, J. B. Levey, T. Scanlen, H. Bertram, G. Blaine, A. Penny, and C. Hayden. To these were added Lieut. Green, aide-de-camp to General Somerset, Mr. A. W. Hoole, guide and interpreter, Mr. W. Gilbert, Captain and Paymaster to the 1st European Corps, and an orderly mounted trooper, attendant on the first named. Thus the whole party consisted of fourteen individuals, each well armed, prepared to confront anything that might be encountered by the way. To those who recognise the names above quoted, it need not be said that the number, though small was equal to the emergency, the most perfect confidence being felt that, let what might happen, it would give a good account of itself.

Dispatch being of importance, the whole party were in the saddle on the dawn of the day following the public meeting, threading the mazes of the Fish River bush and ascending the long, bushy heights of the Koonap without adventure. Early in the afternoon they were at Leeuw Fontein, an extensive farm homestead, belonging to Mr. J. Howse (subsequently butchered most cruelly in cold blood by a body of marauders near his residence), but then occupied by a detachment of military as a post of observation. Here they learnt that Sir Harry Smith had quitted Fort Hare, his movement having been merely a reconnoissance, coupled with a desire to confer with General Somerset on the subject of united action. This being so, it was evident that the object in view by the deputation, that of a personal interview with the Commander-in-Chief, was defeated. Hence, after due conference, it was decided not to proceed further,

but return to town early the following day. This, however, only included the deputation and escort ; the others being on the staff of the army were constrained to proceed to the head-quarters of their division at Fort Hare, about fifteen miles distant, the road winding through a broken and, as will be seen, dangerous country. These took charge of the petition, and also of a despatch addressed by the deputation to General Somerset, begging that officer to forward the public document with all speed to His Excellency the Governor. Having made these arrangements, the military party proceeded on its way, starting from Leeuw Fontein rather late in the afternoon, the deputation remaining at that post till the following morning.

So far all had gone safely ; none of the enemy's parties had shown themselves ; and a recklessness of danger had sprung up which, as the sequel will show, was hardly warranted by existing circumstances. The deputation had not proceeded many miles on their return when they were overtaken in hot haste by two mounted troopers, the bearers of a missive from General Somerset, containing the following startling information :—

“ His Excellency left on Friday, at five a.m., and will not return. I shall have no means of sending any letter to him. Mr. Green's party had a narrow escape, being fired upon by a large party of Kafirs near the Barooko. Mr. Gilbert was thrown from his horse, and escaped by remaining in the bush all night. He has just come in all well. Pray caution all parties from riding after dark in the evening—early dawn is the time to ride.

“ H. SOMERSET.”

Information communicated subsequently shows very distinctly that while the deputation and party were journeying in fancied security, their footsteps were dodged every mile they rode by the crafty enemy, and it is only as by a miracle that all eventually escaped their murderous designs. The delay at Leeuw Fontein frustrated to some extent the action of the enemy, and doubtless to the division of the party at that point, and refusal of the deputation to go further, may be attributed the saving of much bloodshed. But still, small as the military party was, it is almost incomprehensible, on the ground of chances, that all should have escaped from a murderous fire poured into them at a few yards distance. The following succinct relation is given by one of the actors in the exciting affair. It may be premised that Leeuw Fontein lies in a deep hollow, the direct road to Fort Hare rising abruptly in front of the farm homestead ; the ascent throughout is extremely rugged, and is encumbered with bush along the whole line.

The narration before us says :—“ On ascending the hill from Leeuw Fontein we were startled by seeing the distinct *spoor* of a body of natives. There could be no mistake as to the distinct character of these naked foot-prints. This spoor we traced until it reached the Kat River, which it crossed by the drift at Howes's

Post. From this point we lost sight of it, and we rode leisurely forward to the next drift, lying under a rocky ridge. No apprehension up to this moment was felt of attack; the orderly was a few yards in front when, on clearing the drift, the first indication of danger was given by the whiz of a bullet so close as to be anything but agreeable. Looking quickly round I distinctly saw on my right flank, at about fifteen yards distance, the muzzles of some twenty-five or thirty guns pointed at us. The next moment they were fired, followed by a shower of assegais. Marvellous to say, not a man or horse was hit, and all galloped rapidly forward. On reaching the summit of the hill, thinking we were safe, and pausing to reflect on our position, I was roused from my reverie by a bullet fired at a few yards distance, and so well aimed as to make my ears tingle. At the same moment I perceived that the rocks, not fifteen yards off, were lined by the enemy. On seeing this, I at once pushed on to the cover of the bush, and I then learned that Mr. Gilbert, who was about twenty yards in the rear, had been thrown from his horse. There was, however, no time to deliberate, as the enemy were hurrying forward to cut off our retreat. I can only say that no one, except those who have been in a similar position to ourselves, can conceive the pain of being forced to leave a friend and companion in such an hour of danger."

So much for the relation given by an actor in this exciting scene. Mr. Gilbert himself gives the sequel to the affair, affording us an instance of such an escape as may be pronounced without parallel in the annals of Border warfare. His account is:—

"After crossing the Kat River and ascending the first hill, we reached the head of a small valley, thickly encumbered with bush. Round this bush the road makes a bend, and we had just reached the centre of the pass when we received a volley from a concealed ambuscade, followed the next moment by a shower of assegais, none of which, surprising to relate, took effect. Mr. Green, who at the moment was a little ahead of the rest, galloped to the top of the rise, and he there received a shot fired close by. Hoole and myself followed him at speed, and found, on attaining the top of the ascent, that the rocks were lined with marauders. From these we received another volley, a point-blank discharge at fifteen yards distance. The spot was exceedingly rugged, and my horse, missing his footing, fell over the rocky ground. I struggled desperately to raise him, but, as the enemy was close at hand, I was compelled to desist and fly for life. At this part of the route the country is dotted with thick clumps of bush, and in one of these I plunged, in faint hope of finding shelter. In the meantime Green and Hoole had pushed forward—the only chance they had of escape from the hands of the merciless savages, by several of whom they were hotly pursued for some distance. At length, on finding the pursuit slacken, they halted, and then seeing nothing of me, and observing my horse galloping after them riderless, they came to the conclusion I had



fallen into the clutches of the marauders, and that my days were numbered. During the few minutes occupied by these occurrences, I had made a short turn out of the road, and darting across a small open space, I selected the thickest clump of bush at hand, endeavouring to avail myself of all the shelter it could afford me. On relinquishing the pursuit of my companions, the marauders commenced a vigorous search after me. They had seen me unhorsed, had observed the horse galloping off without its rider, and the natural inference was that I had been shot. In prosecuting the search the marauders divided themselves into two or three parties, one of which, after a short time, approached the bush where I lay, and squatted down at the edge of it, not suspecting that their victim lay within a few feet of them. While thus reposing at ease, their fellows were diligently beating the scattered bush in every direction. Several of these beaters approached within a few feet of where I lay crouched behind a small ridge formed by an old abandoned ant-hill, and so close to the enemy that every word uttered by them I could distinctly hear. Their immediate vicinity was doubtless my salvation. Whilst thus lying ensconced under feelings I need not describe, expecting discovery every moment, and as the result certain death, I was startled by observing in the gloom of the evening something approaching me. My first impulse was to fire at it—having retained my rifle—my resolve being not to forfeit my life unavenged ; but on looking at the object attentively I discovered it was a gaunt Kafir dog. Strange to say, although it approached me very close, and glared upon me viciously, it never barked. Had it done so my fate would have been sealed. I attribute my preservation to having remained perfectly motionless, not daring to breathe. The same animal shortly after made a second appearance and with the same result, I remaining perfectly inanimate, and the hungry hound, as if under a mysterious spell, never emitting a sound. At this time the day was fast waning, and as darkness spread around, the marauders gradually began to relinquish their search and to draw off. I then began to think of escape from my place of concealment, but so sensible was I of the keenness of the Kafir as to be assured that the smallest sound on my part would betray me. I had covered myself by the bush as much as possible, and every spray had to be separated and broken off unaccompanied by the faintest noise, so that it took me full half-an-hour in making my way for six or seven yards. I felt the necessity of getting at as great a distance as possible before the rising of the moon, as then I apprehended the search would be renewed. To further my escape, on reaching the edge of the bush I disencumbered myself of my boots, and in this plight made my way, my feet being pierced with thorns, towards what is known as Birt's Mission Station, then, of course, deserted. Pausing here I began to breathe freely, and to indulge in hope that I might escape with life. Diving into a thickly wooded valley I found that in the bottom, along the river's bank, a thick fence of dry thorns had been



run, along which I made my way as well as I was able, until reached an opening, forming the usual passage or drift across the stream. Here I again heard the Kafirs, and I was then made aware of their having been waylaying the drift, under the belief that there they might secure my capture. From this point I made a considerable detour, always endeavouring to direct my course towards Fort Hare. At length, on reaching some rising ground, feeling myself quite exhausted, parched with thirst, and my feet sorely wounded, I made up my mind to creep into a bush and await the light of morning. At this moment my ears caught the distant sound of the tramp of horses. This at once aroused me, and I crept forward in that direction. I soon perceived that the sound was that of shod horses, and this assured me that their riders were friends. It turned out to be a detachment of military, sent out by General Somerset with orders to search for me and bring me to head-quarters, alive or dead. So afraid was the General that the latter would be the case that a stretcher was sent with the searching party for the more ready conveyance of my corpse to its final resting-place—a soldier's grave. On reaching the Fort the surprise of the camp at finding me alive was extreme, for so persuaded was the General and his staff of my death that just as I reached the camp he was in the act of dispatching an officer to town with a report of the fatal casualty."

Thus ends this narration of one of the most marvellous escapes in the annals of Border warfare. The action of the Kafir dog, as told by the narrator, may be ranked amongst the most extraordinary facts of natural history. All who are familiar with the character of the gaunt, hungry mongrels which are usually found about these people, well know that their noisy yelping, and especially at the sight of a white man, is very remarkable. Why this dog in this particular instance should have remained mute can only be accounted for, next to the merciful interposition of Providence, to the self-possession of the hunted victim, enabling him to remain perfectly immovable under the pressure of emotions which may be imagined, but which are not easy to describe. The considerate kindness of General Somerset to the sufferer is warmly dilated on by him, but need not be dwelt upon here. All who were acquainted with that officer need not be told that beneath a rather bluff deportment lay a generous heart, and that few military men on this command did in his day more active or better service than the late General Somerset.

It is a notable coincidence, as showing the dangerous state of the country at the period referred to, that at the very same time as the scenes described were being enacted near Fort Hare, another ambuscade was doing its deadly work near De Bruin's Poort, the two points being separated by about twenty miles of very intricate broken country. The published records of the day furnish the following particulars:—

"Information reached town on Sunday morning of a desperate attack having been made on three well known colonists, namely, B.

Booth, H. Castings, and B. Trollip. This affair took place near Nieman's Kraal, about twelve miles north of Graham's Town. At the time of the occurrence they had joined company for mutual protection, and were on their way to Cradock. Having before them the very dangerous pass of De Bruin's Poort, they were riding slowly, saving their horses for a rush through this pass on reaching it. They had come to some large masses of rock standing out by the road side, when they were startled by a volley of musketry poured into them at eight or ten yards distance. Mr. Booth was struck in both arms and was either knocked off his horse by the concussion or was dragged off by a horse he was leading by a reim, which he had twisted round his wrist. At this moment one of the marauders shouted out 'Keerom voor,' and at the same moment Mr. Castings was shot through the body. The horse led by Booth, was probably the saving of his life. It dragged him for some yards under cover, concealing him at the moment from his murderous assailants, who had gone off in hot pursuit of Trollip. The wounded man, though bleeding profusely, both arms being disabled, contrived, chiefly by the aid of his teeth, in tearing off the muslin band of his hat, and with that to staunch to some extent the bleeding. In this deplorable state he lay for many hours, but at length succeeded by great effort and wonderful perseverance to creep through the rugged bush to "Burnt Kraal," a farm-house about four miles distant. He reached this homestead about dawn of the following morning, but so covered with gore as to be scarcely recognizable. The sufferer was subsequently conveyed to town where, under careful medical treatment, he eventually recovered. His escape was considered little less than marvellous, his coat being riddled with bullet holes and the buttons torn from his waistcoat. A ball striking a pistol in his belt so diverted it as to save him from receiving a mortal wound."

These narrow escapes from death are only two instances among numerous others of the perils of Frontier life at the period referred to. It is meet, however, that they should be kept in public remembrance. The Eastern Frontier of the Colony has still to sustain the pressure of the barbarous hordes of the interior, and it depends upon the wise government of the Cape whether enduring peace shall be secured, or whether by a weak and vacillating policy we shall tempt a recurrence of those lamentable scenes which have heretofore darkened our political horizon, and thrust back the onward progress of this country--so full of resources and of high promise.

R. G.

# The Defenders of Glen Lyndon

IN THE WAR OF 1851.

Away ! away ! away !

There are patriot voices calling !

Glen Lyndon's band

Holds the foe in hand

Though its watchworn sons are falling.

Away to the mountain glen !

Where the war-whoop wild is yelling,

And the savage howls,

As he darkly scowls,

On the white man's flame-wrapt dwelling.

There is life-blood reeking there !

Where our slaughter'd friends are lying ;

Not boldly slain

On the battle plain,

But each by his hearth-stone dying.

Away ! away ! away !

To horse, to rifle springing,

While the widow's sigh,

And the orphan's cry

In our ears—in our hearts—are ringing !

They were dwelling in peaceful vales,

Nor fear nor danger knowing ;

'Midst their flocks spread wide

O'er the mountain side,

And milk and honey flowing.

The vine and the fig-tree's cheer

The cornfield's waving gladness,

The shearer's throng,

And the reaper's song

Left cause nor room for sadness.

There was childhoods' guileless glee,  
There was maiden beauty blooming ;  
There was ripe old age,  
With its wisdom sage,  
And its honour, life perfuming.

And there were thankful hearts  
For peace and plenty given ;  
The voice of prayer  
Which ascended there,  
And the song of praise, to heaven.

And where are they *now* ? ah, where ?  
There are homeless orphans weeping ;  
The widow's wail  
Is on the gale,  
The sire in his gore lies sleeping.

\* \* \* \* \*

And are there dastard souls,  
Whose homes *these* homes were shielding,  
Who can coldly read  
While their brothers bleed,  
Nor aid nor pity yielding ?

Brand "Coward" on his brow !  
Write "Traitor" on his bearing,  
Who views from afar  
Our "homestead" war,  
And basely shrinks from sharing.

To your arms ! to your arms ! away !  
What ! *cease* from the strife ? No, never !  
Till the neck of the foe  
To earth bent low—  
We have CONQUER'D A PEACE FOR EVER !

H.

## South African Tribes.

BY H. CHARLES SCHUNKE.

### II.

THE Khoi-Khoi, as the Hottentots call themselves, were not able to enjoy much longer that free and easy life to which they had been accustomed for so many centuries previous. They were soon violently dispossessed of all their grazing grounds and oppressed in the land of their fathers. The nationality of the numerous tribes living under patriarchal rules was soon broken, and their flocks and herds dispersed and fast disappearing, until they dwindled away gradually, as has happened in every case where Europeans have settled and started colonization. It was at the Cape, not so much by the Government as by some unprincipled colonists living on the borderlands that the cruel deeds were perpetrated on the unfortunate aborigines; the latter were imperceptibly driven back north and eastwards, away from the peninsula. Although the cattle trade was strictly prohibited in 1693 and no one allowed to go beyond the Hottentot Hollands Mountains and Roodezands, yet the colonists continued bartering with the independent tribes inland. In 1700 communication and trade with the natives was again permitted, but this only tended to make matters worse for the poor unprotected wretches. The farmers organized expeditions and went out in compact bodies to attack the Hottentot kraals, committing the most inhuman cruelties, and carrying off the cattle, the only livelihood of their victims. The marauders and vagabonds proceeded even as far as the Gonaquas on the Xamptous (Gamtoos) River chasing the inhabitants from their homes and spreading desolation on all sides; these expeditions were of such frequent occurrence and so many were engaged in this system of rapine and robbery, that the Government felt themselves bound to express in a despatch (1702) the impossibility of their being able to inflict any punishment, since half the colony would be implicated; in fact, the Hottentots themselves afforded the Dutch many advantages, arising from the continual feuds amongst them, which of course encouraged this brutal system of tyranny and oppression.

Very interesting and characteristic, giving a clear insight into the affairs of those days (1705), is the journal of Landdrost Kupt, containing an account of a trading trip to the circumjacent tribes, the Cochaqua, Grigriqua, Namaqua, and the Heusaqua. The Cochaqua were still under chiefs living on the eastern banks of the Berg and Twenty-four Rivers; when Kupt approached their kraals, numbers of them fled with their cattle to the mountains of Winterhoek and only allowed a few cows and sheep to remain behind; they offered to provide him with as many sheep as he would require for food on his journey, at the same time begging him not to force them to barter



away their cattle. The Hottentots living near the Piquetbergen in the Verloren Valley and on the Oliphant's River had been already deprived of their live stock and most of them had become huntsmen and taken to plundering their own countrymen. On the Breede River, Kupt found several kraals, the chiefs of which complained bitterly about the bad men of the settlement, who had robbed them of their herds and flocks, saying, that their former peace and happiness was now gone.

In 1690 the Dutch had not possessed themselves of any land farther than the Drakensteen Mountains. In 1769, under Governor Tulbagh, we find them giving away loan farms near the Gamtoos River, so that in the short space of seventy to eighty years, all the valuable land had been wrested away from the Hottentots, leaving them only the arid Q'garu-qhup or desert lands. The barbarous conduct of the cattle traders had continued for so many years, that the natives were brought down to the utmost poverty, having no longer any land to roam about, as had been their custom from time immemorial. They could not keep any more cattle, and in a short time their state was even more deplorable than that of slaves. The Goringhaiqua, Gorachouqua, Heusaqua and Attaqua were forgotten, and their remnants either driven over the mountains into the desert, or dispersed and divided amongst the farmers. The lands were given away wholesale, and commando after commando was formed for the extirpation of those unfortunate roving and destitute natives (both Hottentots and Bushmen), "to destroy that pernicious nation entirely." It is impossible to describe all the cruel deeds of the early settlers up to the time when the aborigines were changed from a free, nomadic, active race, into the most abject, stubborn, and apathetic beings, hardly to be looked upon as human, and though declared by the then enacted law of the Colony to be free, they were considered incapable of disposing of their own labour and were accordingly apprenticed to the farmers.

Several distinguished travellers, as Thunberg, Le Vaillant, and others have given us authentic accounts of the destitute state of the Hottentots. When Professor Sparrman travelled eastward in 1772, he found a few miserable kraals in the Zwellendam District on the Buffeljagts River, in Outeniqualand and near Avontuur. Most of these hordes had lost their national names, and were, as a rule, called after their Captains, who were generally chosen by the nearest field-cornet, in which case the chieftainship was only nominal. Sparrman gives us as specimens the Captains Rondganger on the Buffeljagts River and Kees with his fifty men near the Gamtoos River. The same traveller gives an account of the last remnant of the Cochqua, then called Gunnemans, who had fled from their homes to settle on the Zwartkops River. This once so powerful tribe, which at one time had consisted of thousands was now reduced to the small number living in one kraal. Near the Van Stades River he found the last of the Damaqua. They were never heard of afterwards.

The only attempts to Christianize Hottentots in those early days had been made by the Moravian, George Schmidt, 1739-42, near Tygerhoek on the south side of the Zonder Eind Mountains. A full account of it he gives in his "Diarium," 1742, in which year he was driven away.

On the eastern side the country of the Khoi-Khoi had been protected against invasion from the Kafirs by the powerful and brave Gonaqua tribe, which we first find mentioned by Schryver in 1689, as living along the coast east of the Gamtoos River. According to their own traditions they at one time lived much nearer to the Peninsula, and were, when they first heard of the Europeans advancing, united under their great chief Quama. Very unwillingly they moved eastward, until they were stopped in their wanderings by the warlike Kafirs. In 1769 when a party of Dutch were sent to the east they found the Gonaqua under the Chief Ruyter. This Hottentot had escaped some years before from his master in the Roggeveld after murdering one of his fellow servants, and had forced himself on the Gonaqua as their leader. He was a despot, and led his tribe into many a bloody and cruel battle against the Kafirs. He allied himself with the colonists occasionally for payment, but otherwise looked haughtily down on them. When Sparrman met him, he was old, and all his former strength and energy had given way to an intemperate use of tobacco and spirituous liquors; he was once taken prisoner by the Kafirs, but when they recognized him as the chief of their enemy they permitted him to go back free. The conflicting tribes lost many on both sides, and the Gonaqua had to remain in the neighbourhood of the Fish River; some settled in the fine plains on either bank of that stream; others went north and mixed with the wretched outlaws in the desert. Those remaining behind were at last compelled to seek protection from some of the Kafir chiefs. They would have wandered away also only the fear of losing their cattle induced them to remain behind. The Gonaqua dressed like the Kafirs, and some of them even cultivated the ground and promoted the growth of Kafir corn which no other Hottentot tribe was known to have done in former days. At first the Gonaqua received the Boers kindly, but in 1778 the Drostdy of Graaff-Reinet having been established, and more settlers having come in towards the east, the result was that they (the Gonaqua) with the remnants of other tribes were driven back on the Kafirs.

In 1780 the Fish River was declared to be the boundary of the Colony, and in 1781 an order was issued stating that the names of all the Hottentots within the Colony should be given, and a Hottentot corps was formed on the declaration of war between England and Holland. In 1782 the animosity of the Boers had increased to such an extent that a plan was proposed for attacking and extirpating the wandering Hottentot tribes. This brought the latter to the utmost extremity and they were often induced to revenge themselves on the inhabitants. In 1794 the old notices concerning natives (making

the trade quite the monopoly of the Government and stating that all those who were found trespassing would be whipped and branded) were renewed.

Barrow gives us a good account of the dreadful state of bondage in which the Hottentots existed in the frontier districts—a miserable abject race living in the service of the Boers who looked upon them more in the light of beasts than human beings. The colonists increased their cruelty because the English possessed the Cape; and the Hottentots had always looked forward to a change for the better when their new masters arrived. Many fled into Kafirland and instigated some of the Kafir chiefs to assist them. They attacked the colony most furiously, and caused a universal uproar, so much so that General Vandeleur sent troops to Zuurveld (now Albany) to subdue them.

In this time of turmoil Dr. Van der Kemp, the London missionary, arrived, intending to settle amongst the Kafirs, but upon seeing the abject state of the Gonaqua, he requested permission to remain in the Zuurveld, and endeavour in some manner to bring about peace. He accompanied the Hottentots on their wanderings to the Bushmanland and Graaff-Reinet, was attacked many times by the enraged Boers, and had very narrow escapes. It does not come into my province to speak about missionary work; but in some instances it is impossible to sever the near connection which existed between the missionaries and natives. We therefore cannot speak about the Gonaqua and the other Hottentots living on the frontier without mentioning Dr. Van der Kemp, who established the institution at Bethelsdorp.

Amongst the principal leaders of the native insurgents were the brothers Stuurmann, who had great influence over them. Tjaard van der Walt, one of the most daring and ingenious commanders of the Boers, was sent against them; but the colonists were defeated on the Gamtoos River and Van der Walt killed; upon which a general panic came over the people, and they fled westward in the greatest confusion, quite unable to make any stand. The victorious hordes followed them murdering and clearing away everything in their track, desperate in endeavouring to avenge the blood of their brethren, until they were finally stopped by English troops at the Kayman's River, near George, and driven back to the Sundays River. The Boers were now even more cruel than ever; and the troubles of the wretched beings continued with little intermission until the second arrival of the English in 1806.

In 1803 the Dutch Governor, General Janssen, landed in South Africa, and the Boers, delighted at the recapture of the Cape by the Dutch, demanded all the remaining Hottentots as slaves. General Janssen wisely refused this, and acknowledged Klaas Stuurmann as chief of the Gonaqua by presenting to him a stick with a copper head, on which were engraved the words, "*Klaas Stuurmann, Vreede en Vriendschap met de Bataavische Republik, den 1st Maart, 1803.*"

Klaas explained, that should the land of their fathers be restored to the tribe, all matters would at once be settled. General Janssen permitted David and Klaas to settle near the little Gamtoos River, but the latter was shortly afterwards killed by a buffalo on a hunting expedition.

The Kafirs were gradually expelled from the Zuurveld and it was taken possession of by the Hottentots. Dr. van der Kemp who had endeavoured for such a long time to settle and unite the Hottentots, died in 1812.

David Stuurman succeeded his brother as chief of the Hottentots, but was taken prisoner for refusing to deliver up some Hottentots who had taken refuge in his kraal, and was sent to Robben Island to work in irons with the other colonial convicts. He however escaped, and made his way to Kafirland. In 1816 he tried to obtain permission to return to his home, but without success. Three years later he ventured to visit his family without permission, was recaptured, and transported to New South Wales, where he died in the Hospital in 1830. Such was the fate of the last free chief of the Khoi-Khoi in the south.

It was not until 1829 that measures were taken to give the remnants of the aboriginal Hottentot tribes in the south-east, a share of the land owned by their forefathers, when Sir A. Stockenstrom obtained permission from Government to carry out this plan. He selected the valley where the Camalú, Zébenzi, Umtóka, Mankazana, Umtuarva and Quonci unite to form the Kat River. This basin or valley between the mountains being well watered was beautifully adapted for the settlement of a large number. The Hottentots flocked there from all quarters, mostly remnants of the old Gonaqua tribe. At first about 250 men capable of bearing arms, with their families, settled there in five parties, but their numbers were increased very rapidly, till at last they numbered about 6,000. Of these 700 were armed with guns. When the settlement was first started they had to sustain many attacks from the neighbouring Kafir tribes. They live now in twelve locations, viz., Philipton, Wilsonton, Bruceton, Lushington, Readsdales, Buxton, Maasdorp, Vanderkemp, Upshaw, Wilberforce, Tidmanton and Willsdales. Besides these there were other locations established for the remnants of the Hottentots in the Gonaqua country and other districts of the south.

Besides Bethelsdorp, Theopolis was established in 1813, and its inhabitants proved of material assistance during the war in repelling the Kafir inroads on the villages. It was attacked in 1819, and sustained a three months' siege without being taken. There was also an institution near Uitenhage and at Hankey on the Gamtoos. Another ancient kraal, called Zuurbrak, on the Buffeljagts River, near Zwelendam, was granted to the Hottentots as a location by Lord Caledon in 1808, the inhabitants of which were dispersed and the institution broken up in 1823, but was afterwards re-established.

To the south of George Town there was another ancient Hottentot



village called Hoogekraal, ruled in the beginning of this century by Captain Dikkop. The Rev. J. Campbell paid it a visit in 1812, and shortly afterwards Rev. Ch. Pacalt, who had been employed in the Zwellendam district, was sent there to settle amongst the natives. He laid out the village and tried very much to improve the people. In connection with this kraal there was a cattle post granted by Government on the Oliphant's River called Dyzalskraal, which was gradually populated from Hoogekraal, now called Pacaltsdorp, and also by straggling Hottentots from the Upper Oliphant's River. Other locations are Zoar in the Ladismith district and Genadendal and Elim in the Caledon districts. But instead of improving, these wretched remnants of the once happy nomadic tribes have been in a constant retrograde state, and the natural propensity for spirituous liquors which is one of their most powerful passions, has and will prove to be their destruction. They are no longer a nation, and with the exception of the descendants of the Gonaqua, who always had a slight tendency to agriculture, the Hottentots of the locations are quite unfit to maintain themselves with any show of decency. Their place is being imperceptibly taken by Kafirs, who have of late come into the Colony, and by the more intelligent Bastards. The pure Hottentot of the south will in a few years only exist in history, and the words of our South African poet will be realized :—

“ Who cares for him who once pastured this spot,  
Where his tribe is extinct and their story forgot ?  
As many another, ere twenty years pass,  
Will only be known by their bones in the grass ;  
And the sons of the Keisi, the Kei, the Garriep,  
With the Gunja and Ghona\* in silence shall sleep.”

*(To be continued.)*

## *Ourselves as Others See Us.*

### LADY BARKER'S LETTERS.

ON several occasions the affairs of the Cape Colony have, for a time, occupied the attention of the people of England. Kafir wars dragged their weary length along, and, while they lasted, leading articles on the Cape would appear in the London papers, and speeches would be made in the Imperial Parliament, which expressed but little love towards the colonists, and showed a profound ignorance of South African Geography and History. These wars afforded no field for the display of the brilliant descriptive powers of “Our Own Correspondent.” The harassing warfare—the unceasing vigilance—the constant exposure—might supply sufficient matter for one or two letters, but, unrelieved as they were by sanguinary encounters and

\* Gunja is meant here for Gonomas or Cochaqua, and Ghona for Gonaqua.



glorious victories, the public would not care to read the same dreary story repeated month after month. One thing, however, was only too manifest, and that was the occasional sweeping away of a surplus to meet the cost of these unsatisfactory wars. Accordingly the Cape was known to the mass of the people of Great Britain only as a troublesome and useless little colony, producing bad wine, always at war with its neighbours, and perpetually drawing upon the mother-country at the rate of a couple of millions at a time. The Anti-Convict Agitation also brought us into notice. But here, although at first the *Times* in lofty language scouted the idea of any colony refusing to be the gaol of England and of the Military convicts in her Eastern Dominions, it was soon found that we had with us the sympathy of all the Colonial Empire, and that the battle being fought at the Cape was to decide the whole future policy of the mother-country with respect to the important question of the disposal of her felons. We were still the same troublesome Cape of Storms, but we were spoken of both in the Press and in the Parliament with a little more respect than had yet been vouchsafed us, but scarcely with a better knowledge of our circumstances. Events of far less importance than these have within the last few years directed the earnest attention of the English Press and people to our shores. A chief of a petty tribe at Natal, a man whose name alone was a difficulty which English writers could scarcely overcome, to whom he appeared to be, like Southey's Russian,

A terrible man with a terrible name,  
A name which you all know by sight very well,  
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell,—

Langalibalele had been guilty of some sins of omission, and the Natal Government in its turn had been guilty of some sins of commission, and Great Britain waxed virtuously indignant, and we awoke one day and found ourselves famous. The English Press has now for some time discussed us from every point of view. Articles on Cape politics have appeared which occasionally have displayed some correct idea as to the geographical position of the South African States. As affairs grew more complicated, the Cape Department was taken out of the hands of the school of ingenious writers on "Chinese Metaphysics," and entrusted to others who appear to have had some little acquaintance with the Colony and people. The appointment of Sir Garnet Wolseley to Natal drew upon us the eyes of the thousands who always watch a great man's movements. Lord Carnarvon suddenly found that by the introduction of Responsible Government a new relationship had been created between Her Majesty's Responsible advisers in England and Her Majesty's Representative's Responsible advisers at the Cape ;—a relationship which appeared not to be clearly understood by either party, and the conflicting views respecting which engaged the serious attention of all who were anxious to maintain on the surest foundations the connection between the

mother-country and her growing dependencies. Mr. Froude has visited us on a mission which necessitated a close study on his part of the character, wants, and aspirations of our people. His name, known throughout the world, became mixed up with our Colonial politics. For a time, Mr. Molteno created as much interest as Don Carlos, and the Conference Debates at the Cape appeared to be quite as important as the Insurrection in Herzegovina. Tired of the Claimant, disgusted with the Beecher Scandal, it was easy to direct public attention even to the distant Cape. And now that this attention has been roused, any communications from such distinguished writers and close observers as Mr. Froude, Major Butler, and Lady Barker, will be eagerly welcomed and widely read. However much we may criticize, whatever faults we may find, we must make up our minds to this, that our portraits as painted by these distinguished artists will be received throughout the British Empire as true and correct likenesses. It is no slight advantage that we shall now be able to see in what light we appear in the eyes of those whose descriptions of other lands and other people have been implicitly believed in by ourselves.

Lady Barker's charming pictures of New Zealand life had prepared us for a favourable criticism and kindly blindness to our many faults and short-comings. The two letters which she has already contributed to "Evening Hours" are evidently only introductory. The real subject of her communications—her descriptions of Natal life—are still to appear. Her first letter is a record of the impressions made by a very short stay in Cape Town. She arrived in October, when, fortunately for our reputation, the Cape is seen much to its advantage. Charmed with the kind reception she met with, everything around her is delightful. The Botanic Garden is beautifully kept. The Public Library is truly a credit to the Colony, and would bear comparison with similar institutions in far older and wealthier places. The booksellers' shops strike her with particular admiration. But this, she says, is the case in every colony. For Cape Town, however, she has a special word of praise, for "*here* each volume costs precisely the same as it would in London; and it would puzzle ever so greedy a reader to name a book which would not be instantly handed to him." She is disappointed in one matter—Table Mountain. She does not admire the perfectly straight and level ridge which cuts the sky line, but it affords her food for reflection, and she arrives at the following ingenious conclusion as to its effect upon Cape architecture:—

"It is curious and amusing to notice how the influence of this odd, straight ridge ever before their eyes, had unconsciously guided and influenced their architectural tastes. All the roofs of the houses are straight,—straight as the mountain: a gable is almost unknown, and even the few steeples are dwarfed to an imperceptible departure from the prevailing harmony of outline."

Like Monsieur Jourdain, who had been talking prose for forty

years without knowing it, our Cape Town architects and builders have been inspired as to their designs by unconscious sympathy with the grand outlines of our own majestic mountain ! This is a new idea. Hitherto we had been under the impression that the inspiration had come from the constant sight of the numerous huge packing cases which are seen in front of every merchant's store.

Everything pleases our kind-hearted visitor, for she is determined to be pleased. The houses in Cape Town look neat, "*and the streets are well kept*" !! Of course, she is much struck by the quaint and brilliant dresses of the Malays, which lend so much brightness and animation to our streets. But as to the children—it is the old story. Once among the chubby little ones with their winning ways, and Lady Barker appeals direct to the heart of every mother. Black or white, dark or rosy, they become at once the most important objects in the picture. The children are all in all to her for the time,

An' warl'ly cares, an' warl'ly men,  
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

"Such chubby cheeks, such sturdy fat legs, and all, black or white, with that amazing air of independence peculiar to baby-colonists. Nobody seems to mind them, and nothing seems to harm them. Here are half-a-dozen tiny boys, shouting and laughing at one side of the road, and half-a-dozen baby girls at the other (they all seem to play separately) ; they are all driving each other, for 'horses' is the one game here. By the side of a pond sit two toddlers of about three years old, in one garment apiece, and pointed hats. They are very busy with a string and a gin ; but who is taking care of them, and why don't they tumble in ? They are as fat as ortolans, and grin at us in the most friendly fashion." And so on wherever she catches a glimpse of them.

We feel that the absence of all valuable monuments or examples of art in our town must have affected so accomplished a woman very painfully, but on the other hand our glorious scenery fills her mind with rapture. A drive round the Kloof, a trip to Constantia, and the charming panorama of the Bay and distant mountains, as seen from what *we* call the most uninteresting part of the road between Cape Town and Mowbray, seem almost beyond her powers of description. She describes a visit to Langelibalele with a pleasant little bit of exaggeration as to the road over which she had to travel, natural to one fresh from Europe, and perfectly true as a sample of South African travelling :—"We bump over some strange and rough bits of sandy road, and climb up and down steep banks in a manner seldom done on wheels. There is a wealth of lovely flowers blossoming around, but I can't help fixing my eyes on the pole of the cart, which is sometimes sticking straight up in the air, its silver hook shining merrily in the sun ; or else it has disappeared altogether, and I can only see the horses' haunches ; that is when we are going *down* hill, and I think it is even a more

terrible sensation than when we are playfully scrambling up some sandy hillock as a cat might."

Langalibalele, in her opinion, may consider himself to be extremely well off, and is described very much as one would an interesting Chimpanzee. Her first letter ends with a few words of delight as to the glen at Groote Schuur and an expression of regret at the shortness of her stay in Cape Town, which to her had been "so bright and pleasant." Naturally anxious to hear more about ourselves we feel some disappointment at the little that is said, but we must bear in mind that the visit to Cape Town was but a break in the journey to Natal, and that our visitor could only give the barest outline of what could be seen during the few hours she was here.

Lady Barker's second letter gives us a description of Port Elizabeth, and we confess to a feeling of relief at finding that the miseries of transferring herself and her belongings from one ship to another had apparently ruffled her spirits just sufficiently to induce her to introduce some shadows into her picture of South African life and scenery. Cape Town was too bright and charming—(we write this during a south-easter). The following is her sketch of Port Elizabeth:—"Sun and sea are doing their best to show off the queer little straggling town, creeping up the low sandy hills that lie before us. I am assured that Port Elizabeth is a flourishing mercantile place. From the deck of our ship I can't at all perceive that it is flourishing, or doing anything except basking in the pleasant sunshine. But when I go on shore an hour or two later, I am shown a store which takes away my breath, and before whose miscellaneous contents the stoutest hearted female shopper must needs *baisser son pavillon*. Everything looked in this vast emporium as neat and orderly as possible; and though the building was twice as big as the largest co-operative store in London, there was no hurry or confusion. Thimbles and ploughs, eau-de-Cologne and mangles, American stoves, cotton dresses of astounding patterns, to suit the taste of Dutch ladies, harmoniums and flat irons, all stood peacefully side by side together; but these were all unconsidered trifles beside the more serious business of the establishment, which was wool—wool in every shape, and stage, and bale. . . . Once I am away from the majestic influence of that store, the original feeling of Port Elizabeth being rather a dreary place comes back upon me. But we drive all about to the Park, which may be said to be in its swaddling clothes as a park; and to the Botanic Gardens, where the culture of foreign and colonial flowers and shrubs is carried on, under the chronic difficulties of too much sun and wind, and too little water. Everywhere there is building going on—very modest building, it is true, with rough and ready masonry or timber, and roofs of zinc painted in strips of light colour; but everywhere there are signs of progress and growth. People look bored, but healthy; and it does not surprise me in the least to hear, that though there are a good many inhabitants there is not much society."



At East London the dangers of landing and re-embarking are vividly described. Having been drenched to the skin, and having barely escaped with her life, we have again the advantage of a sense of personal discomfort disposing Lady Barker to temper her enthusiastic admiration of everything around her with a few reminiscences of certain common-place discomforts to which she had to submit. The result is a picture of East London far more clear and distinct than that of Cape Town. She is not too complimentary in her remarks as to the cleanliness of the hotel, but she gives a glowing description of the surrounding scenery. From her visit to the Railway works she comes to the conclusion that "the white man cannot or will not do much with his hands out here, so the navvies are slim, lazy-looking blacks, who jabber and grunt and sigh a good deal more than they work."

She proceeds onwards to Natal, and here, her future home for some time, the sketches are worked up with greater care. The sand and dust of Durban are fully described, of course. The beauty of the landscape is once more the topic upon which she dwells most fondly. But she is no less struck with the railway. "We returned by the leisurely railway,—a railway so calm and stately in its method of progression that it is not at all unusual to see a passenger step calmly out of it, when it is at its fullest speed of crawl, and wave his hand to his companions as he disappears down the bye-path leading to his little home. The passengers are conveyed at a uniform rate of sixpence a head, which sixpence is collected promiscuously by a small boy at odd moments during the journey. There are no nice distinctions of class either, for we all travel amicably together in compartments which are a judicious mixture of a third-class carriage and a cattle truck."

It is not our intention to quote further from these letters. We have purposely refrained from doing so to any extent. If our readers wish to become acquainted with the constant and deadly warfare waged between the Maritzbergians and Durbanites—or of the miseries experienced by an English traveller in a mule wagon—or the charming pictures of Natal life which are to appear now that Lady Barker has settled down to her work, we must refer them to "Evening Hours."

Lady Barker has not had an opportunity of becoming well acquainted with us in the Old Colony, but let us hope that this opportunity will be afforded her. We trust that the favourable impression made on her first arrival will not be weakened or altered as she knows us better. The little she has been able to say about us has been said in a kindly spirit. Her letters can scarcely be expected to possess the interest which will be excited by the writings of Major Butler and Mr. Froude, who have undertaken to give a history of the struggles and aims of the men of South Africa, but none the less useful will be her description of the mothers and children, and of the *home* life of our colonists, on which so much of the future character of our people must depend, and which can be described truly and lovingly only by a woman. We look forward with much interest to her future papers on Natal.



## The Southern Farmer.

"Beatus ille qui procul negotiis," &c.—*Horace, Epod. ii.*

Oh happy who, remote from winkling city,  
 With lung-sick oxen ploughs the quitrent land;  
 He plies the "agter sjambok" without pity,  
 And "Hartman," "Blaubok," know his weighty hand.

Not he who courts the banker's golden graces ;  
 Not he who dreads the judge's frowning brow ;  
 He scorns white chokers, canting, and grimaces ;  
 Not his the fawning smile, nor smirking bow.

He toils with active hand from early morrow,  
 In burning summer heat, in stifling dust ;  
 With oats he sows the rarely watered furrow ;  
 He looks for harvest, and he reaps—the rust.

Daily on spavined pony off he gallops  
 To Zwartboy's "brandzick" flock on distant farm :  
 "Magtig ! two hammels missing !" and he wallops  
 The thieving herd with patriarchal arm.

Rest then he weary courts, half-starved and sweating,  
 In "Spekboom's" shade, neath overhanging "klip ;"  
 And chaws his "biltong," tough as leather, wetting  
 With rustic alcohol his parched lip.

Now sinks the sun, and he is slowly wending  
 His homeward way on lazy stumbling beast,  
 Where swarthy "Kaatje" is the kine attending,  
 Returned with udder shrunk from scanty feast.

And there awaits, with leg of boiled "kapater,"  
 The ever-scolding "vrouw," her famished spouse ;  
 A half-score children, innocent of water,  
 With flies unnumbered, swarm the wretched house.

The meal is over : night is gently pouring  
 Oblivion over man, and ox, and sheep.  
 Thus ends the day ; and now the "baas" is snoring  
 On "katel" couch in undisturbed sleep.

G. B. W.

## The Search for Gold.

I BEG you will permit me to notice some remarks made by Mr. T. Bain in the March number of the *Magazine*, in reference to my exploration for gold in this vicinity. I quite agree that it would be money well spent if the Government were to devote £1,000 for the purpose of thoroughly prospecting the Knysna district for minerals. But in reading my report, I think Mr. Bain has mistaken the locality where the gold was found, when he says that he does not approve of my plan of sinking because "Nature has done the digging for us." At the spot where I found gold, nature has done more than this, for not only has an extensive valley been eroded, but enormous deposits of alluvium have accumulated in the concavity thus excavated.

Any practical gold miner will agree with me, that in such a case gold in paying quantities, if anywhere, will be found lying beneath this alluvium, and resting upon the subjacent bed rock.

In the localities, however, mentioned by Mr. Bain (viz., between Hooghte Kraal and Homtini Rivers) I entirely endorse his opinion that no deep sinking is required, as the alluvium there is confined to the beds of the torrents, in which traces of gold *should be* discoverable if a gold field exists in the district. Up to the present, however, I have failed to detect the presence of the precious metal in any of the beds of these torrents. I do not say it is not there. It takes time to determine that point.

The spot where the nugget was found is five miles in a direct line from the reef mentioned as showing favourable indications at Rooi Kraal, and there are innumerable quartz veins interveining, so it is probable that it is to one of them the nugget owes its origin.

With regard to testing the quartz I am of opinion that any quartz reef likely to prove payable will be accompanied by traces of gold in the form of colour in the soil surrounding its outcrop; and until such trace has been discovered in the ordinary simple mode of washing by the dish, it would be superfluous trouble to crush the stone, nature having already by disintegration caused the reef to release some portion of its hidden treasure.

But when such washing has once been done, and gold found, as in the districts mentioned by Mr. Bain, viz., Wittebergen, Lakenvley and Karoopoort, then it becomes really an important matter to test the quartz by crushing; and thoroughly according with the views expressed, I would strongly urge the Government (seeing that private enterprise in this country is so backward) to have the reefs in those districts examined, for it is a well-known fact that a country may contain large numbers of quartz reefs of immense richness, and yet only show gold as far as washing is concerned in most minute traces in the surface soil near where they occur, and in the river beds which drain the area of their outcrop. I may instance parts of California, Hungary, Virginia, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Nova Scotia, and parts of New South Wales as examples of this.

If I may offer an opinion, I am inclined to think that this is the mode of occurrence of gold in the Cape Colony, as I know by practical experience that it is so in Natal. The erratic *nuggets* which have been found point to a different conclusion, but as they are erratic their evidence is not to be relied on.

As to the age of the prevailing rocks here I am not prepared to give a precise opinion, neither do I consider this of any consequence as far as gold is concerned, that metal having now been found "in situ" in several formations of very different ages.

The prevailing rock here is metamorphic schist (comprising several varieties), traversed by numerous quartz veins, and giving place in some localities to granite; also chiefly in the form of veins. This alone is a sufficiently favourable combination to account for the presence of gold, but the absence of trappean dykes, together with the almost horizontal conformation of the country—that is, irrespective of the apparent ruggedness caused by denudation—are unfavourable indications if compared with other gold-producing countries.—I am, &c., C. F. OSBORNE.

# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## The School and the Workshop.

### II.

THE introductory remarks in the April number of this magazine, on the subject of Technical Instruction for young men destined for the various industrial occupations of life, may have created in the minds of a few practical men a desire to look more into the details of so important a matter; they may wish to see how far it is imperative, as regards our defects and needs in the industrial agencies of civilized peoples; and how far it is consistent with our means and expectations, to venture upon a new system of Instruction for the early training of our lads in a knowledge of things, and to settle the basis of a scheme of Trade-Schools in the chief centres of population in this Colony. Many whose conservatism in education, as in other things, is rather the accident of inheritance or social surroundings than the outcome of conviction, fail to recognize the necessity for reform or extension, because their limited range of observation and experience has never brought them face to face with the thousand and one useful and now indispensable applications of Science to the ordinary arts and industries of social life.

The farmer who tickles or scratches the ground year after year and raises a scare-crow crop, just enough to save himself and his family from starvation, may be expected to wonder what connection there is between Chemistry and Agriculture; but the enterprising part of the community looks forward to the time when the Agriculturist will cease to plough and delve without forethought or discretion, and will have the requisite knowledge of the nature of soils, and of the peculiar requirements of each kind of crop, and of the materials necessary for the renovation of the impoverished lands. The wine-grower, the distiller, the brewer, and the baker do indeed "by the rule of thumb" prepare food for the nourishment of man, without troubling themselves about the chemical changes which each substance undergoes in the course of its preparation for human use: the soap-factors, curriers, and dyers may follow simple mechanical

rules, and produce soap, leather, or dyed garments, without the dimmest conception of the conditions under which, among certain ingredients, saponification takes place ; or of the delicate chemical processes by which the preparation of soap, candles, and dye-stuffs has been recently characterized.

All this is true ; much unskilled labour is used throughout the mere drudgery which is incidental to every business and trade ; and we shall always have recourse to the hewers of wood and the drawers of water ; they are useful and necessary ; human beasts of burden. But we aim at the technical education of those who are chiefly to initiate and direct such trades and industrial occupations ; who are to be the kings of their craft ; who are to inaugurate our factories ; to design and execute our bridges, aqueducts, and harbour-works ; to plan our modes of conservation of the water-supply, and to construct our dams ; to drain our cities ; to provide us with houses, of which the sanitary arrangements and the *entourage* may recommend them as fit dwellings for families of culture and refinement. It is by theoretical and practical training of those who are to be the wine-growers, distillers, agriculturists, and the like, that colonial tradesmen can be put in the way of effecting improvements, by experiment, observation, and research, which those who grow up, as now, only to tread in the effete *veldschoens* of their forefathers, will never have the wit to originate.

Again, the advantage of a knowledge of machinery, especially of the modern appliances for economical husbandry, is every day apparent. There is many a farmer who would utilize his broad acres if he could use the reaping-machine in the present expense and dearth of human labour ; but he does not understand its mechanism, and if the gear gets out of order, the operations of the field are brought to a dead-lock. Then look at the various fictile as well as textile manufactures, which are unknown in this country. The glazing and colouring of pottery, even the ordinary fabrication of earthenware, and of window and bottle glass, open a wide and remunerative field of industry. With a variety of clays admirably adapted for the purposes of fictile arts, where can you get bricks and tiles, made in this Colony, to resist the atmospheric wear and tear ? What a dull, monotonous, dust-coloured plaster do the street fronts of our public buildings, churches, warehouses, and dwelling-houses, present to the eye ! I need not refer to the absence of any mode of utilizing our fibres, rags, and bones ; and it is scarcely necessary to indicate how essential are the arts of Architectural and Topographical Drawing and Design, and the knowledge of practical Mathematics and Machinery, and of Mineralogy, in the respective departments of the Builder, Surveyor, Engineer, Miner, and Metallurgist.

It is not pretended that the lad who leaves the trade-school at sixteen or seventeen years of age will have completed even the theoretical instruction, as a mechanist or a builder or generally as a skilled artisan : but it is fearlessly urged that the initiation of the young men in all

that is subsidiary to the handicrafts and occupations of industrial life, will have given valuable introductory training to the eye and to the hand, and the means, as well as the desire, of self-improvement and of excelling in whatever sphere they are employed. A competent authority has warned us that before long the competition of industrial nations must become a competition of intelligence ; we must prepare, or keep in the rear.

It is time to estimate the cost of this new educational apparatus ; which, to be effective, must be good, and tolerably complete at the outset :—

ESTIMATED EXPENDITURE.

*Salaries.* Director of the Trade-School and Head-teacher in the Chemical Laboratory . £500 *per annum*.

ART-DEPARTMENT.

|                                        |     |   |   |
|----------------------------------------|-----|---|---|
| Teacher of Drawing in all its branches | 400 | „ | „ |
| Teacher of Mechanics, &c. . . . .      | 400 | „ | „ |
| Teacher of Practical Mathematics, . .  | 400 | „ | „ |

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

|                                          |       |       |   |
|------------------------------------------|-------|-------|---|
| Two Assistant-Teachers, at £250 each     | 500   | „     | „ |
| Rent and furniture, and other requisites | 300   | „     | „ |
|                                          | <hr/> | 2,500 |   |

ESTIMATED RECEIPTS.

|                                                 |        |       |
|-------------------------------------------------|--------|-------|
| 100 Day-pupils at £15 each <i>per annum</i> . . | £1,500 |       |
| 50 Evening-pupils, at £3 each „ . . .           | 150    |       |
|                                                 | <hr/>  | 1,650 |

Balance to be provided annually . . . . . £850

An outfit of the various departments would, at starting, be an expensive and additional item ; but there is every reason to believe that an ordinary grant of £1,000 *per annum* would enable the managers to provide all the necessary teaching-staff with the requisite appliances for illustrations and experiments on a scale commensurate with the important functions of such an institution. And who ought to be the managers ? The Legislature would probably refuse to vote the annual subsidy, unless the Government was represented in the management with the view of securing an economy of administration and an honest prosecution of the great ends of practical instruction. A periodical public meeting of the inhabitants of the town, which claimed the privilege of a Trade-school in its midst, would probably yield a fair proportion of earnest and qualified managers, who, on surrendering their trust at stated times, would give the townspeople every reasonable opportunity of expressing their own opinions, and of electing their own representatives in the Board of Management.



And before we throw open the portals of the Trade-school to all comers, let me ask parents, Whose business is it to guide their sons in the choice of a career? Is it to be left to the casual influences of home, or of the school, or the accidental hints of a school-fellow or other friend? Some wait, year after year, to see what the bias of a boy's "genius" will lead him to; as if there were in every boy a natural bent or tendency of mind to some particular pursuit. You might as well believe the Mohammedan tradition that every person is born naturally disposed to become a Moslem. Boys left to themselves are pretty much like the older specimens of humanity; those of energy and spirit have a decided bent for play in any shape, cricket, foot-ball, *et hoc genus omne*; those of an indolent character take to loafing and lounging, which leads to smoking and its concomitants. Many have themselves to blame for much of the disappointment which results from their sons foolishly, though more or less accidentally, launching themselves on a course of life, distasteful to their parents and unfitted for themselves. Of course, where a boy has the genius of a Faraday or Newton, of a Michael Angelo or Beethoven, genius will make its promptings felt in spite of all advice and guidance; but genius is rare: and the father is bound to do something more than ask his son, from time to time—What are you going to be? or does he really believe in the fitness of the destiny which children at play calculate for one-another by their magic arts, as they count their buttons and simultaneously utter the Sibylline words—Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, apothecary, plough-boy, thief? Unlucky wight is he, who has the seventh button! A lad's trade or profession is too often a matter of hap-hazard—of pitch and toss, or of button-divination.

Where a parent honestly faces his duty and endeavours to shape out a suitable career for his children, he may be tempted, on the one hand, by the high rate of remuneration now given to skilled labour; and, unfortunately, he is in danger of being deterred, on the other, by the consideration of the low, unenlightened, sensual lives led by most artisans. Not that there is a necessary connection between handicraft and the habits of low life; but, from the absence of adequate means of education among the young of the artisan class, and from the withdrawal of boys and girls, too, at an early age, before even the elements of ordinary instruction are acquired, ignorance is a power for evil among the working people.

Those who think that the end and aim of all labour is money, will not easily be persuaded to give their sons that systematic culture of mind here contemplated, before the all-engrossing pursuit of money-getting is entered upon at all; and yet experience shows how powerless is the high average income of the skilled artisan to give him a comfortable and refined home. With a higher pay than the average stipend of ministers of religion and of schoolmasters, the working engineer, or the rail-roller with his guinea a day, live on a much lower platform, without any of the surroundings of educated

men. Give them the character, intelligence and economy which result from general culture and instruction, and the better influences of society will enable them to keep above the demoralized habits of the working classes, and to take a social position corresponding to that which they hold politically. I am not urging a systematic education of our future artisans and mechanics merely as a means of acquiring higher wages than by other occupations; but the Colony wants skilled workmen, and can afford to pay them a reasonable and remunerative rate of wages; and it will be well for us to give them, when young, that love of order, reflection, taste, and manly culture which can give a real zest to life; for we know that there is nothing to hinder the association of manual labour with high and pure thoughts and ennobling tastes. The moral, intellectual, and industrial training can be and must be pursued conjointly.

There is a question which must be answered by those who are indisposed to co-operate in a system of Colonial Trade-Schools. Where and by what inducements is the Colony to get skilled labour, if we do not train our own children to it? I shall extract from Mr. Smiles' "Thrift" a few notes about wages in England:—

The operatives in the woollen manufacture receive about 40s. a week, and some as much as 60s., besides the amount earned by children.

A good mechanic in an engine shop makes from 35s. to 45s. a week; and some mechanics make much higher wages.

Colliers and iron-workers are paid much higher wages. A plate-roller easily makes £300 per annum. The rollers in rail-mills often make much more. The under-hands (usually boys under fourteen years and upwards) earn about 19s. a week; the helpers (boys under fourteen years) earn about 9s. a week.

Mr. Richard Fothergill, M.P., recently published a statement of wages, in which were the names of certain colliers in his employment who were receiving £4 to £5 a week; and, in his letter, he makes the following pertinent remarks:—“No doubt such earnings seem large to clerks and educated men, who, after receiving a costly education have often to struggle hard for bread; but they are nevertheless the rightful earning of steady manual labour.”

These earnings are far above the average incomes of the professional classes. The rail-rollers are able to earn a rate of pay equal to that of Lieutenant-Colonels in the Guards; plate-rollers, equal to that of Majors; roughers, equal to that of Lieutenants and Adjutants.

These passages, written in 1875, are quoted to show how unlikely it is that such artisans, who can, by steady industry, realize large incomes at home, will be induced to seek a new domicile in this Colony; a few “rolling stones” among that class may find their way hither; but the “rolling” is a chronic complaint that no change of climate can cure.

“Caelum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.”

Self-help is the course here suggested; it is pitiable to hear and read the reiterated complaints in the public prints and elsewhere of the want of labour, and to see the smart physique and the intelligent countenances of dozens of lads who roam our town streets as *Arabs* or *larrikins* without any definite calling. We must utilize the mass of our own lotos-eating natives for the ordinary channels of manual

industry ; and we *ought* to train our own sons to be foremen and masters in the various arts and industries of civilized life, and this latter process is the legitimate work and useful purpose of the schools for technical instruction ; the promotion of which is claimed to be necessary for the complete education of our young men and indispensable for colonial needs.

“What do you mix your colours with, Mr. Opie ?” “With brains, sir.” This reply of the artist is suggestive to those who fail to see that there is a true artistic and scientific method of doing things in contradistinction to that happy-go-lucky way which characterizes colonial workmen. We cannot acquire this skill of the artist except by proper instruction and training ; and prudence and economy bid us rear in the Colony our own artists or skilled workmen, bound to the soil by family ties. By *technical instruction*, superadded to the qualifications of a sound elementary education, it is proposed to prepare for the business of life those who aspire to be foremen and master mechanics, leaders of the arts and crafts ; by other means, by *industrial training*,\* conjointly with the a, b, c of the day-school, we hope to raise the now idle thousands of natives who encumber our borders, from the inactivity and abominations of heathen life to the use of the saw and the plane, the hammer and the anvil, the spade and the mattock.

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### The Child's Prayer.

Around the dear home fireside,  
In the gloaming of the day,  
As we watched the last faint glimmer  
Of the sunlight fade away,

A little child was kneeling  
White-robed by my side ;  
She heeded not the moaning  
Of the cheerless wintry tide.

Her tiny hands she clasped,  
Her blue eyes lightly close—  
“Our Father” she is saying,  
Before the night's repose.

The fire-light falleth gently  
Upon her soft brown hair ;  
“My Father, keep me safely—  
Keep all for whom I care.”

\* *Vide* pamphlet on this subject, published by Mr. J. C. Juta, of Cape Town,

Then with a sudden outburst  
Of childish faith and love,  
Her large eyes grave and earnest,  
Her thoughts all fixed above,

On little bare feet springing—  
“My prayer is done” she cried ;  
“Now let us sing the praises  
Of Him who for us died.”

“Glory to God the Father,  
Glory to God the Son.  
Praise to the Holy Spirit,  
Throughout all ages one.”

So sudden, so impulsive  
The little childish song ;  
We smiled at one another,  
Not thinking to do wrong.

But ere the hymn was finished,  
The trilling clear voice fell ;  
And how she sobbed and sorrowed,  
It grieveth me to tell.

We took her to our bosom  
And told her o’er and o’er  
We had not meant to mock her ;  
But the little heart was sore.

Oh surely, little children  
Are nearer God than we ;  
More like the holy dwellers  
Beside the crystal sea ;  
More like the tender Saviour,  
Who said “come unto me.”

Then join their ringing praises,  
And when they kneel to pray  
Clasp you your hands and humbly ask,  
Ask to be made as they ;  
Ask, too, as years pass onwards,  
Their faith fade not away.

## Knowledge as the Source of Human Power.\*

THE investigation of Truth; the application of Truth discovered, to produce effects; and the contemplation of Truth, constitute the intellectual life of man.

To the investigation of Truth, the mind, when at liberty, or free to choose between action and repose, is stimulated by a simple natural desire to know, without any reference to the power which that knowledge may create, the uses to which it may be applied, or even to the pleasure that a contemplation of it may confer on the mind of the discoverer. By a humble but correct figure, it may be compared to the appetites of our material frame, which we gratify with their appropriate objects, such as bread and water, without thinking of the tissues and organs into which those aliments are about to be transformed by the vital powers of our structure. Man is thus led by his beneficent Creator, through ways that he perceives not, into the temple of knowledge, and re-seated on that throne of dominion over the lower world, to which he was originally destined.

For our power over all things arises from our knowledge of their properties. The faculty of Invention, by which we make any number of things subservient to a purpose, manifests itself simply in combining their various properties, previously ascertained in the process of observation or experiment. In an analysis of the mind, therefore, or in a history of the intellectual powers, the faculty of Invention, by which we apply knowledge to the production of effects, will hold a second place—the first in order, though not in dignity, being conceded to inquisitiveness, curiosity, or by whatever other name men have agreed to understand that primary quality or property of the mind which impels us to search into the nature of things.

When many truths have been discovered, and inventions have been multiplied, the mind contemplates its treasures and its conquests with sublime and tranquil delight. This is another gift from the same hand that conducted us by pulsations of curiosity and reasoning, in themselves also replete with pleasure, to the region of light and influence—even the power of enjoying the presence of things understood or subservient. Here we approach nearer to His own mode of existence when He looked on the things He had made, saw they were good, and blessed them.

Such is the natural inheritance of mankind; but it is possessed by individuals and by nations in very different degrees. To some, Nature has unveiled little more of her mysteries than was requisite to enable them to preserve their animal existence; while others, with ease, exact service from every element, and compel the very winds and seas to obey them. Some, through fear of death, are all their lifetime subject to bondage; while others glory in its certainty and exult at its approach. One man lives and dies like a beast, and

\* A Selection from the Literary Remains of the late JOHN FAIRBAIRN, Esq.



is no better. The place that knew him remembers him no more. Another, in the same time, has founded an empire of admiration and of love in the universal mind of the human race, and earned the gratitude and the praises of all time.

The causes of this prodigious difference between individuals of the same species, endowed with the same faculties, and called to the same hope, are to be sought for, in all but extreme cases, in their own choice and selection. Everywhere, in all circumstances, the man who seeks knowledge early, will find her sitting at his door. And whoever loves his neighbour as himself, whoever delights in consoling the forlorn, protecting the weak, and enlightening the dark-minded, will find new truths spring up on every side, invention quicken within him, and devices mature, with pleasant meditation, as springs issue from the bosom of the ground, or as fruits ripen on a healthy tree. For he has opened his bosom to the influences of that spirit of wisdom which pervades all things, and whose work it is to expand every plant which the Father of Heaven has blessed, leading the humble and affectionate mind to all truth, and pouring tenfold into every heart the illumination it pants to communicate.

On the other hand, the wretch whose eye is ever on himself, who loves nothing on his own level, despises what is below, and admires nothing above him, stands unattracted and unimpelled, in solitary barrenness; for Truth hides her face from all who are not enamoured of her beauty.

Our thoughts, then, may profitably be suffered to dwell for a short time on the nature of Truth—what it is—how it is to be won—how it may be used—and what pleasures accompany its possession.

The word Truth, I need not observe, is a name given in common to every property, quality, law, fact, or occurrence in the universe, when it is made the subject of thought, of affirmation, assent, or denial. Under this common name, therefore, are comprehended many classes, genera, and species, differing very greatly from each other; and to these also it is convenient to give distinctive appellations.

Thus, when it is said that matter is extended, impenetrable, inert; that it attracts, repels; or when we speak of the peculiar properties of fossils, or of plants, we announce what are termed Physical Truths. When our discourse is of the properties of the mind, we are dealing with facts called, with propriety, Metaphysical, or with truths of a higher and nobler character than those derived to us from mere matter. When we ascend to the laws that regulate the operations of one mind with reference to other minds, including the idea of obligation and duty, we have reached the still more elevated region of Moral Truths. And it is not carrying division too far to separate, in our contemplations, from all those classes of truths that are connected with created things, that transcendent series of facts which constitute our idea of God, under the appropriate designation of Religious or Divine Truth.

As these truths are different in their nature, so we arrive at a knowledge of them by different means. Physical Truths are discovered by our bodily senses; Metaphysical, by meditating on the operations of the mind within us. Moral Truths are detected by a peculiar faculty of the soul called Conscience, or that inward sense which perceives the qualities called right or wrong in actions, as the tongue discerns the qualities of sweet or bitter in substances; but Divine Truth is revealed to the soul immediately by the Spirit of God, in a manner peculiar to itself.

These observations are meant simply to be hints, or suggestions, to recall to your thoughts the vast amount, the endless variety, and the glorious character of the things which the mind aspires to know, and by no means as a complete enumeration even of the Heads of attainable knowledge. And I shall assume that you have answered to yourselves, and to your own satisfaction, the captious old question of—What is Truth?

Nor is it my intention at present to occupy your time by an enumeration of the methods by which investigation into the nature of things may best be conducted. For why should I tell you to use your eyes—to reflect on what you have seen—to listen to testimony—to read—to reason on what you remember—or to believe the word of God? All these things you know and have understood, and I trust the benediction pronounced on those who add action to such knowledge will rest upon you.

Let us, therefore, proceed at once to kindle in our souls an admiration, a love, a thirst, for the apprehension of Truth, by considering the magnificent effects which a knowledge of single facts, or laws, or properties, enable men to produce.

I need not tell you that every man, even the most ignorant savage, lives by his knowledge. If he did not know that water and roots, or the flesh of animals, satisfy the cravings of hunger and thirst, he would neither seek the fountain, nor dig, nor hunt. It would also be considered trivial to dwell on effects produced by a discovery of the habits of animals which enables man to tame them, to multiply them, and to make use of their strength or swiftness for his own purposes. But we must not pass over the discovery of that amazing property in vegetables, so familiar to us, but so important to mankind that the ancients ascribed it to a direct revelation from Heaven—namely, that their seeds, when cast into the ground and covered with earth, reproduce themselves, some 30, some 100, and some 600 fold; thus, at a trifling sacrifice of immediate gain, furnishing food of the best description to the condensed millions of our race. For a knowledge of this one fact changes mankind from a horde of wandering barbarous herdsmen into polished commonwealths. It is the foundation of cities, and consequently of arts and empires.

In the infancy of the world, it might, perhaps, seem a discovery of no great value that certain stones, when strongly heated in the fire, gave out a glittering substance called metal. But let us now suppose

that this simple fact were unknown, or that there were no such thing in the possession of man as iron, for instance, and do we not see in an instant that the present frame of society could never have existed?

The man who first observed that a bar of this metal, when freely suspended by the middle, turned one of its ends invariably towards the north, gave to mankind the power of traversing the boundless ocean, opening up a new world to the old, and demolishing at a blow innumerable superstitions, and whole systems of false philosophy, by ascertaining through experiment the true figure of the earth.

‡ It was the discovery of some children, that when two pieces of glass, the one slightly concave, and the other convex, are held or placed so that the rays of light from any object at a distance pass through both to the eye, the object appears nearer and larger. They thought it a pretty amusement to look through these two pieces of glass at the weather vane on a neighbouring steeple, without being aware that they had discovered a truth, and invented an instrument, that would enable mankind to pursue their way over trackless oceans with as much precision as we can move across a plain to any point in view on the other side of it; or that they had put within the reach of the astronomer some of the grandest facts of his sublime Science.

When it was observed that water exposed to a certain degree of heat in a vessel closed with a movable cover or lid, lifts the cover or lid and suffers it to drop alternately, a property of this fluid was ascertained, by availing himself of which, man acquired the command of a servant of such strength and docility as put to shame all the fables of Magic. For, what was the capricious demon of the Necromancer, compared to the Steam Engine? What was the winged steed, compared to the Steam Ship? or Aladdin's lamp for the production of wealth and abundance, compared to the Steam-compelled Cotton Mill?

These instances are sufficient to show the value of simple Physical Truths. They show also how the elements of power lie before our eyes, and under feet in our path. Nor is it to be supposed that they have all been discovered, and that the detection of new properties of matter will never again reward the faithful minister and servant of Nature. From the amazing progress in discovery made by diligent observers during the last fifty years, we would rather feel inclined to believe that mankind have only as yet gathered the first-fruits of an inexhaustible harvest. Within that short period accessions have been made to our knowledge of the properties of bodies that made all that Bacon or Leibnitz knew of them, look like ignorance, and their most elaborate disquisitions in this department show like folly or the stammering of infants. One stands astonished, or feels transported with the most lively anticipation of future triumphs, when the physical treatises of these, the most penetrating and comprehensive of human intellects, are compared with essays on the same subjects composed by mere pupils in our schools. Could Lord Bacon awake from the dead, and with the same amount of knowledge of the properties of bodies that he possessed when he passed into his last sleep, enter the

Physical Class in the South African College, he would learn more of the so ardently desired truths we speak of, in one hour, by merely listening to the exercises of children, than those children could learn from him, should he pour out all his stores upon them. Nor would he be slow to acknowledge, and he might do so with a just and noble pride, that in the campaign against ignorance and the shyness of truth, the plan of which he himself had bequeathed to us, his successors had in all respects acquitted themselves like men. In his figurative style he would exclaim that the elements in his time were in a state of chaos, dark and shapeless, and that the Spirit of Observation and Experiment which he had breathed into the nostrils of Philosophy, had covered them with light, and reduced them into an orderly and beautiful universe.

The grand practical inference to be drawn from a review of such discoveries and inventions founded upon them, is—that every property of bodies should at all times be carefully observed and marked; and that the mind should be kept habitually alive to the hope of future discovery. If we succeed in acquiring a just sense of the value of such properties of bodies to mankind—of the infinite uses, or applications, bearing on human comfort and happiness that suggest themselves to the mind that has once been inspired with a reverence and love for Nature, it will scarcely be possible for any such man to pass through life without adding something to this rich inheritance of our race.

Let us learn, also, not to despise or condemn the smallest truth, or facts that appear at first sight to be low in the scale, isolated and inapplicable to any useful purpose. From the analogy of all past experience we may safely conclude that no truth will long remain barren or unfruitful in the human mind. Knowledge is easily carried about with us. It is a very pleasant companion; and, if it does nothing more, it will insure us against the risk of error, and from spending our strength in vain.

But what Truths are we justified in calling small, or what Facts shall we venture to call barren? Before the invention of the mariner's compass the magnetic property of iron might, in this spirit, have been classed with trifling facts, and thrown aside with the pride that thought greatness resided only in bulk or in force. How trivial to such minds would have appeared the fact that a stick of wax, or a plate of glass, when rubbed, attracted feathers and certain other light bodies? Had a man so contemptuously disposed seen Benjamin Franklin amusing himself with such a toy, would he have recognized in him the daring adventurer, who was at that very moment accumulating power within himself to seize the living thunder in the clouds, to drag the fierce destroyer to the earth, and to force from him the reluctant secret of his strength!

No, there is nothing small, or solitary, or barren, that God has created, or ordained. And as the mind ascends towards those glory-smitten summits on which the highest intelligences repose, it will



become at every step more sensible of the universal relationship resident in every individual thing.

And as we proceed upward from material truths to the properties of mind, we will perceive still more clearly the infinite importance of Knowledge. The simple fact, that the mind, when young and tender, acquires habits from the repetition of actions, that determine its character and destiny for ever, clothes us with a power second only to creating. The fact that a change from one mode of intellectual exertion to another, is more refreshing and more invigorating than repose, that the communications of various kinds of knowledge alternately, or in a certain rotation, promotes the simultaneous and harmonious development of all the faculties ; the fact that Fear, and Selfishness, and Malice, weaken the powers of the understanding, by narrowing their range, and leaving them without variety in their excitement ; while Love, and Generosity, and Courage, exalt their strength by furnishing them at all times with pleasing and triumphant employment ;—the knowledge of these and of similar qualities of mind enables us to educate not blindly, or mechanically, but with a clear insight into the principles of the art—an art second to none in the depth of its principles, and taken in its widest sense, most worthy of the name of practical Philosophy.

It may seem strange to conjecture that in the mind of man there may reside properties not yet discovered—properties, the discovery of which may arm us with tenfold power over ourselves, the most glorious of all dominions ; powers that being known and understood, may be so cultivated as to render future generations as much superior to the present in intellectual might, as the cultured souls of Newton or La Place were to the half awakened spirit of the drowsy, indolent, ignorant savage. Yet it is true, that scarce 200 years have elapsed since the grand discovery was made that ideas pass at *all times* through the mind, when it is not receiving impressions from the external senses, not fortuitously, not capriciously, but in the most exact order ; that every fresh idea has something in common with that which preceded it ; that in different minds these links are of different characters ; that on the character of these links depend the differences of success in mental exertions observed among men—with many other curious facts capable of being turned to the most important practical purposes.

Now if a fact of such value lay hid from the inquisitive spirit of metaphysical Science for so many ages, is it too much to admit that other qualities or properties of mind may yet lie concealed from view, unnurtured, and unregulated, under the ruins of the Fall ?

But in this field, though it is proper to cultivate it as a field of observation in which new treasures may be detected, it is more urgently necessary to learn fully what has been already made known. It is an arduous and extremely difficult study even to the extent of past discovery, and with all the explanations with which the wisest and most powerful minds have favoured us.



I am not prepared to deny, however, that some, perhaps much of the difficulty that renders metaphysical research so uninviting, may have arisen from the solitary labours of a singular class of inquirers who flourished, if such a word may be used, in the middle ages of European civilization. Their ambition was to discover the *essences* of things, and the *causes* of things, leaving their properties and visible connections to men of inferior acuteness or less patience. The dreams of those men who thus mistook the real nature of Human Knowledge, obtained the name of *metaphysics*, and this name is still given in a peculiar sense to some portions of the works of our best writers on Mental Philosophy who have not been careful enough thoroughly to purge off the dross. But if properly begun, and patiently pursued, the study of the physical properties of the mind may be made as solid and satisfactory in a scientific sense, as the study of the properties of matter.

But, as more immediately bearing on practice and the affairs of the society in which we live, let us turn to Moral Truth. This constitutes a wide and illustrious class of facts, all of them most worthy of admiration—all and each of them conferring on the man who receives them, who ascertains their reality, and believes them, power over individuals and nations, over his contemporaries and all succeeding generation, to which the Physical force of mightiest monarchies is superficial, limited, uncertain, frail, temporary.

Let us take, for example, the fact that the human soul abhors violence; that the command of a superior can neither make it understand nor assent; that neither love nor friendship, nor gratitude, nor esteem, nor reverence, can be constrained, or forced, or purchased; that such is its constitution that all attempts of the kind are not only futile, but produce effects directly opposite to those desired. Thoroughly understanding this great truth, and believing it, men who wish to rule or to reform mankind, to change their opinions, and to give a new direction to their sentiments, are deterred from imitating the example of the unhappy great warriors, and sovereigns, and legislators of times past, by whom the world has been defiled with tears and blood. Persecution, or punishment for opinion's sake; terrible exhibitions of cruelty to enforce submission and obedience, or loyalty, are thus seen to be errors, the children of ignorance and folly, as well as detestable crimes—errors as gross as if a chemist should insist upon oil dissolving steel, as water dissolves sugar; or as if a metaphysician should determine to compel the mind to cease from expecting that the same causes shall always produce the same effects,—as well as crimes not less detestable than those of the robber and assassin.

On the other hand, a knowledge of the fact that it is a property of the soul—a necessity of its nature, to yield assent to demonstration; to admit and believe, whether it chooses or not, conclusions clearly established on admitted facts; that, moreover, the heart cannot close itself against kindness; that goodness and benignity subdue it without

rousing its pride by any sense of inferiority, or degradation ; that the forgiveness of injuries is a surer way of obtaining redress, than revenge ; that the most certain method of obtaining the love of all is to love all—a knowledge of such Truths or Facts, lay the elements of a power over mankind within the reach of every individual, beside which the thrones and sceptres of fear-supported despots, appear as unsubstantial pageants in a dream.

What was the empire of Cæsar compared with the wide-spread authority of his poor prisoner, Paul the aged ? What was all the power of all the Emperors of the outward world, compared with the twelve thrones on which a knowledge of these great moral truths, and others of similar or superior dignity, have seated the twelve disciples of Christ ? And when Christ said, “ Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you,” he revealed to us the hidden sources of a natural force, sufficient to put all things under our feet.

But as these things approach the region of Divine Truths, let us look around us for an instance or two of the moral truths, a knowledge of which enables us to promote the temporal good and social greatness of men as members of states or commonwealths.

It was supposed by them of old time, that the best way to secure abundance of food was to prohibit exportation, and the Rulers of states could not conceal their chagrin, when, under this provident system there was a perpetual recurrence of dearths and famines. Till one arose and pointed to the very simple, but important fact, that producers of food as a body, will never raise more than they can sell at a profit,—that by limiting the market, you at the same time, but to a much greater extent, limit the supply, so that when the slightest deficiencies from natural causes occur, there is no counterbalance in the excess provided for foreigners. The instant, and whenever this great truth is acknowledged, and men are allowed to provide for the natural wants of the world at large,—to do to others as they would that others should do to them—production is increased without limit, the earth yields her increase, and the God of Nature pours the rich reward into our own bosoms.

It was once supposed that Gold constituted the wealth of a country, and that when nations exported the products of their ingenuity or skill, they could bring back nothing better than gold. In England, for instance, they, who boast so much of their freedom, might bring in return for their wares, neither food nor clothing—neither the beef of Ireland, the corn of Poland, nor the cloths or silks of France. Till one man arose and demonstrated the simple fact, that all commerce was merely the exchange of commodities, and that consequently if we did not consent to take foreign commodities, we must keep our own at home.

It was supposed at one time, that the industry of multitudes would be most productive when under the compulsion, direction, and control of a single mind ; until one man arose, and, opening up the principles

of the human frame, clothed in the light of demonstration and eloquence, the truth that as *the desire of bettering our condition is the master-spring of human industry*, the labour of slaves never can be so productive as that of free men.

The man to whom I allude is Dr. Adam Smith, who was destined to establish and make known to the world a series of truths connected with the causes and sources of the wealth of Nations, which in their silent progress are producing a new, and a better order of Society, than the human race has ever yet witnessed. And I cannot resist the temptation of offering you, in this place, a brief enumeration of those wonderful facts which it required all his genius half a century ago to save from reprobation by the great mass of mankind, particularly of those who held the highest places in the social system. Yet such is the change which so brief a lapse of time has produced, that I suppose there is not one present, who will not admit one of them as something like intuitive or self-evident propositions.

This great man, then, taught—That what we call the Political Order, is much less the effect of human contrivance than is commonly imagined: That every man is a better judge of his own interest than any legislator can be for him; and that this regard to private interest (or, in other words, this desire of bettering his condition,) may be safely trusted to, as a principle of action universal among men in its operation—a principle stronger, indeed, in some than in others, but constant in its habitual influence upon all: That where the rights of individuals are completely protected by the magistrate, there is a strong tendency in human affairs, arising from what we are apt to consider as the selfish passion of our nature, to a progressive and rapid improvement in the state of society: That this tendency to improvement in human affairs is often so very powerful, as to correct the inconveniences threatened by the errors of the statesman: And that, therefore, the reasonable presumption is in favour of every measure which is calculated to afford to its farther development, a scope still freer than which it at present enjoys; or, which amounts very nearly to the same thing, in favour of as great a liberty in the employment of industry, of capital, and of talent, as is consistent with the security of property, and of the other rights of our fellow citizens.

Such were the truths, a clear exhibition of which has justly rendered Dr. Smith's name immortal as one of the most meritorious benefactors of mankind.

I shall not venture to say much of that Divine Knowledge, the possession and right use of which give to man a victory over his moral nature; give him the power of universal enjoyment; arm him against all the fiery darts of adversity; enable him to soar far above the fear of death, and as a prince give him power to wrestle with God himself and to prevail. I fear to stain such resplendent truths by touching them with unhallowed hands. Nor is it necessary, as those whom I address have had the unspeakable privilege of being familiar with them from their youth up.

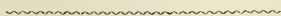
Let us barely remark the value of the astonishing fact that the Great Being who created and who sustains this wide-spread earth and these illimitable heavens, with all their inhabitants and all their hosts, listens and yields to the prayers of men : that he actually gives them what they ask, because they ask it, and thus places at their disposal all the powers and resources of the universe, including his own omnipotent arm ! Familiarity destroys wonder : let us take care that it does not destroy Faith. For it is the prayer of Faith only that is thus all powerful ; and compared with this department of our inheritance, all other possessions, all other powers derived from our knowledge of physical, intellectual, and moral truths, dwindle and shrink as the finite vanishes in that which is boundless.

Another of these facts or truths is, that to those who ask him, God gives the Holy Spirit, who creates the soul anew—awakening in it new internal senses capable of discovering more glorious truths than the unrenewed intellect of the wisest of men, though it should labour with thought through the endless ages of eternity, could so much as catch a glimpse of—any more than the eye could discern sounds or the ear colours.

I shall only notice another of this transcendent class of facts which to us crowns the whole with a wreath of glory. God, the Just, the Holy, the Unchangeable has furnished and accepted a sacrifice for sin, by which the gates of heaven itself are opened to us,—without distinction of merit or demerit—to those even whom their sinful fellows turn from with scorn, or with, perhaps, just abhorrence.

I need not say that a knowledge of these Truths gives power. It raises man above what we can conceive of the influence of angels ; and it enables every man by communicating it to his fellows, to raise mortals to immortality—to bring down heaven to earth, or rather to raise earth to the doors of heaven.

It is not necessary to say, in conclusion, that the man who knows such things will derive pleasure from meditating upon them ;—that they will be sweet to him when at home, and invigorating when abroad ;—that in the hour of outward evil, they will nourish his inner spirit, as with celestial food ; and that even when flesh and heart fail—they will be the strength of his heart and his portion for ever.



## Mountains and Clouds.

‘ Over and above his understanding there are many other things appertaining to man, whose prescriptive rights are quite as strong as that of the understanding itself.’

PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

The clouds pass away, but the mountains abide ;  
So knowledge lives on when emotion has died :  
The feelings float off upon vanishing wings ;  
But science strikes root in the basis of things.

Vain boast of the mind which the heart knows untrue,  
Though the many repeat the false creed of the few !  
All hail ! to fair wisdom, both gentle and pure ;  
God save us from pride, though we smart at the cure !

On ruins of systems we everywhere tread,  
We spurn with our feet the dry dust of the dead ;  
The worm drills its way through the tombs of old lore,  
And the long-buried knowledge emerges no more.

The wise men of Greece are a tale that is told ;  
Even Bacon and Newton are out in the cold ;  
For Buchner and Comte are the planets that reign,  
Though we mean to create the world over again.

Our learning consists in the scorn of the schools,  
And in proving that all the old teachers were fools ;  
We smile at their nonsense, so wise are we grown ;  
New scholars will find food for mirth in our own.

The great work on science is old in a year,  
Once more we unlearn as the last lights appear ;  
There flutters before us some theory new,  
While the heart is athirst for the good and the true.

The dry light of reason soon flickers or pales,  
We grope in the dark as each torch-bearer fails ;  
But the rays of the spirit's unquenchable flame  
Shine forth with a glory for ever the same.

The lyrics of David, that welled from the soul,  
Flow as fountains of life while the centuries roll ;  
The songs of Isaiah new hope will inspire,  
Till the stars in their courses shall slacken and tire



There were stores for the mind ere the style drew a sign ;  
There were records that lived without figure or line ;  
They were old when the Pharaohs were herding their slaves,  
They are young now the Cæsars lie low in their graves.

There are voices, as old as the childhood of man,  
Which rang like a trumpet ere science began,  
And their music will echo as clear and as sweet,  
Till the pulse of humanity ceases to beat.

Evanescent emotions immortal arise ;  
Fixed science once sickens, then hopelessly dies ;  
And the relics of wisdom that do not depart  
Are those cherished by feeling and shrined in the heart.

The permanent hills at length sink, and are lost,  
They fall at the touch of the fire and the frost,  
But the clouds are renewed as when Nature had birth,  
And a mist first went up and passed over the earth.

Our knowledge bears in it the seeds of decay,  
When the perfect is come it will vanish away ;  
But though systems may perish and mountains remove,  
There are graces that live, and the greatest is love.

DIAMOND DIGGER.

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### *Abbe de la Caille and his Visit to the Cape.*

THE Cape of Good Hope has at different times received upon its shores men whose names will ever live in the annals of history, distinguished either for their military achievements, like Clive and Wellesley ; for their discoveries on sea or land, like Cooke and Livingstone ; or for their services to science, like La Caille, Herschel and others. Of these, there is no one of whom less is generally known amongst ourselves than the French astronomer whose name is at the head of this article. More than a century has passed since he visited South Africa to observe the glories of our South African skies, and to execute the geodetic operations connected with the measurement of a degree of the meridian. The only European astronomer who had previously gone south of the Equator was Halley, who, in 1676, under the patronage of the East India Company, sailed to St. Helena, and during a residence of two years there made sufficient observations to enable him to publish his "Catalogus Stellarum Australium." La Caille, whose visit to the Cape was extended over the years 1751-2, besides measuring the

exact length of an arc of the meridian, made observations for determining the parallaxes of the moon and of the planets Venus and Mars, and in addition fixed the position of nearly 10,000 stars, which have been formed into a catalogue under the auspices of the British Association. A brief sketch of his life and work, and some of his notes on the condition of the Cape, published in his "Journal," may prove interesting and not unacceptable to the readers of this magazine.

Nicolas Louis de La Caille was born on the 15th March, 1713, at Rumigin, a small town in the department of Aisne, in France. His father, a gentleman of very good family, lead a retired life in that part of the country, devoting his time almost exclusively to the study of mathematical and mechanical science and to the education of his youthful son. About his fourteenth year, the latter was sent to Paris for the purpose of studying divinity, and thus, in accordance with the wishes of his father, preparing himself for the services of his church. He immediately commenced a course of diligent study in rhetoric, philosophy, and theology, in which he was engaged until 1736, when he took his degrees as Master of Arts and Bachelor of Theology. These studies, however, did not suit his tastes, and he soon afterwards abandoned them in order to apply himself more particularly to his favourite pursuit, the cultivation of physical and mathematical science. The proficiency which he acquired, and the remarkable aptitude which he displayed in these and cognate branches of study, brought him into the notice of a friend of his father's, who introduced him to Cassini. This celebrated astronomer, struck with the facility and accuracy of the mathematical procedure of La Caille, and recognizing in the latter a young man of bright promise, proposed that La Caille should take up his residence with him at his Observatory, and assist him in his astronomical researches, and La Caille very readily fell in with a proposal so agreeable to his own inclinations. In this Observatory La Caille made his first observations, in May, 1737, and from that time forward his life was one of arduous and almost incessant labour and of devoted application to the advancement of science. Here also he became acquainted with Maraldi, a well-known astronomer of that time, whose esteem and friendship he speedily gained, and in company with whom he subsequently was engaged (in 1738) in taking the bearings of the French coast from Nantes to Bayonne. The following year he was employed in conjunction with M. de Thury, a son of La Caille's friend Cassini, in the task of verifying the measurement of the arc of the meridian from Dunkirk to Perpignan.\* Whilst thus engaged he was appointed to the chair of mathematics in the College Mazarin, and in the month of November he entered upon his duties in connection with that situation. By that time he had acquired a reputation as one of the

\* For an account of this work, as well as of La Caille's subsequent measurement of an arc of the meridian at the Cape, the reader may be referred to an article, by Sir T. Maclear, on "Earth Measurements," in "The Cape and its People," Cape Town: J. C. Juta, 1869.

foremost men of his day in everything appertaining to astronomical and mathematical science, and in recognition of his services in the field of these researches, the Royal Academy of Sciences, in 1741, chose him an associate of that body, before which he, upon his election, then read a treatise on several scientific subjects. Towards the end of this year he published his *Lecons Elementaires de Mathématiques*, which has since been translated into several European languages. Subsequently appeared his *Elémens d'Astronomie*, *Lecons Elémentaires de Mécanique*, *Elémens d'Optique et de Perspective*, *Astronomiæ Fundamenta*, *Observations Sur les Refractions des Astres*, and *Tables Solaires*, besides at different times numerous treatises recording the results of his astronomical researches.

La Caille had for a long time been anxious to acquire a more complete and accurate knowledge of the stars of the southern hemisphere than that which could be obtained from the defective charts and descriptions of them which had theretofore been in use, and for this purpose he determined to carry out a plan which he had conceived several years before, and to pay a visit to the Cape of Good Hope. He laid his views before the Academy, which immediately perceived the utility of the step which he proposed, and the French Government, upon the representations of that body, offered to lend him any assistance he might require. He had to resist the importunities of his friends, who tried to dissuade him from what, at that time, was considered so perilous an undertaking. He resolved to neglect nothing that could contribute to the success of his design, arranged with persons in Europe who should, during his absence, take observations corresponding with his own, obtained the most perfect instruments that could then be had, and engaged a skilful workman to assist him in mounting them upon his arrival at his destination. He embarked on the 21st November, 1750, and after a voyage of about five months (including a short detention at Rio de Janeiro) arrived in April, 1751, at the Cape, where he was received with every mark of respect and honour on the part of the Government of the Colony. After spending six weeks in building a strong and commodious Observatory,\* he commenced his observations in May, 1751, and applied himself at first to determining the parallax of the moon, and subsequently that of Mars and of Venus. During one hundred and twenty-seven nights he calculated the position of about ten thousand stars with an accuracy and speed that have surprised subsequent astronomers. He also kept a record of all atmospheric phenomena—the variation of the barometer, those of the winds, the state of the sky, and all that would serve to give an exact notion of the seasons of the country. These were afterwards published in the *Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences of Paris*, for 1755. The graphic description of the meteorological phenomena of Table

\* The situation of this observatory was in the yard of the house No. 2, Strand-street, now the property of James Searight, Esq.

Valley there given, reads with the freshness of yesterday. He says :—

The south-easter always blows in strong gusts when it commences ; these gusts are alternated with intervals of calm. These intervals gradually become shorter and shorter, then the wind blows in perpetual gusts, and generally these increase in violence. When it is about to subside, intervals of calm occur again between the gusts, and lengthen until the calm entirely prevails. The south easter is almost always very violent ; it raises whirlwinds of sand and dust, which darken the air and fill the streets and houses at the Cape ; it fills the eyes of the passers-by, so that it is impossible for them to see their way before them, or to wear a hat. From day to day it shifts and carries away the sands of the long Flats which are not covered with plants and shrubs, and causes them to assume ever-varying forms ; it dries up the ground and the plants ; sometimes it breaks the trees, or at least prevents them from growing ; when they are isolated, or simply form an avenue, it bends them, and obliges them to lean in the direction that it blows, which renders them unseemly ; it causes a vibration in the light, which renders it difficult to observe the planets with precision, and causes the horizon to be always cloudy, though the sky be clear. In Table Bay it raises short waves, white with foam ; but such vessels as have good cables are not in danger, because the anchorage is tolerably good, and, moreover, this wind blows off the shore. Generally much precaution is necessary to save gardens, houses, vines, and grain from its fury. The south-easter loses its violence as it blows further to the north of the Cape ; very often, too, it is raging in the town, whilst it is not felt by the inhabitants of Rondebosch. When it has blown for several days together, either uninterruptedly, or having given place every morning to a light north-westerly breeze, it is succeeded by some days of calm, which are generally followed by two or three days of changeable, cloudy, or rainy weather. During these days, wind from north, north-west, west, south-west, and south, succeed one another, and as soon as they have ceased, or brought rain, the south-easter resumes its sway.

The chief work, however, with which the name of La Caille is associated in this country, is his measurement of an arc of the meridian, which he completed in 1752. This measurement has since been verified by Sir Thomas Maclear, late Astronomer Royal at the Cape, who has published an account of his labours in connection with this task. An error in La Caille's arc, arising from natural and other causes, was found at this subsequent measurement to exist to the extent of about 820 feet on one degree.

Whilst engaged in these labours, La Caille received orders from the French Government to proceed to Mauritius and the Isle of Bourbon, in order to frame a correct map of those islands. On his way thither he employed himself in devising a method of finding longitudes far simpler than that which had been till then in use at Mauritius and Bourbon, he remained for some months, and after the completion of his engagements at those places, he returned to France, arriving in Paris on the 28th June, 1754, after an absence of three years and eight months. From his friends and the learned world generally he



received an ardent welcome, and the Academy granted him an annuity of 500 livres, as a token of its appreciation of his services. His extreme modesty induced him henceforth to live in retirement at his own Observatory, where he could devote himself to the further prosecution of his astronomical calculations and researches undisturbedly, and with that intense capacity for hard work that had always characterized him in everything he did. Towards the end of February, 1762, in the midst of his various labours, he had a severe attack of rheumatism, combined with prolonged bleeding at the nose and general debility—from which he had suffered at the Cape—and in spite of all that medical science could do, his illness constantly grew worse, until it culminated in his death, which took place on the 21st March following, at the comparatively early age of forty-nine years.

The Abbe was considered by the Members of the Academy and the learned of his time as endowed with superior talents; but by the general public, always extreme, he was regarded as a most wonderful being, who had penetrated the mysteries of creation, and from whom nothing was hidden. He himself has told that very distinguished persons, not very enlightened upon astronomy, and confounding it with astrology, often consulted him in good faith as to events which might happen—some on the results of law-suits in which they had engaged, others as to the future of their children, the time of their death, and if they would be happy or favoured with fortune. Although he was often quick and impatient, yet when these questions were put to him in seemingly simple good faith, he listened to all the doubts and thoughts which disquieted those who came to him, and varying his answers according to the circumstances, he endeavoured to calm their anxiety and unrest.

La Caille, however, was not one ambitious of any prominence or distinction; the record of his life which we have briefly summarised, shows that he was a modest, simple-minded, laborious, and learned Christian philosopher. Active by nature, he regarded all time as lost which was not employed for public or individual service. Self-interest never had part in his actions. He was obliging to all, and zealous for those to whom he was united in the bonds of friendship. Work was his element. He rose at five o'clock in the morning, worked without ceasing until noon; dined, reading all the time; walked for an hour, and then continued his work till eight at night. Then supper, with reading as a relish—this time letters—and when that was done he would go to the Observatory and spend a good part of the night there. When in society he was always amiable and pleasant. He would not allow anyone to flatter him in the slightest, and although there was no greater pleasure to him than to know that he had rendered any good service to his fellows, he never wished to be thanked. Wealth he little regarded, but he was very honourable in all his actions. His father had died leaving debts, and these he paid to the last farthing before his departure from France for the Cape.



Three things, his biographer says, always made him very angry—praise, useless questions, and the presence of men whom he thought lacked probity and honour.

Busily employed as the Abbe was during his stay in South Africa, he nevertheless found time to make notes of the peculiarities of so much of the country as he had seen, of its inhabitants, and of its natural history. Before his arrival here, the only work treating of this country was Kolben's description of his travels, which had gained for its author a considerable reputation in Europe. La Caille bought a French version of this book before leaving France, in order to acquire some knowledge of the country which he was about to visit. To his surprise he discovered on his arrival here that the narrative was entirely untrustworthy and fallacious. He says he found on inquiry that Kolben, having been sent out to the Cape by a German nobleman on a mission somewhat resembling his own, had spent the greater part of his time here in smoking and drinking, and upon finding the end of his stay approaching, and having succeeded in gathering very little matter to embody in his report, made use of any kind of information which was brought to him, without judgment or discretion. The oppressed inhabitants of this country thought of making Kolben useful in conveying to the Home Government their manifold complaints, for which they could in no other way obtain redress, and they supplied him with statements which in many cases were far from being accurate. He also made use of some manuscript notes concerning the manners and customs of the Hottentots, written by a certain Mr. Grevenbroeck, Secretary of the Council of State at the Cape. His work thus got up, and purporting to be a translation from the German, he published in Holland after his return from the Cape; and La Caille subsequently, on becoming acquainted with the true state of things, fearlessly exposed and freely criticised its character.

From his published diary, it would appear that La Caille himself never went beyond the Drakenstein Mountains, or further northward than Piquetberg. He mentions a visit to Stellenbosch and Frenchhoek; possibly what induced him to go to see the latter place was some interest which he may have felt in the descendants of his countrymen, the Huguenots, in spite of their belonging to a religious persuasion different from his own. From his account of this visit it would seem that even at that time already the French language was fast disappearing as a spoken tongue among the old colonists. Under date 19th May, 1752, he writes:—

I have been to Drakenstein. We first of all passed the Tiger Mountains (Tygerberg), through the valley which is in the middle of it, and which stretches from north-west to south-east, and thence went through a very uneven country on to Drakenstein. This valley is bordered on both sides by a large number of homesteads, where the vine is chiefly cultivated. To the S.S.E. of this great valley there is another but smaller one, shut in between high mountains, which is called Fransch-hoek, that is to say, French corner. It is there that the refugees established themselves at first, and commenced the cultivation of the vine.

With respect to these refugees, they preserved the French language, and they taught it to their children ; but the latter, obliged to speak Dutch, partly because they trade with Hollanders and Dutch-speaking Germans, and partly also because they have become connected by marriage with these Hollanders and Germans, have not taught French to their own children. There are no longer any of the old refugees of 1680 to 1690 alive at the Cape ; and the only people who speak French are the children of these, and they are very old. I did not meet any person under forty years of age who spoke French, unless he had come from France. I cannot, however, be sure that such is the case generally, but I have heard those who speak French say that in twenty years' time there would not be a single person in Drakenstein who would be able to speak French.

In connection with the district of Drakenstein, there is a reference to the so-called mine of supposed precious metal, which was opened in the Simonsberg Mountain, and upon which "great expense was incurred, but it all ended in smoke."

Tulbagh was Governor of the Colony at this time, and showed every attention to the learned astronomer, giving him the assistance of workmen to erect his Observatory, and hospitably entertaining him at the Castle and at his pleasure-houses at Rondebosch and Newlands. On one of these occasions La Caille honoured the Governor with a discourse on the measurement of the earth and other scientific matters. It is evidently owing to his suggestion that the Government gave instructions in 1752 to one of their officers, Ensign Beutler, to undertake a journey for the discovery of the countries of the interior, and of the tribes inhabiting them. A diary of this journey is among the colonial records. Beutler went inland, crossed the Khys-Kamma, which then formed the boundary between the Hottentots and Kafirs, and journeyed northward to the "country of the 'Daquas,' or 'Little Chinese,' differing little from the Bushmen."

The Abbe was present at a grand festival held on the 8th April, 1752, to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Colony. The officers of the French, English, and Danish vessels were invited to a great repast with the citizens of Cape Town and the captains of the Dutch vessels, and salutes were fired by cannon from the batteries and the various ships. Speaking of the inhabitants of Cape Town, he says, they gave very few or no dinner parties, their custom being to meet together every evening from five to nine, smoking, playing, drinking, and amusing themselves.

The European inhabitants in the country did not impress the Abbe with a high opinion of their activity or energy. He considered them *naturellement paresseux*. In travelling amongst them, he found wine, brandy, or tobacco were the best passports ; with a liberal distribution of either, food or a night's rest was easily obtained ; without them, one got very poor fare indeed. Colonial wine was made in a very primitive way ; if it were better prepared it would be equal to the best Muscat de Frontignac or Lunel. General Imhoff, when

Governor, got a man named Serrurier, from Frankfort, whom he thought would thoroughly understand and teach the manipulation of wines; but either the climatic difference was against him, or he had no idea of it, and after trying here for five years, thought it a more profitable business to marry a rich widow. Constantia had its reputation then as now, and is thus referred to:—"This wine farm is composed of two dwellings; the one is old, and was built by one of the Vander Stells, Governor at the Cape; and the other is of more recent date and built according to present style. They are both situated in a valley, but the first is on higher ground than the latter, and has a slight view of a portion of False Bay; the other has no view at all. They are well watered and the gardens and orchards very fertile. Each of them belongs to separate gentlemen."

The income of the country people was chiefly derived from the sale of their cattle and butter; they came twice a year to market with large kegs of butter salted down; those must have been the happy days for housekeepers, as it only realised the "excellent price" of  $2\frac{1}{4}$ d. a pound! The Abbe in another of his notes, adds:—"Fresh meat and fish are very abundant, yet the people prefer salt and smoked fish and meat, or even dried fish, which they delight to eat, slightly grilled with strong pepper and bread soaked in warm water. Ladies are very partial to pickles of all sorts, made from the fruits and vegetables preserved in vinegar, without sparing spices." At dinners, he says, the upper dishes were generally old and yellow dried stock fish, or a cured European ham very yellow and slightly tainted often, but these things were eaten in preference to fresh food, although that was also served in profusion. He tells of one lady (Madame Lanu) who lived in the country, at Babylon's Tower, who came to town on a visit, to Mr. Bestbier. In a few days she returned home ill, and died shortly after. "She attributed her illness to the fact that at Mr. Bestbier's she had eaten nothing but fresh meats!"

The paternal rule of Governor Tulbagh has often been referred to as the "golden age of the Cape," but we find La Caille recording that the colonists then complained bitterly of the repressive laws which prevailed, and especially of those interfering with free trade. Their principal grievances were, that the Government refused them the privilege of selling their produce to strangers; that they might not fit out vessels for the coast for traffic in the neighbourhood, or to fetch wood from Knysna or Plettenberg's Bay, which was in demand for building and other purposes; and that while two-thirds of the citizens were Lutherans, no minister of their own religion was allowed them, although they offered to maintain one at their own expense.

No one at all acquainted with the present position of South Africa and its people can read La Caille's remarks on the antique colonists of those days without being struck with the immense changes which have taken place in the circumstances of the country since he visited it, a hundred and twenty-five years ago.

## South African Tribes.

BY H. CHARLES SCHUNKE.

### III.

THE large space of land from the confluence of the Great Doorn and Oliphant's Rivers down as far as the Katkop Hills and the Hartebeest River was once inhabited by the great tribe of the Chariguriqua Grigiqua, now called Griqua. In the early days of the settlement they were noted for their opulence in cattle, and were also very fond of giving refuge to runaway slaves in their ever shifting kraals.

Of all the Hottentot tribes, the Griqua seemed to have had the wandering spirit most strongly developed, and were constantly on the move with their herds; in fact, the nature of their country necessitated them to do so. Their round huts were formed of a few sticks and mats, which, with a few implements, could be carried on pack oxen. The advancing Europeans and the continued oppressions and deprivation of their herds soon caused them to retreat and emigrate northwards, many half-castes or bastards accompanying them. They sought refuge on both sides of the Gariep River, pressing in their turn on the numerous Bushmen and Coraqua; they mixed very much with the latter tribe and soon went, for want of a more extensive pasturage, even farther north and extended to the Bechuana or Brigna. They bore the most deadly enmity against the Bushmen, depriving them wherever they could of their kraals and land.

The Griqua are described by the first missionary, Mr. Anderson, who settled amongst them in 1800, as very dirty and naked savages covered with ochre and grease, passionately fond of spirits, and constantly plundering each other or the neighbouring tribes. Mr. Anderson had great difficulty in making them settle in fixed places and cultivate the ground; he however succeeded in some degree in preventing their wandering habits. Lord Charles Somerset several times requested Mr. Anderson to select some of the best Griqua and send them down for service in the Cape Regiment, but the latter gentleman was not able to induce any of them to go, upon which the Governor expressed his displeasure and threatened to bring all the Griqua into the Colony and disperse them amongst the farmers. The impracticability of this was however shown, since the Griqua numbered more than 3,000 individuals, and the whole northern frontier would have risen in arms. It was then resolved to send a Government Agent to Griqua Town, and Mr. John Melvill was chosen for this purpose. When he arrived in Griqualand in 1822, Andries Waterboer was chief at Griqua Town, Barends at Davidskuil, on the road to Kuruman, and the Koks ruled the remainder of the Griqua population between the two Garieps, that is, the present Free State. The arrival of a Government Agent raised



strong suspicions amongst a great part of the Griqua, and although the chiefs were favourably inclined, a party of them left, and getting some Coranna tribes to join them, went about marauding and murdering. Large numbers continued to leave the chiefs from time to time and joined with the Bergennars or Mountaineers, as these insurgents were called. They soon became quite a terror to the country and attacked the until then unmolested Basuto, carrying away numbers of them and bartering them to the white traders and colonists as slaves, for guns, ammunition and spirits. It is impossible to detail the savage deeds committed by these robbers on the inoffensive tribes on the Hart's River and in Basutoland. At length, in 1825, some of the missionaries, with Mr. Melvill and Dr. Philip, succeeded in making the leading men of all the Griqua and Coranna tribes, together with the Bergennars, meet at the Griqua Town. They came 300 in number, made peace, and the latter submitted to their former chiefs. The mission station of Philippolis was the capital of the Free State Grikwas and the residence of their chief. Abraham Kok was at first chief ruler, but left the place, refusing to return, upon which Adam Kok was chosen in his stead by the people. Hearing this, Abraham commenced hostilities, attacking them on all sides, until Andries Waterboer succeeded in appeasing them. The Griqua were quite incapable and unwilling to cultivate their land, and began to let their fountains and grazing grounds to the Boers, who came into the country with their wagons and flocks. The Boers became gradually much the stronger party of the land until they were in entire possession of it. Adam Kok then made over his rights to the whites and moved eastwards with his people into the valley of the Drakensberg at Nomansland, where he died only a few months since. Many of the Griqua soon became dissatisfied with their dry and sterile land and cast their eyes northward. The wandering spirit inborn in the Hottentot was again awakened, and as they could not possess themselves of the land to the east, for it was too densely populated by Bechuana and Basuto, there was but the way to the north and west open. They crossed the Kalihari, reached the Ngami, and also frequently visited the kraals of the Hottentots in Damaraland. Of late, Griqua parties have even passed the Ngami following the course of the Zouka and Okavango. I myself have known several Griqua who had been at Libebe and on the banks of the Liamhry as early as 1850. While I was at Danielskuil some years ago, I met several Griqua who had been straight across the Kalihari to Zwartmodder, Bersaba, Gibron and Hoachanas, not following as is generally done the course of the Kai-Garib.

Having followed the Griqua thus far, we will see what has become of the great tribe of the Namaqua who inhabited at one time the Hardeveld, Onder Bokkeveld, the Hantam, little Namaqualand, and a great part of the regions north of the Garib. Already in 1780 they were dispossessed of the land in and south of the Kamiesbergen, and driven back towards the lower Kai-Garib. The latter Namaqua



were called after one of the first colonists who settled in their lands—Orlam. They directed their steps northwards, commanded by a few daring, intrepid Bastards, crossed the Kai-Garib and subdued in a very short time all the free hordes up to the southern slope of the Awas. The most important of these Orlam leaders was Christian Africaner, a bastard Hottentot. He first lived with many others of his countrymen on the farm of a Boer, Pienaar, on the Oliphant's River. One day when Africaner with the other Hottentots refused to join in a Bushman commando, Pienaar in a great rage aimed at one of them, and was instantly shot by Africaner. The latter fled with many followers, crossed the Garib, and became in a short time a terror to the northern parts of the Colony. He was, however, appeased by the Revs. Moffat and Campbell. His son, Jonker Africaner, became mightier and more dreadful than he had been, and settled at the Ai-xkams, on the Tsoachaub, in the Awas Mountains. Besides him, there were several other Orlam chiefs, David Christian Booi, of Bethany, and Jan Frederick Booi, South of the Kuisib. Another party of the Orlam did much harm to the Nabantirru and settled under the chief Amroal at Epako-Gobabis on the Nosob. Before the invasion of the Orlam, the land north of the Garib was exclusively inhabited by free Namaqua hordes of which the clan of the Kaubibkhoin was considered paramount; then there were the Hinsibs, near Rehoboth, the Kowisin more to the South, the Gammi-nun or Bondlezwarts in the land near the Karas Mountains, extending to the Garib; these Namaqua preserved their nationality better than the Orlam, and were always looked upon by the latter as savages—which caused many bloody wars. The Orlam never had fixed quarters and were constantly moving about enjoying the frequent wars which their great chief Jonker carried on for so many years with the Ovaherèrò, generally called Beast Damara's, because they possessed such enormously large herds. Jonker held this fine tribe in the most cruel bondage, robbing and murdering them in a fearful manner. After his death the Hererò freed themselves and have been victorious over the Hottentots ever since.

The most northern of the Hottentots are the Aunin or Nariuku, in their habits and mode of subsistence resembling the Goringaicona very much. They are still living amongst the sand hills near Walvish Bay. The Namaqua and Orlam of the present day are gradually falling into the lowest depths of poverty, for since they were defeated by the Hererò, they have experienced the greatest difficulties in obtaining cattle, and the few they still possess are going into the hands of the traders. Their land is unfit for cultivation, the game which formerly existed in abundance has disappeared, and the greater portion of them are compelled to live on "veld cost." Pulmonary diseases being very prevalent, they are gradually thinning out, and many times during famine their existence has been entirely dependant on the missionaries.

Last of all we have still to mention the Coranna or Koraqua,

of whom we have already said something in connection with the Griqua. This tribe was once very powerful, and like the Gonaqua in the south-east, had to guard the boundary of the Hottentot country from the attack of the Basuto and Bechuana. They lived on both sides of the middle course of the Kai-Garib, and between the Hai and Nu-Garib. They were soon oppressed by the advancing Boers, and not being able to retreat like their brethren in the west had done, their nationality was soon broken. In utter despair and poverty many became robbers and thieves, mixing with Bushmen, and have caused the English Government much trouble of late years. Chieftainships are still in existence, and remnants of "the Great Coranna" are living on different parts of the Gaub-Garib or Hart River and the Vaal, and in the last few years they have taken Namusa, formerly the town of Mahura.

The Bastard Hottentots who did not join in the Griqua emigration continued wandering about the Karreebergen and the Hartebeest River, until they finally settled at Amandelboom, Schietfontein and De Tuin. Some few years ago, on account of the Coranna wars and the constant encroachments of the Boers, disturbed in their peace the Bastards of the Gras Veld (De Tuin) followed the track of the Orlam, and settled under their chief, Hermanus Van Wyk, at Rehoboth, near the Awas. In Little Namaqualand, Bastards and pure Hottentots are living on several locations as at Komagas, Ugrabib, Pella Lilyfountain, Bethel and Stainkopf. The late Surveyor-General, Charles Bell, Esq., gives us a very interesting account of the state of the Aborigines in the copper districts of Namaqualand in his *Blue-Book*, published in 1855. The Hottentots at Ebenezer and at Wupperthal speak exclusively Cape Dutch, their original language having disappeared.

I have now endeavoured to let all the Hottentot tribes, extinct and still existing pass in review, and to show in as impartial a way as possible, how they were treated in former days, and what caused the rapid decrease in their numbers. There is hardly a nation on the face of the earth which ethnology has treated so indifferently as the Hottentots. In the last century learned travellers took more interest and greater trouble in describing them, but soon their attention was drawn away by the numerous, and, in outward appearance and customs, more taking Bantû tribes, and up to this day the problem of the existence of this strange race at the most southern extremity of Africa remains unsolved. Nor has there been much more done than the beginning of philosophical and critical researches into the principles and structure of the Hottentot language. Much, indeed very much, still remains for ethnologists and philologists to do, and it would be a work worthy of their trouble.

Although I have given in the previous pages a minute account of the way in which the Hottentots were partly exterminated and dispersed, I do by no means wish to intimate that this could possibly have been prevented, for ethnology teaches us and gives only too

many examples, that savage nations, in the stage of development in which the first settlers found the Hottentot, must necessarily disappear; and though this may be attributed at the Cape to very strong causes in those early times, I see in the final effects, no difference between commandoes of former days and the issuing of licenses for free trade in spirits, tobacco, and coffee, substances foreign and killing to the native from his inordinate use of them.

The Hottentots in their natural state were a nomadic race, whose free and roving habits were inborn to them. In this consisted their life. Being forced to become stationary, deprived of their cattle, compelled to till the ground subject to cruel masters, to live between square mud walls instead of the usual rush mat huts, &c., changed their national character irretrievably, and they were no longer the "Khoikhoin," but abject, degraded beings. It is where the Hottentot is in his natural state unaffected by European civilization that the ethnologist and linguist ought to gather his materials and be able to take down the traditional literature from the lips of the native, and to carry out the interesting comparison of the Hottentot with the kindred sexual languages of the north. It will soon be too late. Even now the pure aboriginal character and language are vanishing and it will be an immense loss to science. The late Dr. Bleek says in one of his works, that the position of the Hottentot language is such that it is worthy of much attention and will be of great importance to philology. I am certain if it be possible to preserve much of the various dialects and strictly idiomatic literature, it will prove to be of essential value when Comparative Philology will collect data for arriving at the object which Biology is trying to obtain from another source; and as language is but the outward sign of the mental faculties of man, the study of Hottentot and the ascertaining of the degree of power in abstracting ideas in the mind of these natives, will undoubtedly give satisfactory results as to the exact stage of development of this race.

Excepting a few vocabularies of travellers, most has been effected in the Hottentot language by missionaries, of whom several have published valuable translations. In 1659 Gerogius F. Wreede, a student who had acquired the Hottentot language, prepared in the Greek character a vocabulary, called by him "*Capendium der Nederlandsche and Hottentotsche talen*;" no copies have been preserved.

Lichtenstein, Borchers, Burchell, Sparrman, Thunberg, Barrow, Herbert Ten Rhyne, (1668) Ludolph and Leibnitz, give shorter vocabularies of the southern dialects.

Dr. Van der Kemp's Hottentot catechism in the Gonaqua is lost, which is much to be regretted, because he was a linguist and scholar. Parts of the Bible were translated by Rev. Schmelen, Kuudsen, Kroenlein, into Nama; a Coranna catechism and an outline of grammar were written by Rev. Wuras; a Nama grammar by Prof. Wahlmann, and finally a Hottentot grammar by the Rev. H. Tyndall, which ought to be greatly appreciated, being of great value

in forming a base to further studies. Dr. Bleek gives us as much of the different dialects in his Comparative Grammar as the existing scanty data permitted him; very characteristic and valuable is his "Reineke Fuchs in Zuedafrika," a collection of Hottentot fables and legends.

I most sincerely hope that this Colony will not be left without at least *one* enterprising man—who might, with little trouble, be found in Germany—to continue the work commenced by Dr. Bleek, whom we may, without hesitation, call the philologist of Southern Africa. May the people of this Colony see and appreciate the value of that work, and understand that it all tends to solve the obscurity in which the embryology of Language still remains.

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The Parting.

Ladye! these few brief hours of bliss are gone;

Now must I turn me from that perfect grace,
Which round thee floats in glory all its own,
And, radiant with the sunshine of thy face,
Makes thy light fairy form its best loved home :
Now all is drear to me.

No more those grave and tender eyes of thine,
Through which looks out, so lofty-sweet, thy soul,
For me shall softly melt, or, kindling shine,
And draw me as the magnet to its pole ;
Out-rivalling each jewel of the mine :
Now all is dark to me.

No more may I behold those tresses swing
Their dark soft braids athwart that peerless brow,
Like summer billows of the deep sea laving
The white rocks swelling from the depths below ;
There's none to satisfy my spirit's craving :
Now all is grief to me.

No more on book, or topic of the day,
Or art, the winning wisdom of thy words
Shall teach me truth, and falsehood scare away ;
No more that voice, like vernal song of birds,
And laugh, sweet-ringing, temper grave with gay :
Now all is changed to me.

Ladye! I leave thee; but the mystic spell,
Which burns within, a pure and living fire,
Never shall die. What mortal tongue can tell
The bitter anguish of the mute desire
To utter which we dare not: "Fare-thee-well."
Now all is woe to me.

W. F.

On the Etymology of "*Mu-ntu*."

MU-NTU is one of those ancient Bantu nouns, which in some form or other occur in almost every dialect of that wide-spread family. There can be no doubt that it was in use before the original Bantu nation dispersed. The word has, in Zulu, the form *Mu-ntu* or *uMu-ntu*; in Kafir, *uM-ntu*; in Hereró, *oMu-ndu*; in Tekeza, *Mu-nu*; and in the Nano language of Benguela, *oMu-no*. (See Bleek's "Comp. Grammar," p. 208).

If we analyze this word, we find that it is compounded of the formative prefix *Mu-* and the stem *ntu*, which is evidently a denominative verb, derived from a noun of the ninth (*N-*) class.

The true verbal element therefore consists only of the last two letters *tu* or *du*.

There is a verb in Hereró and other Bantu dialects, *ta*, *tu*, which means to die, to perish, and if we derive *Mu-ntu* from this root, the meaning would be, the mortal one. But this derivation is not at all probable.

I think there is more reason to believe that *Mu-ntu* is one of those mutilated words which are of common occurrence in Bantu. In Hereró we have, for example, the word *tyi-va* (*otyi-va* 7), some, properly a number, most probably derived from *vara*, to count; *otyito*, hole, abbreviated from *otyi-toto*, pit, ditch, hole; *oma-ra*, sleep, from *rara*, to sleep, and many others.

Should the stem *ntu* or *ndu* not be identical with *ndu* in the Hereró conjunction *ondu*, *orundu*, the meaning of which is, because, by reason of? *Ondu*, *orundu*, (*ozondu*), now used as conjunctions, are evidently nouns of the ninth and tenth classes, and mere mutilated forms of *ozon-dunge* (singular *on-dunge*), reason.

ozon-dunge, n., reason.

ozon-du . . . , *oron-du* . . . , conj., because, by reason of,

Now there can be no doubt that these words are derived from the verb *tunga* (weakened form, *runga*), which in Zulu, according to Dôhne, means, to put through, to sew, to pass a thread through the holes made by some instrument; hence also, to sew with a needle, &c. In Hereró, too, the primary meaning is doubtless to go through (with a needle through a hole, *i.e.*) to sew, but here it has the wider sense, to fabricate, to build, to construct, so that the literal meaning of *ozon-dunge* (abbreviated *orundu*) is, the sewing, building, constructing ones, *i.e.*, reason. And it is this root *tunga*, from which also most probably *Mu-ntu* is derived, the last syllable of the tem having been dropped, as in the conjunction *ondu* (*nge*), *ron-du* (*nge*).

If this derivation is the true one, the full form of *Mu-ntu* must

have been *Mu-ntunge* or *Mu-ntunga*, one that can sew, build, construct, one endowed with reason.

TUNGA, v. a., to sew, build, construct, fabricate.

OZON-DUNGE, n. 10, reason, lit. builders.

ORON-DU, conj., by reason of, because.

OMUN-DU, n. 1, man, one endowed with reason.

The expression "full form" must, however, not be understood as if it is supposed that *Mu-n-tu(nga)* was the full *original* form of the word. We can go a step further in our analysis. The corresponding pronouns of the prefixes *Mu-1* and *N-9* show plainly that there was originally in each a *k* or *g*; *Mu-1* must have been *Ku-mu* (according to Dr. Bleek "something like *Ngua*") and *N-9* (*in-, on-*) *Ki-mi*, as I have endeavoured to explain in "the Bantu Prefixes," an article which appeared in this Magazine in December, 1870. There is sufficient evidence to show that the primeval form of *Mu-n-tu*, must have been,

KU-MU-KI-MI-TU

MU- N -TU (abbrev. form)

and if the propounded etymology is the true one,

KU-MU-KI-MI-TUNGA

MU- N -TU abbrev. (form).

In conclusion, I may mention, that some writers have directed attention to the striking similarity between the African *Muntu*, *mundu*, *munu*, and our own *man*, Saxon *mon*, German *mann*, Danish *mand*. Should Comparative philology ever make such progress as to be able to establish the identity of the nouns in question, the curious fact would be brought to light that our word *man* is only a small remnant of the original, which consisted of not less than one verbal and two double or dualistic pronominal roots.

F. W. KOLBE.

Moresby's Cruise of the "Basilisk."

Our interest in New Guinea and its people, which was excited by Capt. Moresby's visit to the Cape last year when H.M.S. *Basilisk* was on her homeward voyage, is naturally revived by the work now published narrating the discoveries recently made.* It is singular that notwithstanding the present advanced stage of geographical knowledge, very little was heretofore ascertained respecting the country. Although its area on the map is about three times as large as Great Britain, and its proximity to Australia on one side and the Dutch possessions on the other, might be sup-

*"New Guinea and Polynesia." By Capt. MORESBY, R.N. With maps and illustrations. London, J. Murray; and J. C. Juta, Cape Town.

posed to have made it attractive; yet it seems somehow to have been overlooked by the inquisitive race of travellers who seek by preference the least explored regions of the earth. A few, however, essayed to make acquaintance with portions of it, and such men as Meyer, Beccai, D'Albertus, Rosenberg, and the Russian traveller, Maklucho Maklay have visited the western parts of the island, but our knowledge of the eastern and larger half has, until now, been almost a blank. It was the good fortune of Capt. Moresby and the officers and crew of the *Basilisk* during their cruise in the South Seas, from 1871 to 1874, to explore this coast and reveal its unknown wonders. The volume recording the results of their work shows that they must have in a considerable degree shared the rare delights of

—Some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent upon a peak in Darien.—

For they were the first Europeans privileged to gaze upon the new and beautiful scenes which South New Guinea presents, and permitted to observe and have intercourse with the native inhabitants, who are still in their pristine state there.

The first portion of Capt. Moresby's book is occupied with an account of the *Basilisk's* cruise among the islands to the east and north-east of Australia, and incidentally we have a reference to the kidnapping traffic among the Polynesians, which has now been put down. The story of the fate of some of those engaged in that business is horribly tragic. A kidnapping vessel had brought a cargo of some 180 natives to Kewa River, Fiji, where they were disposed of, being hired out to planters, at rates of from ten to fifteen pounds a head, and about eighty of them were transferred to a schooner named the *Peri*, for conveyance to various islands of the Fiji group, in charge of three white men and a Fijian crew. On getting to sea, insufficient food was served to the natives, who were quite unsecured, and they clamoured for more, upon which some rice was issued; but one of the white men, angered by the clamour for food, was heartless enough to throw the rice overboard, as the natives were cooking it, and the maddened creatures rose at once and threw him over after the rice. The other two whites and Fijians followed, and the savages, thus left to themselves and wholly unable to manage the ship, drifted helpless and starving before the south-east trade wind for about five weeks, accomplishing a distance of nearly 1,800 miles through a sea infested with coral reefs and full of islands, and finally passing over a submerged part of the Barrier reef, where they were found by the *Basilisk*, their condition answering to the weird description in Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*. Capt. Moresby says:—

"On the 5th of February we were slipping through a sea like glass,

blue as the sky that hung over, and watching the great water-snakes at play on the surface, all of us languid from the intense heat, when the masthead-man reported 'Sail right-ahead!' and waked us up in a moment—it was such an event to see a sail. We almost hoped it might not belong to a kidnapper, for the law was not then in a state to protect captors; but she looked very much like one,—a small fore and aft schooner, as she rose to our glasses. There was something puzzling about the slovenly set of her sails, and she had a heavy water-logged look as she swayed slowly with the long smooth undulations of the sea. We hoisted the ensign to see what she would say to us, but there was no response, so we steered to pass her close. There were signs of strange neglect in the weather-beaten sails and slackened ropes as we neared her, and not a soul was moving on board; but just as we were thinking her abandoned, two or three wild-looking creatures, Solomon Islanders, rose up in the stern, and then we saw that others lay on the deck as if asleep. Lieutenant Hayter and Mr. Bentley, the gunner, went with two boats to board, and these men pointed muskets at them over the side, but what men! they were living skeletons, creatures dazed with fear and mortal weakness. As our crews boarded, other half-dead wretches tottered to their feet, fumbling, too, at rusty lockless muskets; and our men disarmed them gently. They were dreadful to look at—beings in the last stage of famine, wasted to the bone, some were barely alive, and the sleeping figures were dead bodies fast losing the shape of humanity on a deck foul with blood. We tried to show that we would not hurt them, we gave them water, and it was awful to see their eagerness to drink. Our men vied with each other in their rough cases, but the help came too late for one—one dark Melanesian soul passed away from the blood-stained deck, to find the mercy from God which man had denied. There was no water on board, no food, no boat by which they might have saved themselves. The hold was full of the sea; and the ransacked cabin, the blood, the planking splintered and scored by axe-strokes, told of a tragedy. Having given our first succour to the living under Dr. Goodman's direction, we turned to pump out the hold and to bury the dead. The bodies, six in number, were wrapped separately in a decent canvas, and weighted, insufficiently as it proved, and the pumps ceased clanging on board the *Peri* and our men stood bare-headed as an officer read the words, "We commit their bodies to the deep, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life." The poor remnants of mortality when launched overboard did not sink, but floated away beyond our sight, mute witnesses to heaven of a foul wrong."

It was chiefly for the purpose of putting down the illegal practice of kidnapping among the Polynesians that the *Basilisk* was engaged in those southern seas. But Capt. Moresby endeavoured, in addition, to make the most of his time by rendering whatever hydrographical service was possible. It was important that something should be known of the navigation between Australia and New Guinea, and leave was given to visit the latter place. The part to which attention was mainly devoted was the coast of the south-eastern projection of New Guinea, and

the islands lying off it, about most of which absolutely nothing was known. The greater part of this coast is fringed with coral reefs or barriers, which are the great obstruction to navigation in that part of the world; their danger and the supposed ferocity of the natives caused mariners to give the locality a wide berth, and prevented all attempts to explore the country. Capt. Moresby, however, set to work and made a minute survey of the various bays and inlets, and definitely solved the problem as to the shape of the island, the outline of which to a distance of between three and four hundred miles he had the honour of laying down for the first time. Around the termination, at the south-east, are clustered hundreds of islands, ranging in size from a tiny speck to three considerable islands, named Hayter, Basilisk and Moresby, which seem to support a large population of tractable and intelligent savages.

Capt. Moresby landed on many points of the coast, and almost invariably he and his officers became the best of friends with the natives. By tact and patience, they seem to have secured their good will, and not in a single instance was it found necessary to take life. Here is a description of the first intercourse with the people of South New Guinea, from whom they acquired a curious method of friendly salutation which, although absurdly grotesque, proved useful to them afterwards in making the acquaintance of the inhabitants on other parts of the coast:—

“From the villages on the sandy shore of the bay, and from the newly-found islets, canoes of all sizes issued and hovered about us at a distance. We turned all our attention to gain the good-will of our visitors, knowing how much our future success depended on it, but for more than an hour all our peaceable signs and baits of bright coloured cloths were unavailing. The men, in some sixteen or twenty large canoes, armed with spears and stone tomahawks, sometimes made a few strokes with their paddles as if they would venture alongside, but their hearts always failed them, and they stopped and anxiously scanned our every movement, ready for instant flight. At last, when we despaired of success, four men in one of the small canoes were induced to come near enough to receive our presents on the extreme ends of the paddles. They came still closer, and at last one bold islander, enticed by many presents, and encouraged by much patting on the back, with ‘Come along, old fellow!’ slowly climbed the ladder, and stood on our quarter-deck, looking scared and squeezing his nose spasmodically with one forefinger and thumb and his navel with the other. Guessing it might mean some form of salutation, we all responded in the same fashion. The sight was most ludicrous, but the effect was instantaneous; the scared look gave place to one of delight as he looked round, and his confidence was complete. Rejoicing in our discovery, we all stood on the gangways, and so displayed our knowledge that we made friends of the whole crowd. The only difficulty after this was to keep our new friends out of the ship. It was quite dark before they left us that evening to quiet and consideration of the friendly intercourse of the day, so unexpected by us after the reports we had heard of the ferocity of these people. Their surprise was always

great on first coming on board, at the size of the deck, and at all they saw, particularly at the brass rails, and glass hatchway coverings, and they expressed it by a peculiar inarticulate sound. Our first visitors at a new place would come up the ladder by degrees, and peeping through the gangway, return to their canoes, telling the others what they had seen, then others would steal up, till at last one more bold than the rest would venture on deck. One of us would take him by the hand and lead him forward to look at the wonders of the ship and he would then return to his companions, bring them up and (evidently proud of his position) lead them forward, and show them what he himself had seen. It was with great difficulty we could get them to approach the sheep on board—they appeared to think them ferocious. It appeared to afford them great amusement to watch us at meals; and they would sit in a circle round the wardroom skylight, pointing at us, and occasionally roaring with laughter, and afterwards they might be seen relating the details of the meal to their companions and imitating our use of the knife and fork. They were willing to take anything that came from the ship in the way of barter; cocked-hats manufactured out of newspapers had a great run for a short time; pictures they seemed slow to comprehend, but would take them. Hoop-iron, however, was always in the greatest demand from the time we first offered it, and thus this anchorage came to be named 'Hoop-iron Bay.'

From thenceforth in New Guinea, "hoop-iron" became the standard of value, and all Her Majesty's iron hoops on board the *Basilisk* were served out in equal proportions to the various messes, and the men thus enabled to purchase an abundant supply of yams, fruits, and pigs.

Another curious friendly custom, which at first aroused the indignation of the officer on duty in the *Basilisk*, but which Capt. Moresby wisely tolerated, occurred when they were visited by the natives of what are termed the Killerton group:—

"Some presently returned, bringing one of the lean, wolfish curs that infest their villages. They sprang up the side of the *Basilisk*, the leader carrying the dog in his arms and dashed out its brains on the quarter-deck before any one could stop them. On this all the natives near us changed their manner, and showed a desire to be friendly, by making the usual uncouth greeting; but the ire of the officer of the watch and petty officers was so kindled at seeing Her Majesty's quarter-deck defiled, that the dog sacrificers and their friends were bundled out of the ship at once, and their victim thrown after them. I had been below at the time, and was sorry to hear of this summary treatment, for I felt that the rite had, doubtless, either a religious and sacrificial meaning to its perpetrators, or was intended as a seal of amity between us. I therefore went on shore immediately, to show friendliness, at a spot where a large crowd had assembled round the body of the dead dog in noisy consultation, and received so friendly a welcome, that my companion and I did not hesitate to go on to the village with our new acquaintances, who, similar in physique to their neighbours, were painted in so extraordinary a manner as to look more like monkeys than men. They had black lines

like spectacle rims drawn round their eyes, one cheek and half the chin was painted white, and the other half and the nose black. One old native led me by the hand and the crowd followed us for about a mile through sugar-cane plantations, melon, taro, and yam gardens, interspersed with palm and fruit trees, to the village, which is beautifully placed at the foot of a high range of hills, and on the banks of a rapid stream. Many forest trees had been suffered to remain in the cleared ground about it, and had developed into more magnificent proportions than any trees I have ever seen, not excepting the giant pines of California. Their girth at a man's height from the ground is about thirty feet; twenty feet above which the foliage commenced, and threw a shadow on the ground about 100 feet in diameter. A large talking-house about sixty feet long, stood in the centre of the village, and round it on a hard trampled space the saddle-roofed houses were grouped."

The natives of the part of New Guinea visited are spoken of as belonging to the Malay type, lighter coloured than the Papuan and with the characteristic and elaborately done-up long frizzled hair. On the south coast they were gentle in demeanour, and evidently still in the "stone age;" many of them seemed not to possess the bow—the spear, club, and hatchet, forming the chief weapons, and large greenstone axes, with sharp blades, resembling the prized greenstone of New Zealand, being the most conspicuous. As they explored northward, however, they met with a fiercer race of savages, almost quite untractable, but who quickly fled in consternation at the report of a musket. This north coast they found to be marked by an almost entire absence of the reefs so characteristic of the south. The country presents a pleasant aspect, a plateau of park-like land intervening between the shore and the mountains, which, rising by gradually higher undulations, terminate at a height of many thousand feet above the sea. "There can be no doubt" says Capt. Moresby "as to the capabilities of this land if cultivated. On the hills herds of cattle and sheep innumerable might find pasture, whilst from the cold summits to the hot plains the products of wide extents of climates might be grown." In many places the lands were fairly cultivated and watered by many streams, and the inhabitants were happy and comfortable, having abundance at hand to supply all their wants. Capt. Moresby glowingly describes this savage Acadia:—

"We steered for the west several miles along a shore more luxuriant and beautiful than words can describe, and then returned and landed at the village of East Cape, where the natives came down in numbers to meet us, and crowding round like a number of delighted children, led us to their village, where mats were spread for us under the shade of great cocoa-nut trees. Then they examined us from our hats to our shoes in the most minute manner, wondering over everything, especially at our white skins; the young women, who were agreeable enough looking, and had beautifully small hands and feet, being specially interested. We decorated some of the babes with strips of turkey red, on which our popularity became unbounded, and all the mothers came round us holding up their copper-coloured dark-eyed babes. We shared their evening

mcal and returned to the ship, voting the East Cape people the pleasantest savages we had ever met. . . . At times I found myself drawing a contrast between the squalid poverty, too often seen in humble life in England, and the plenty and cleanliness that met us here at every step, where the small cane houses lay in valleys rich as the garden of Eden, and no man had to go more than a stone's throw from his own door to find all the necessaries of his simple life.

They possess cocoa-nuts, the bread fruit, citron, oranges, and sago by the bounty of nature, and they cultivate yams, taro, bananas and various other roots which we found very good to eat, but were unable to name. They are great fishers and traders, passing from island to island in large canoes, forty or fifty feet long, made of a hollowed tree, with top sides secured by cane lacing and large wooden knees. They use a great oval-shaped mat sail, and handle it so skilfully, that when we met them at sea, and the *Basilisk* was going five knots, they easily sailed round us, and luffing under our lee were with difficulty prevented from boarding us whilst under weigh. What have these people to gain from civilization? Pondering on the fate of other aboriginal races when brought into contact with the white, I was ready to wish that their happy homes had never been seen by us; but considerations of this kind cannot be entertained by those who see a simple duty before them, and have means to execute it; we were not responsible for the issues, and Providence may surely be trusted to work out its own ends."

The importance of the discoveries of harbours, anchorages, and island territory made by Capt. Moresby led him to consider their bearing on Imperial and Colonial interests. There lay the vast island of New Guinea, dominating the shores of northern Australia, separated at one point by only twenty miles of coral reef from British possessions; commanding the Torres Straits route and the transit of the Queensland mails; and its channels affording a new ocean route for Australian trade to China. The occupation of the place by any foreign power, in fact, would be a standing menace to Australia. He was also impressed with the richness and beauty of the islands, and the number of their vegetable products—fine timber, the cocoa-nut, the sago, palm, sugar-cane, maize, jute and various vegetable fibres, fruits and rich grasses. After weighing all the considerations involved, the conclusion he came to was, that it was his duty to take formal possession of the considerable islands discovered by the *Basilisk*—henceforth to be known as Moresby, Hayter and Basilisk islands,—in the name of Her Majesty the Queen, leaving to Her Majesty's Government to confirm or negative this new acquisition of territory. The British flag was accordingly hoisted, a *feu de joie* was fired, and the ceremony was marked by the men "splicing the main-brace" on board the *Basilisk* that night.

Altogether, Capt. Moresby's book is a most valuable contribution to our geographical and ethnological knowledge. He does not profess to be either botanist or geologist, and unfortunately none of his staff appear to have had any great aptitude as naturalists. Yet there are notes here and there in his work which give some idea of the flora and fauna

to be met with on New Guinea. He strongly supports the annexation of the country. The climate of a great part of it, he says, would not be prejudicial to Europeans. High lands possessing every degree of temperature abound ; and the malaria that prevails in unhealthy spots would probably depart with the too dense growth of tropic vegetation. The colonists of Queensland, who very likely would be amongst the first to settle there, are already accustomed to a range of temperature that would fit them for that of New Guinea. But what is important is, that England should see to the character and the control of the Europeans establishing themselves there ; that they should start right with the aborigines from the first, and prevent any acts which would efface the very favourable impression made by the visit of H.M.St. *Basilisk*, and stamp an image of greed, perfidy or cruelty as our likeness on the native heart.

Stories of Border Life.

II.

MAKANA, AND THE ATTACK ON GRAHAM'S TOWN, IN 1819.*

DURING the governorship of Lord Charles Somerset, who repaired to the Frontier in 1817, the policy was conceived of recognizing the ascendancy of the Kafir chief Gaika over all the tribes inhabiting the Border, and of maintaining pacific relations with them by means of his controlling authority. The attention paid to Gaika, together with old feudal differences, seems to have aroused the jealousy of the other tribes, who united against him, and in November, 1818, the adherents of 'Slambie, Hintza, and other chiefs, attacked and defeated him in an engagement on the Debè Nek, compelling him to take flight to the slopes of the Katberg.

Gaika then appealed to the Colonial Government for aid, and as repeated complaints had been made of sundry depredations committed by the 'Slambie tribe, an expedition under Colonel Brereton (subsequently known in connection with the Bristol Riots) was sent into Kafirland against the confederate chiefs. The kraals of 'Slambie and Phoonah were attacked, and according to the system of "reprisal" which prevailed, and was acknowledged as the border rule at the time—20,000 head of cattle (a portion of which was given to Gaika) were taken and brought into the Colony, leaving the tribes almost destitute. It was thought that this expedition would be of more

* We are indebted to C. L. Stretch, Esq., of Somerset East, for this interesting contribution to our Colonial Frontier History. Mr. Stretch was an eye witness of the fearful slaughter of Makana's followers in their attack upon Graham's Town, in April, 1819, and we believe is the only officer now living in the Colony, who aided in the gallant repulse then made by Col. Wilshire, and his small body of troops.—Ed. C. M. M.

benefit than any commando that ever crossed the border, and that the terror created by it,—for the Kafirs “fled over the country more like deer than men,”—would effectually cause a cessation of depredations ; but the result proved the very opposite. For a short time the Kafirs were tolerably quiet, but in the beginning of the following summer, they entered the Colony in great force, and assumed a more formidable character than ever.

During the feudal disputes which led to the battle of the Debè Nek, a young man, named “Makana,” and sometimes “Lynx,” rose into note, and was countenanced by Slambie. He was originally of low rank, destitute of property, and without any pretension to nobility of lineage,—although there was some story current amongst colonists that he was descended from an unhappy European female, wrecked on the coast, who fell into the embraces of the Kafirs. Be that as it may, his talents and address raised him to distinction. He was in the habit of frequently visiting the British head-quarters at Graham’s Town, and often evinced an insatiable curiosity and an acute judgment on subjects both speculative and practical ; but his great delight was to converse with Mr. Van der Lingen, the chaplain, to elicit information in regard to the doctrines of Christianity, and to puzzle him in return with metaphysical subtleties or mystical ravings.

Whether Makana had acquired any correct views of the Christian system, seems very doubtful ; but of his knowledge, such as it was, he made an extraordinary use. Combining what he had learned respecting the creation, the fall of man, the atonement, the resurrection, and other Christian doctrines, with some of the superstitious traditions of his countrymen,—in his own wild fancies, he framed a sort of extravagant religious medley ; and like another Mahomet boldly announced himself as a prophet and teacher directly inspired from heaven. He endeavoured to throw around his origin a cloud of mystery ; and impiously called himself “the brother of Christ.” In his usual demeanour he assumed a reserved, solemn, and abstracted air, and kept himself apart from observation ; but in addressing the people who flocked in multitudes to hear him, he appeared to pour forth his soul in a flow of affecting and impetuous Kafir eloquence. To the missionaries he was apparently friendly, and urged them to fix their residence under his protection. They were puzzled by his mysterious demeanour, but felt that he was calculated to do much good, or mischief, according as his influence might be ultimately employed.

By degrees he gained a complete control over all the principal chiefs, with the exception of Gaika, who feared and avoided him. He was consulted on every matter of consequence, received numerous gifts, collected a large body of retainers, and was acknowledged as a Warrior Chief as well as a prophet. His ulterior objects were never fully developed, but it seems not improbable that he contemplated raising himself to the Sovereignty, as well as to the Priesthood of the nation, and proposed to himself the patriotic task—for though a

religious impostor, he certainly was not destitute of high and generous aspirations—to elevate his barbarous countrymen nearer to a level with Europeans.

Whatever were Makana's more peaceful projects, the unexpected invasion of the country by the British troops in 1818, diverted his enterprise into a new and more disastrous channel. The confederate chiefs in turning their arms against Gaika, though roused by their own immediate wrongs, had acted at the same time under their prophet's directions—for it was one of his objects to humble if not to crush entirely that tyrannical and treacherous chief, Gaika, who was the great obstacle to his public views of aggrandizement. With the Colonial Government and Military authorities, he had assiduously cultivated terms of friendship, and had not apparently anticipated any hostile collision with them on this occasion. But after Brereton's destructive inroad, by which Makana's followers in common with the other confederate chiefs and clans, had suffered cruelly, the whole soul of the warrior prophet seems to have been bent upon revenging the aggressions of the "Christians," and emancipating his country from their arrogant control. He saw that this was not to be effected by mere marauding incursions. The great difficulty was to concentrate the energies of his countrymen, and direct their desultory aims to more important objects, and this he at length effected. By his spirit-rousing eloquence, his pretended revelations from heaven, and his confident predictions of complete success, provided they implicitly followed his counsels, he persuaded the great majority of the Amakosa clans to unite their forces for a simultaneous attack upon Graham's Town, the head-quarters of the British troops. He told them that he was sent by Uhlanga the great spirit, to avenge their wrongs; and he had power to call up from the grave the spirits of their ancestors to assist them in battle against the white man, whom they should drive, before they stopped, across the Zwartkops River and into the ocean; and then, said the prophet, we will sit down and eat honey! Ignorant of our vast resources, Makana probably conceived that, this once effected, the contest was over for ever with the usurping Europeans.

Having called out the chosen warriors from the various clans, Makana mustered his army in the dense bush of the Great Fish River, and found himself at the head of nine thousand men. His arrangements were conducted with so much secrecy, that the danger was only discovered by us on the morning of the battle.

Three days previously the Government Kafir Interpreter to Colonel Wilshire, commanding the frontier forces, informed him,—as it afterwards appeared, in order to weaken the strength of the European troops—that "he heard a noise towards Kafir Drift," meaning the assembling of the enemy at that distant locality from Graham's Town. The interpreter, "Klaas Nuka," was in the confidence of Makana, and knew right well he was advancing in an opposite direction; but the Commander fell into the trap by detaching the light company

of the 38th Regiment to patrol in the direction pointed out by Nuka, and they did not return, until the Kafirs had been repulsed.

Early on the morning of the 22nd April, 1819, Colonel Wilshire was inspecting a detachment of the Mounted Cape Corps, when the Hottentot Captain Boezac, who fortunately happened that day to be in Graham's Town with a party of his buffalo hunters, apprised him of the information he had just received, that Makana was advancing by a line of country, known since as the "Queen's Road." The Colonel taking an escort with him of ten men, galloped off to observe Makana's position, when he unexpectedly came in view of it, for a portion of the Kafir force was resting in a ravine which skirts the present race-course, previous to advancing on the town. The Colonel was known to the Kafirs, and only to the fleetness of his faithful steed "Blucher," was his escape secured, for the enemy at once gave chase, and he barely reached the troops, which in the interim had been assembled on the slopes of high land adjacent to the town. Four companies of the 38th Regiment formed a hollow square, and with a well secured Company of Artillery, awaited the rush of the host of barbarians.

We afterwards learnt that at the first break of dawn the warriors were arrayed for battle, and before they were led on to the assault were addressed by Makana in an animating speech, in which he is said to have promised the aid of the Spirits of Earth and Air to assist their cause, and to countervail the boasted prowess of the white men's fire.

Thus excited, they followed after Colonel Wilshire, who, pressing on his foaming steed, only reached the square a few moments before the assailants, and commanded the troops to fire. The field pieces were loaded with shrapnel shells, which with the destructive fire of musketry, every shot of which was deadly, opened spaces like streets in the courageously advancing masses, with their wild war cries; and they were literally mowed down, while their showers of assagais fell short or ineffective. Their various chiefs, but all under the general direction of the Prophet himself, and his chief Captain Dusani, the son of 'Slambie, continued cheering them on almost to the muzzles of the British guns, for they told their followers, they were only charged with "hot water;" and many of the foremost warriors were now seen breaking short their last assagai to render it a stabbing weapon, in order to rush in on the troops, according to Makana's directions, and decide the battle in close combat.

This was very different from their usual mode of bush fighting; but the suggestion of it evinces the leader's judgment, for if boldly and promptly acted on, it could not have failed of success; the great bodily strength and agility of the Kafirs, as well as their vast numbers would have enabled them to overpower the feeble garrison in a few minutes.

At this critical moment, and while other parties of the barbarians were pushing on to assail the place in flank, the Hottentot Captain

Boezac, with one hundred and thirty of his people, rushed intrepidly forward to meet the enemy, along the river banks from the old Cape Corps' barracks. He was personally known to Makana, and was a man of great coolness too, and familiar with the fierce appearance and furious shouts of the Kafirs. Singling out the boldest of those who in advance were encouraging their men to the final onset, Boezac and his followers, some of the best marksmen in the Colony, levelled in a few minutes a number of the most distinguished chiefs and warriors. The onset was for a moment checked; the troops cheered and renewed with alacrity their firing, which exhaustion had somewhat slackened. At the same instant, Lieut. Aitcheson of the Artillery, with his guns opened a most destructive fire of grape-shot. Some of the warriors madly rushed forward and hurled their spears at the Artillerymen, and fell among the slain. But it was in vain; the front ranks were mown down like grass. Boezac pressed on the flank of the enemy and increased their destruction. Those behind recoiled. Wild panic and irretrievable rout ensued.

Makana, after vainly attempting to rally them, accompanied them in their flight. They were pursued but a short way, for the few Hottentot Cavalry durst not follow them into the ravines, where they speedily precipitated themselves. The slaughter was great for so brief a conflict. About 2,000 Kafir warriors strewed the field of battle, and many perished of their wounds, along and in the rivulet leading down to the Cape Corps' barracks. There I beheld the dead in considerable numbers, some of them having grass props stuffed into the gun-shot wounds, under the vain impression that it would prevent the hemorrhage. Nuka, the interpreter, was among the slain. He was discovered in the ranks of the enemy, by Mr. Rafferty, saddler of the Cape Corps Cavalry, who properly shot him,—a fate he richly deserved for his treachery, whereby the military strength of the garrison was reduced from 450, minus the Light Company, of the 38th Regiment, a hundred strong—thus leaving only 350 European soldiers, and a small detachment of Mounted Hottentots, under Sergt.-Major Blakeway, to encounter the power of Makana. At one period of the fight,—Colonel Wilshire assured me at dinner a few nights after—“*he would not have given a feather for the safety of the town.*” Boezac, however, with his brave band of invincible buffalo hunters, rushing intrepidly forward on the flank of the pressing wave of barbarians, contributed considerably to the panic and defeat that followed. The main portion of the Kafirs who escaped, retreated by Botha's Hill and Hermanus' Kraal (now Fort Brown), and so panic-stricken were they, that Lieut. Cartwright, an officer of the R.A. Corps, was allowed to pass them with 17 men unmolested. And yet so satisfied had Makana been in his own mind that he was irresistible, that some thousands of women and children were resting on the hills above the town, with their mats, pots, and cooking jars, during the encounter, awaiting to take possession of the place!

In July following, Lord Charles Somerset assembled all the colonial forces at his disposal, both military and civil, on "Phoonah Kraal," under the command of Colonel Wilshire. The farmers of the Western Province and Graaff-Reinet mustered strong under the able guidance of Landdrost Andries Sockenstrom, who brought 1,000 men well armed and mounted for the fight; and Commandant Linde, with his equally well equipped Cape Burghers, who for the first time began to rough it in the Kafir bush. On the 1st August, a force thus collected of 12,000 colonial warriors, crossed the Keiskamma River with an enormous wagon train; and so deficient was our knowledge at that early date of the barbarians occupying Western Kaffraria, that it was fancied they possessed redoubts or stockades, for some of the wagons in the train contained scaling ladders, and some thousand sand bags. At the passage of the Kat River the army was detained some hours in a drizzling rain while the Engineers were occupied in constructing a temporary bridge for the Artillery to pass. This commando was engaged for about a couple of months scouring the bush, but only women and children were encountered. "Such was the fashion," as one of the Boers observed in an angry tone. Nothing was done to punish the invaders of Graham's Town, for they were absent, having fled over the Kei.

Six hundred of "King" Gaika's warriors, as a guard attending on the Commandant, enjoyed our camp life amazingly. They ate and smoked to their hearts' content, amused the young officers by showing their dexterity in poisoning the assagai before putting it deep into an ox, which Gaika pierced through on one occasion; at such exhibitions laughing all the while, with Maquomo, at the white man's credulity.

The warriors who attended their chief were, in physical structure, a fine set of fellows, mostly of the height of Gaika, with shield and crane-wing plumes on each side of the head, and a respectable bundle of assagais.

Brandy was unknown then to those people, and whenever the officers presented wine or brandy to Gaika or Maquomo, they invariably made Gaika's Bushman servant, Plaatje, taste it before they drank, and at length it became "so nice to Plaatje," that he did not leave much in the glass for his masters. In subsequent years both became drunkards.

After two months of moving from one locality to another, both Makana and his confederates, together with the Colonial forces, were heartily tired of the inactive life. Officers were permitted to amuse themselves shooting the hippopotamus in the Kei River, and were never molested. At length the Warrior Chief and Prophet, accompanied with two of his wives, surrendered himself to Landdrost Stockenstrom, as a prisoner. Walking into the camp with the magnanimity of a Roman Warrior, he said, "If I have occasioned the war, let me see whether my delivering myself up to the conquerors

will restore peace to my country." Previous to his removal from the camp, I went with other officers to see him, and we could not help feeling for his fallen position, and surprised at his lofty demeanour and appearance. He did not speak much, except to request Colonel Wilshire, with whom he was acquainted, "not to continue the war, as all their cattle had been taken by Colonel Brereton, and his people were starving." After Makana's surrender 'Slambie and the other chiefs sued for peace. Makana was sent to Uitenhage, and from there conveyed on board H.M.S. *Nautilus* in Algoa Bay, and afterwards placed on Robben Island under the charge of the Commandant there. A year or two after being on the Island, he and some other prisoners under sentence for life, endeavoured to make their escape in a boat, with which they attempted to land on the Blue-berg beach. The boat was upset in the surf and thick sea-weed, and Makana was drowned, whilst his companions escaped. But for many long years his countrymen could not be brought to believe he was dead; and it was not until lately that his own family abandoned all hope of his reappearance, and buried the ornaments and other property belonging to him. With his surrender to Landdrost Stockentrom, however, the war of 1819 ended.

To the Falls of the Zambezi.*

"WHAT is the German's Fatherland?" was the question put by the poet before the days of Bismarck and German unity. Now it may be asked, "Where does not the German build his hut? Where is he not at home?" Widely-spread over the earth's surface, he readily accommodates himself to the necessities of new countries, and is soon as thoroughly domesticated under tropic suns as under his paternal lindens. This ubiquitous character of the modern Teuton is particularly impressed upon us in reading Mr. Edward Mohr's entertaining narrative of travel—"To the Falls of the Zambezi," an English translation of which has now been published.† Everywhere in the colonial towns the traveller passes through, he is received by his countrymen; in Natal, at the northern gold-fields on the Tatin, and even among the Matabele, he finds families speaking his native language; and his breast naturally warms and all his dormant patriotism is aroused at the sight of the miniature German pictures he thus meets with set down in the interior of South Africa.

The late Karl Mauch's gold discoveries and the prospect of hunting adventures, as well as a desire to contribute something to geographical knowledge, seems to have been the incentive to Mr.

* "Nach den Victoria Fallen des Zambezi." VON EDOARD MOHR; 2 vols. Leipsic: F. Hirt.

† "To the Victoria Falls of the Zambezi." Translated from the German of E. MOHR by N. D'ANVERS. London: Sampson, Low, & Co., and at Juta's, Cape Town

Mohr's expedition. With Mr. Adolph Hubner, an accomplished geologist, as a companion, he left Europe in 1868, and his journeyings in South Africa extended to the beginning of 1871. The route to the Zambezi had previously been traversed by Baldwin and others, and there were none of the dangers to be encountered which sometimes face explorers in unknown parts of the country ; but nevertheless the narrative of the travellers' proceedings is both agreeable and instructive, containing information of all kinds respecting the places visited. The latitude and longitude of the principal points at which halts were made are recorded ; many valuable notes are given on natural history, and sport among the large wild game ; and there are some very vivid pictures of the scenes and incidents common to the hunter's wandering life in the open air, with all its excitements, privations, exertions, joys, and sufferings.

In the course of his journey, Mr. Mohr had the good fortune to meet and associate with some of the old travellers and explorers. Starting from Natal, he found Baines on the road to the north-eastern gold-fields, and afterwards he met the veteran elephant hunter, Hartley. These are now no longer amongst the living ; but the reference made to them is kindly and true. Baines, although then past fifty and in spite of a hard and laborious life, retained the elasticity and endurance of a young man ; he was familiar with all the arts and contrivances by means of which life in the wilderness can be made pleasant, and there was always something to be learnt from him. Hartley, a muscular and strongly-built old man of about seventy with a long silver beard, still mounted his horse with great agility ; he was a mighty Nimrod from his twenty-sixth year ; had killed no less than a thousand elephants, and was well known to all natives from Potchefstroom to the Zambezi. Besides these there were several Dutch Boers and English sportsmen and traders continually met with along the route. Trade with the interior tribes is yearly increasing ; wherever one cart has found its way, it is sure to be followed by a second ;—the first has all the difficulties and uncertainties of untrodden ground to contend with, whilst its successor finds its path cut out for it ; and so the cart tracks have gradually advanced from the wave-beat sands of Port Durban to the rocky heights of the Matietse district near the Zambezi, a distance of 800 miles in a direct line.

Mr. Mohr was greatly delighted with the Transvaal Republic, which he considered one of the most favoured districts in the world, as far as climate and fertility are concerned ; but as yet, he says, its resources are very far from being fully developed, and the absence of facilities of communication render it difficult if not impossible to convert the superfluous productions of the country into cash. Export is not to be thought of where the cost of transport is greater than the value of the articles to be exported. Under these circumstances, it is only natural that a certain apathy should fall upon the inhabitants ; but there is a prospect now of their being awakened out of the

peaceful routine of their every-day life by the railway undertakings which their energetic President has recently busied himself about, and no doubt an electric shock will run through every part of the Republic when the "iron-horse" travels from Delagoa Bay to the Hoogeveltdt. Rustenberg seems to be the paradise of the place. It is set down in a well-watered plain; on the north-west rise the picturesque pyramidal peaks of the Piland mountains, and the horizon on the east, south, and west is bounded by the Magaliesberg range. The air is soft, balmy, and extremely pure, and one meets with all the fruits which flourish in the sultry and humid climate of Natal, as well as those native to the temperate zone. In appearance it seems to be very much like our Worcester valley,—a goodly number of farms are to be seen along the slopes, and many streams come out from the kloofs in the mountain, one of them, also named Hex River, watering the plain.

The subterranean caverns which occur in the limestone formation in the neighbourhoods of Potchefstrom and Pretoria are a great object of natural curiosity to all who visit that part of the country. Mohr and Hübner explored them, under the guidance of a young Boer; and we have the following description of the appearance the caves present:—"We suddenly found ourselves standing in a hollow of some hundred feet in diameter, shut in by steep walls. On the western side is a crevice scarcely big enough to admit a man, but we managed to creep through in a stooping posture, and a few steps along a very steep passage, brought us into a round room of about eighty feet in diameter, the roof of which is formed by a perfectly horizontal slab of rock. Opposite the entrance is a wider arched passage, the unfathomable recesses of which die away in the darkness in a most impressive manner, whilst the scene in the foreground is fairy-like, the stalactites, white as alabaster and pure as undriven Arctic snow, hanging from the gothic-like roof, now in the form of columns, now in that of delicate draperies. Making our way down the arched passage, our lights were reflected in ghostly fashion from the white stonework, glistening apparently with thousands of gems, and on either hand opened gothic arches, revealing glimpses of a chaos of grand and delicate forms, beyond which was the weird and awful darkness, concealing we knew not what. On we went, our footsteps falling noiselessly on the black, india-rubber-like ground; presently we heard a soft rushing and murmuring sound, and we were standing on the brink of the subterranean waters of the Mooi river—a modern Styx, black as a pall, reflecting the light of our candles in a grudging silent manner. What a melancholy, lonely, awfully silent spot! We wandered about this subterranean palace for a good half hour, like shades seeking in vain the dread boatman Charon. Nothing could exceed the gloom of this new aspect of the Mooi River. Here no clouds were reflected in its waters, no breeze ruffled its surface, the note of birds, the shout of the human voice, were alike unknown; unnoticed and alone it sped

on its course, mourning and darkness its only companions. We regained the entrance of the cave not a moment too soon, for our candles were nearly burnt out. I have spent many a stormy night at sea, when the morning light was indeed a welcome sight, but never in all my life was I more glad to greet the golden sunbeams than when I had left the dim recesses of Wonderfontein behind me, for beautiful as they are, they are very terrible, and as solemn as if amongst them the best hopes of the human race had been petrified—converted into cold, lifeless, irresponsible stones. As for the extent of the cave, or rather the subterranean passages of Wonderfontein, all I could gather was, that from Mooi River Hole the stream flows underground for several miles, and probably winds throughout the whole of its subterranean course amongst such scenes as we had witnessed ; in any case, it is certain that the part of the grotto shown to visitors is but a very small portion of the whole.”

Crossing the Limpopo, Mr. Mohr proceeded on to Soshonge, and from thence to the Tatin River, enjoying good sport and many lively adventures. At the Tatin he found Sir John Swinburne with a quartz-crushing machine, and a party of miners, who had hurried there from various parts of the world upon the announcement of gold being discovered. They were not very handsomely rewarded for their trouble. Work, however, was carried on energetically, except by a few rather wild unruly spirits, who made up for the ordinary uniformity of their hard fortune by excesses which disturbed the peace of the little colony. Mr. Mohr relates:—“One day, for instance, when I was sitting in Captain Le Vert’s hut, several adventurers dropped in one after the other, and amongst them a certain miner known as ‘Australian Charley,’ whose custom it was to work like a slave for six days in the week and get tipsy on the seventh. On this occasion he had already taken several glasses, when it occurred to him that it would be fun to make a little nocturnal excursion, and pay a visit to a hut some six miles off on the Upper Tatin. No sooner said than done. The novelty of the idea was delightful. Several men declared themselves ready to join. The astonished Kafirs had to fetch four draught oxen ; they were harnessed to a two-wheeled barrow, and taking with them a few bottles of the ‘noble whiskey,’ the party set off in the best of spirits. All this happened at a time when the roaring of large beasts of prey, at no great distance off, was heard pretty well all night long, and at a place from which, but eight days before, a man who had gone to look for his ass alone and without weapons, had disappeared, never to return, his fate rendered only too certain by the discovery of his torn clothes and scattered bones. For all that, however, the party disappeared in the darkness of the night with a shout of ‘There’s nothing like a free life and whiskey!’ and the noise of the barrow rattling over the stones soon died away. About half-an-hour’s march the oxen, who were the most reasonable members of the expedition, seem to have suspected the condition of their masters, and preferring the camp on

the Tatin to a senseless march through the bush, they overturned the barrow, and broke away from it, leaving its inmates beside the broken bottles, wherever they happened to fall. The smell of spirits is evidently not attractive to lions, at least only on that supposition can we account for the fact that the members of this nocturnal pleasure-party all got back safely to their tents the next morning, the loss of the barrow, which was broken to pieces, having considerably damped their ardour."

Most of these miners were from New Zealand or Australia, and with occasional exceptions such as the above, led a very simple and regular life. They were fine stalwart men, the muscles of their arms being hardened like iron, and their chests and shoulders so broad that a Centaur might have envied them. Ultimately Mr. Mohr came to the conclusion that men who worked so hard and so indefatigably might be adventurers, but were certainly not profligates; and that they would be far more effectual defenders of their native land in case of necessity than the pale emaciated vagabonds of our crowded towns.

Before his departure from the settlement, he found that among them there was one of his own countrymen, a German, of the name of Greit, whom he visited. He found him living alone about four miles to the north-east of the miners' colony, for the purpose of working a quartz pit supposed to contain gold. "His little hut was strongly built of stakes and brambles, but its solidity was nothing to that of the night quarters of the goats, situated about sixty paces from it, for on Greit's first arrival, lions had made an attempt to carry off his goats almost every night, terrifying the poor creatures dreadfully. An Australian miner, living about ten minutes' walk further on, had made an opening in the side of his hut, at which he watched for the lions, and one night he managed to kill two of them. The day we called on Greit there were numerous footprints of lions close to his hut; and he told us that when he lay awake at night he often heard the stealthy footsteps of these beasts of prey approaching, but he felt so secure of his own safety that he kept no weapons by him but an old fowling-piece and a revolver, and that he found a random shot in the darkness was quite enough to keep the unwelcome visitors away for several nights. Greit might have shot plenty of lions from his hut without any danger to himself, but though a brave man enough, he had no fancy for the sport. It would be difficult to imagine anything more lonely, deserted, and melancholy than this little settlement surrounded by mopane trees and tall grass; but what will not a man put up with in the hope of winning gold?"

Travellers in Africa require not so much courage as boundless patience and an iron constitution. This was Mr. Mohr's experience. On arrival at the borders of the Matabele country he found the road closed to him owing to the death of the Chief Moselekatzi; but ultimately, after a protracted delay, he secured the favour of the new chief Lobengule, and proceeded on his way. Heavy rains, flooded

ivers, and other difficulties had then to be encountered. The worst of all was the threatened desertion of his followers; when fortunately there occurred one of those happy incidents which saved the expedition from failure at a critical moment. Their provisions were nigh exhausted, game had not been seen for some time, and they were reduced to their last goat, which was reserved for a time of absolute necessity. As they were going along, however, a buffalo suddenly appeared and was quickly shot down; and at the prospect of a good supply of meat, his native followers at once changed their minds about marching back.

The larger game, it seems, have gradually receded into the interior of the country, and now the best hunting ground is on the tract forming the southern water-shed of the Zambezi. In this region, there are fine tree-clad plains with numerous ponds bordered by reeds. Never in all his experience had Mr. Mohr seen such vast quantities of wild animals as in these parts. The spoors of rhinoceroses, buffaloes, giraffes, and elephants covered the ground far and wide. Encamping on a little height, far enough from the water not to disturb the animals coming down to drink, and close enough to command a view of all that went on, Mr. Mohr thus describes a night scene:—"The weather continued splendid, the atmosphere clear, and the flames of the camp-fire rose high, lighting up the surrounding forest in a weird and fantastic manner. The natives gorged themselves with buffalo flesh, each one enjoying the good things which had fallen into our hands to his hearts' content. As the darkness gathered, we heard crowds of animals coming down to the opposite side of the pond, but our fire and the noise in the camp soon frightened them away. Not until midnight when all was still and the huge branches which had fed our fire were reduced to masses of red cinders, did the buffaloes and elephants venture down to drink. The grey forms of those creatures could be distinctly made out by the clear starlight and the noise of their snorting and stamping scarcely ceased the whole night through. Towards morning, however, when the first pale streaks of light appeared in the east, silence fell on all around, and as the sun rose above the quiet pond, shut in in apparently peaceful seclusion by the surrounding forests, and the birds sang their morning hymn, it seemed difficult to believe that the scenes witnessed during the night had been anything but a dream."

Before reaching the Zambezi, Hübner left his companion, for the Diamond-fields, then newly-discovered, and Mr. Mohr travelled alone with an English servant and the natives. They suffered from some attacks of fever, but the Englishman named Cluley, although much reduced, his knees knocking together from very weakness, still managed to keep up with the cheery expression, "Don't give up the ship." After heavy marches, now ascending then descending steep hills, but ever keeping straight on, they reached their *ultima thule*—the Victoria Falls of the Zambezi, and pitched their camp at the foot of Logier-hill, which poor Baines on his visit to the Falls had so

named in honour of his tried and constant friend, the late Mr. Logier of Cape Town. A tumble-down hut, with some broken colour-pots, and portions of the copper boat, constructed by Baines with so much skill and at the expense of so much trouble in the hope of exploring the river to its mouth, were still on the spot. "I trod carefully," says Mr. Mohr, "that I might not injure these memorials of heroic endurance."

The indefatigable traveller felt fully rewarded for his toil and pains when he witnessed the Great Victoria Falls of the Zambezi, where the majestic river, a mile wide, comes down from the north west and flings its waters over four hundred feet into a rocky ravine ranging in width from two hundred and forty to three hundred feet, which runs across its bed. After looking down for some time into this raging, leaping, foaming, heaving chaos, almost deafened by the terrible noise of the maddened waters, and shaken by the menacing howl rising up continuously from the depths, one wonders how the rocks, those hard ribs of the earth, can withstand the shock of such a mighty onset. "Long did I gaze," he says "upon this magnificent scene, my imagination carrying me away as on the pinions of the storm. It seemed to me as if my small *ego* had become part of the power which raged about me; as if my own identity were swallowed up in the surrounding glory, the voice of which rolled on for ever, like the waves of eternity. But I throw down my pen. No human being can describe the infinite; and what I saw was a part of infinity made visible and framed in beauty."

The Voice or the Echo.

Are my thoughts by Genius sent,
Only borrowed if not lent,
Echo, tell me which is meant?
Echo fools me to my bent,

And she answers "Lent!"

Have my thoughts no novelty,
Reflex of what others say
Dressed anew to meet the day,
Lions roar with tones that bray?

Then she answers "Aye."

Shall I scrawling cease for ever
And my fondest hopes thus sever,
Poet's fame grasp now or never
In this world be counted clever?

Now she answers "Never."

L.

Home Sickness.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL GEROK.

"Blessed are the home-sick; for they shall come at last to the Father's house."—JUNG
STILLING.

I.

I would go home, home to the Father's mansions—
 Home to the Father's heart;
 Home from the world's turmoil and fierce contentions,
 From Heaven ne'er to depart;
 'Mid thousand wishes—while bereft of rest,
 One thought is ever burning in my breast,
 One gleam of hope still bodes the coming day—
 I would away.

II.

I would go home, I'm wearied out with sorrow,
 This world but brings me grief;
 I'm tired of joy which leases me on the morrow,
 And grants me no relief.
 While God doth please, my cross I still would carry,
 Here soldier-like, still at my post would tarry.
 But yet, in secret do I long and say—
 I would away.

III.

I would go home: I dreamt with rapturous pleasure
 Of Heaven, my Fatherland;
 There is my portion and eternal treasure,
 Too long I waiting stand;
 The spring is gone, the birds are homeward winging,
 To happier climes their songs of joy are bringing,
 No net can keep, no bird-lime force their stay—
 I would away.

IV.

I would go home—the bark doth seek the haven,
 The brook will reach the sea;
 One prayer oft uttered, on my heart is graven:
 So be it Lord with me!
 I tuned my harp in days of joy and sorrow,
 But all are gone; I wait but for the morrow.
 One song remains,—one last, one only lay—
 I would away.

J. M.

A Woman's Thoughts on Water-Supply.

"Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink."—COLERIDGE.

THE first thing that must strike anyone after being a little while in Cape Town, is the strange apathy and indifference displayed by Cape people to everything which concerns the general community. There is no spirit of patriotism or philanthropy displayed in this part of the Colony. If men possess a philanthropic spirit, they allow it to lie dormant, and it is as difficult to arouse, as it is to rouse a torpid mouse in winter, and often, I fear, only roused with the same result ; for if a mouse is aroused from its state of torpor, the effort of nature is such, that it causes death. So it appears to be with the energy of some people, the effort to arouse their energy, extinguishes the little they possess.

How is it that the lovely environs of Cape Town, situated as they are at the very foot of Table Mountain, are so badly supplied with that most necessary of all necessities—water? Everywhere, we hear the same complaint about water ; either bad water, or what is worse, no water at all. Where does the fault lie, and where is the remedy? Water—that precious element, without which neither man nor beast can exist, and which is essential for the health and comfort of all living creatures—water, I say, abounds in our vicinity ; we have been abundantly supplied with it by our Great Creator, the Ruler of the universe ; but man wastes and neglects the blessings lavished on him, and then complains because he has not got what he takes no pains to keep.

Table Mountain, like most other high mountains, contains abundance of water. After every shower of rain, streams flow over the sides of the great rocky mountain, and descend to the plains below. If a reservoir can be erected on the one side of Table Mountain, viz., Cape Town side ; why might not one be made on the other side, say at Newlands, or Rondebosch? It would require a little outlay, but if the residents of the surrounding villages were to bestir themselves in the matter, they might have water-works erected which would enable them to have their houses all well supplied with good water, during summer as well as winter. We generally have a superabundance of water during the winter season, and but a limited supply in summer. Why not then store up the precious fluid, by building a reservoir where it may be reserved till it is needed, as it is in the dry months of summer?

I do not think that any would object to paying water-rates, if they, by expending a small sum annually, could avoid the extreme inconvenience of being half the year without a drop of water on their premises, or with only a limited supply, and that not of the purest description. Many persons pay nearly a shilling a day for their water, and are obliged to send to a distance for it. At the Diamond-fields, it is not to be wondered at if the residents are ill-supplied with water, but in this neighbourhood, where water abounds, it is

certainly a matter of astonishment to all who think on the subject, that there is so little done to take care of it, and disperse it among the inhabitants by the erection of public water-works.

It is to be lamented that there are so few who care sufficiently for either neighbour, or neighbourhood, to exert themselves for the good of the public. Men are content to get on, each one for himself, and by himself, and let everyone else do the same. A mistaken policy, however, for strength lies in unity, and the more we do for our fellow creatures, and the advancement of the country we reside in, the greater benefit do we ourselves derive.

Many come to this Colony to make fortunes, and go to England to spend them; they may gain a great deal from this country, but the country gains little or nothing by their having resided in it. Is this fair? Men have every right to gain what they can, and enjoy what they work for, but if, instead of coming to a colony, making money in it, and departing from it, leaving as their legacy nothing but words of disparagement, they bestowed their mite towards the dispersion of those evils they are so ready to deplore, and if men who visited England from this Colony, would inspect Public Works, and the sanitary arrangements of the various towns they visit in Europe, with the view of improving the land they reside in, the Cape Colony would soon grow out of its present infantile state. It is more infantile than any of its sister colonies, and one reason of her slow progress in civilization is, the lack of public enterprise.

Philanthropy and patriotism, are words but little understood on this side of the Atlantic. Philanthropists are much wanted—men who are willing to exert their influence for the mutual good of their neighbours, and the improvement of the country of their adoption. And I believe I can state with accuracy that such men are more needed in Cape Town than any town in the Colony.

Cape Town is known by everyone to be a badly kept town; the odours arising in some of the streets are enough to breed fevers, and many other diseases; and most undoubtedly would the mortality be greatly increased by them, were it not for the frequent visits of that most disagreeable, but eminently useful visitor, the “Cape Doctor,” commonly spoken of as the “South-Easter.”

But why should we not try to remedy some of the evils which affect everybody, which everybody complains of, but which no one endeavours to ameliorate? Why are we content to live on, year after year, with the same disagreeables surrounding us, and never strive to dispense with them? We want some one who will take the lead in these matters. What is everybody's business, is nobody's business; and nobody will, it appears, make it their business to establish a supply of water for the neighbourhood. If any man would come forward and undertake the erection of a public reservoir and aqueducts in the suburbs of the town, he would, I am sure, be immortalized, or canonized after his demise.

We might well learn a lesson from the French nation in these matters; who, although of a versatile and vivacious temperament, are ever united in their endeavours to promote the advancement of

the cities, towns, and villages they inhabit ; and who regard it as a duty, as well as a delight, to improve and embellish them. Paris, after the terrible siege she endured, and the frightful destruction caused by the Communistic outbreak, was not long before she appeared in all her former beauty ; and I was told by an eye-witness, that in a few weeks after the suppression of the Communists, you could perceive but few traces of any disturbance, and those only in the less frequented thoroughfares. Although it is foolish to draw a comparison so absurd as comparing Kalk Bay to Brighton, yet, let us ask, how long would Cape Town (even after enduring a week's siege) take, before the shattered buildings were restored, and the town resumed its former aspect ? Certainly not before, at least, one generation had passed away, judging by the present state of activity existing among its inhabitants.

What we need, is more ardour, enthusiasm, energy, vigour, spirit—call it what you will—in the interest of the public weal. I believe if some man, even of average capacity, were to interest and exert himself in arranging a supply of water for the suburbs of Cape Town, he would meet with every encouragement and support ; and even though many difficulties may oppose themselves, they could not be such as might not with persevering determination be surmounted. Would that it were in my power to undertake the scheme, but, alas ! I am only

A WOMAN.

On Love.

I.

O star of life ! Sweet star of modern days,
 Fond spirit, yearning pure of soul for soul,
 Without whose fair society nor grace
 Nor strength is perfect, who towards the goal
 Ofttime, in thy harmonious control,
 The nations of the world dost ever sway ;
 To thee we turn, as to the starry pole
 The seaman turns to seek the one pure ray,
 That gives him heart and hope on his uncertain way.

II.

Thy grace divine, throughout the universe
 Eternally descending, can endue
 All things with radiance, and the darkest curse
 Of drear mortality, with some clear hue
 Of heaven-born glory ; and as birds anew
 Burst into song as soon as storm is o'er,
 And all the sky is domed with sunny blue,
 E'en such a season art thou evermore,
 Unto the hearts which do thy blessed worth adore.

III.

The magic of thy presence doth transfuse
 The dull, gross meshes of our mortal clay ;
 The bonds of sense then melt away like dews
 Within the noontide beam ; earth fades away ;
 From star to star, on some star-paven way,
 The soul triumphant walks, upheld by thee ;
 And in the light of that diviner day
 It doth behold fair visions, doomed to be
 The utmost good and hope of our humanity.

IV.

For Music, Painting, Sculpture, Poesy,
 All the arts that stretch the mind's expanse,
 And change man's grossness and his cruelty,
 Spring into life beneath thy starry glance.
 Thine are the fairy glades of fair Romance,
 Its fountain-heads and Eden-margin'd streams ;
 And as the ages flow in swift advance,
 Rarer become the fond prophetic dreams
 Which these fair spirits weave of Hope's immortal beams.

V.

Beyond the narrow bounds of earth and day
 We feel that thou art lord, and we revere
 Each record faint of thy eternal sway ;
 And Hero's shriek, or Desdemona's tear
 To all remain imperishably dear ;
 An Empire's woes may often vainly seek
 The willing homage of attention's ear ;
 But sighs of antique lovers grow but weak,
 To touch with pallid ruth the breathless maiden's cheek.

VI.

For Love transcends the bounds of time and space ;
 Its essence is impalpable as light ;
 And all created things in its embrace
 Do lie, the while it spinneth, day or night,
 The warp and woof of Being. Oh, its might
 Is universal ; round it too doth turn,
 As round some central sun, the order bright
 Of all Intelligence ; like planets, yearn
 All good thoughts to their light fit homage to return.

Notes of the Month.

A DEBT of gratitude is certainly due to Mr. E. J. Dunn, from South Africa, generally, for the readiness with which he has given his scientific labours as a geologist to the public at large, by the publication of his new geological sketch map of South Africa.

Mr. A. G. Bain, the "father of geology" in this Colony, framed a geological map, which was published in the Transactions of the Geological Society of London. (Vol. 7, Second Series), accompanied by most valuable notes on the fossils of the several regions therein represented. Mr. Bain's self-imposed labours obtained the unqualified approval of the greatest geologists of the day, including the late Sir R. Murchison, and others, who, in fact, became his judges and set forth before the public the results of his researches, not as those of a mere amateur, but as the comprehensive deductions of a mature practical geologist. His map was, however, most wisely restricted to the sphere of his own personal observation and so precisely so, that one portion of the Colony was left blank, although by inductive reasoning it might have justly been filled in.

This map, valuable as it certainly is and but slightly modified by subsequent observations, was never fairly in the hands of the public—excepting in conjunction with an expensive publication which none but specially interested students of the science would care to become possessed of, and at this moment it is doubtful if twenty numbers of it are available in this Colony for reference.

Now, however, we have in Mr. Dunn's map published in the form of a loose sheet, not only a cheap compilation of Bain's map with the modifications of subsequent geological surveyors, but a vast extension of the area of South Africa geologically defined, of which we had until now literally no knowledge whatever. Mr. Dunn's explorations to the north and east, as well as portions of the north and west of the Colony, and through Natal and the Free State and the Transvaal, have revealed to us general views of the geological structure of those regions of the utmost value, by which more minute local surveys may be readily assigned to their relative positions in the scale of successive formations, and thus lead to the discovery and precise definition of the various commercially-important rocks, minerals, and soils to be met with in the country. One prominent feature of special interest and importance is the large area which is geologically coloured as coal-bearing strata. The Stormberg coal-fields, commencing at Mr. Vice's township of Molteno, stretches over 120 miles in length by 40 miles in breadth within the Colony, and extends north-eastward, through portions of the Free State, Basutoland, and Natal, to within a few miles of Nazareth, and about 35 miles of Pretoria, in the Transvaal. These stores of valuable fuel, at present lying untouched, will have a marvellous influence on the future of the country when railways are constructed within reach of them.

This map, which is published at Mr. Juta's, Cape Town, has been compiled by Mr. Dunn from his own surveys, combined with those of Messrs. A. G. Bain, A. Wylie, T. Bain, jun., Dr. Atherstone and R. Pinchin, in the Cape Colony, Dr. Sutherland in Natal, and Mr. E. Button, north of 24° latitude. As a specimen of cartography, it is much superior to any general map of the country hitherto published, and on every ground it deserves to be widely circulated throughout South Africa.

"OUR CLIMATE" formed the subject of an admirable article published some years ago, by Dr. W. H. Ross, the active and accomplished health officer of Cape Town; its object being to demonstrate the advantages of the country as a sanatorium for European invalids. Another gentleman, bearing a similar name, has now come forward to support the claims of South Africa as a health resort. "Consumption and its Treatment by Climate," is the title of a pamphlet issued this year by J. A. Ross, M.D., formerly resident physician of the North Staffordshire Infirmary. Dr. Ross has had personal experience of the country as an invalid, having been driven from home by the severity of the English winters, and regained health in our warm yet invigorating and dry atmosphere. He gives his observations on the suitability of various districts from Cape Town to Bloemfontein, for cases of phthisis, and observes that South Africa fulfills the conditions believed to be most favourable for the recovery of the consumptive invalid, because:—

"1st. Its climate is not cold and damp. All seasons are dry, and in the eastern province the winter is especially so.

"2nd. In the highland towns the heat, though sometimes considerable, is a dry heat.

"3rd. The winter weather is particularly dry, and the cold sufficient to be bracing.

"4th. South Africa possesses the dry hill climates so desirable for the invalid.

"5th. The soil is light and very porous, consequently dry.

"6th. The country is especially a pastoral country, consequently the occupation is in the open air, and in open air of a kind which has been found grateful and beneficial by consumptives."

The pamphlet is well deserving of, and we hope will obtain, the notice of the physicians in Europe. Dr. J. A. Ross, the author, has resolved to settle permanently in the Colony, and intends making his home at Port Elizabeth.

Two or three years ago, we had the pleasure of welcoming in these pages a "Compendium of South African History and Geography by Mr. George M. Theal," published at the Lovedale Institution Press. A second edition of the work has since been called for, and is now before us. It is considerably enlarged and altogether an improvement upon the first; and, in fact, we may say it is the best manual of Cape History at present available for students and schools in the Colony. Commencing with a succinct geographical and physical description of the country, Mr. Theal goes on to narrate in detail the various events connected with the discovery of the Cape, its settlement by the Dutch East India Company, the extension of the Colony inland, its subsequent occupation by the British, and its progress up to the period of the emigration of the Dutch farmers into the interior in 1838. A good deal of attention is given to the several aboriginal races, and especially to the history of the Kafirs from the time they first crossed the Kei and entered what is now the Colony. Some sentences which blemished the first edition of the work have been judiciously expunged, and upon the whole the record of colonial, border, and native affairs is generally accurate and complete. The volume, as a specimen of printing, does great credit to the Lovedale Institution Press.

HER MAJESTY'S Astronomer at the Cape,—E. J. Stone, Esq., has just published the astronomical observations made at the Royal Observatory here during the years 1871, 1872 and 1873. This is the first published instalment of the materials for a projected general catalogue of southern stars to about the seventh magnitude—a work, the execution of which, Mr. Stone says, was the chief inducement that led him to accept the appointment at the Cape of Good Hope. The volume contains the positions of all La Caille's stars within 15° of the South Pole : and of nearly all the stars to the seventh magnitude within the same zone. Last year, (1875) the stars within 35° of the South Pole were observed, and arrangements have been made for the observation of the next zone 135° to 145° N.P.D. in 1876. This work, if persevered with, in 1877, will overlap that of some of the Northern Observatories, and may be brought to a close in 1878. The zeal displayed by the assistants in the work obtains a word of warm commendation. Those engaged in it were, besides Mr. Stone, Messrs. Mann, Finlay, G. Maclear, I. Freeman, J. Sinfield, and C. M. Stevens; and Mr. Stone adds:—"Mr. G. Maclear has made a large proportion of the observations included in the present volume, and it is my duty to call attention to the zeal he has displayed in the observing portion of his duties." The Council of the Royal Astronomical Society in their report on the progress of astronomy during the past year, refer to Mr. Stone's work and remark:—"Had La Caille made his observations of 9,766 stars with so good an instrument as the transit and quadrant of Bradley, the catalogue of stars observed by him published by the British Association and reduced to the epoch 1750, would doubtless have formed the same standard basis for the determination of the motions of southern stars at the *fundamenta astronomica* has been for the proper motions of stars in the northern hemisphere."

THE PROCEEDINGS of the London Geological Society, recently, have been of special interest to South Africa. Professor Owen, the eminent palæontologist, has brought forward evidence of a carnivorous reptile the size of a lion, obtained from blocks of the Triassic formation—our Karroo beds,—by the late Mr. A. G. Bain. It has been named *Cynodrakon major*, *Ow.* The Professor, in a paper read by him at a meeting of the Society on the 2nd February last, discussed the characteristics of this fossil in detail, and indicated that there is in the probably Triassic lacustrine deposits of South Africa a whole group of genera (*Galesaurus*, *Cynochampsia*, *Lycosaurus*, *Tigrisuchus*, *Cynosuchus*, *Nythosaurus*, *Scaloposaurus*, *Procolophon*, *Gorgonops*, and *Cynodrakon*), many of them represented by more than one species all carnivorous, and presenting more or less mammalian analogies, for which he proposes to form a distinct order under the name of Theriodontia, having the dentition of carnivorous type; the incisors defined by position, and divided from the molars by a large lanianiform canine on each side of both jaws, the lower canine crossing in front of the upper, no ectopterygoids, the humerus with an entepicondylar foramen, and the digital formula of the forefoot, 2, 3, 3, 5; 3 phalanges. The Professor further discussed in some detail the remarkable resemblances presented by these early reptiles, in some parts of their organization to mammals, and referred to the broad questions opened out by their consideration.

He inquired whether the transference of structures from the reptilian to the mammalian type has been a seeming one, due to accidental coincidence in species independently created, or whether it was real, consequent on the incoming of species by secondary law. In any case the lost reptilian structures dealt with in the present paper are now manifested by quadrupeds with a higher condition of cerebral, circulatory, respiratory, and tegumentary systems, the acquisition of which the author thought, is not intelligible on either the Lamarckian or Darwinian hypotheses. In the discussion which followed upon the reading of the paper, Professor T. Rupert Jones congratulated the society on being the medium of publication of the magnificent series of fossil reptiles characteristic of South Africa. He was sure that to Professor Owen it must be a heartfelt pleasure to have been the immediate elucidator of these wonderful creatures of manifold and rare structures, brought out by his many years of continued labour on the collections made by Bain, Atherstone, and others; and, together with the illustrated descriptions of Professor Huxley, his lucid and powerful expositions have made the history of these creatures known to the world, and they will prove a lasting monument of his persevering and elucidative work.

At a recent meeting of the African Section of the Society of Arts, in London, Professor Maskelyne made some very interesting remarks on the supposed origin of the diamond and its occurrence in this country; and from the position occupied by the Professor as the mineralogist of the British Museum, his views may be accepted as that of the highest scientific authority. He said:—"The history of the diamonds in South Africa was quite exceptional and peculiar, for as far as he knew, diamonds were found in Brazil and India under totally different conditions. On the table were specimens of the rock or matrix, in which the South African diamonds were found at different depths, and when examined this was proved to be a rock which had entirely changed from its original character by the agency of heat. Its chief ingredient was silicate of magnesia, there being hardly a trace of lime. It was found in a large crater-like cylindrical cavity, surrounded with shales comparatively unaltered and of a totally different composition. The rock was most probably of volcanic origin, and the best mode of explaining the existence of diamonds, as far as is known at present, was to suppose that they occurred in what were called the throats of old volcanoes, these cylindrical cavities being the bottoms of the pipes up which the volcanoes ejected the material which once covered the country, although much of it had since been swept away by the waters of the Vaal and its tributaries. The question then suggested itself, was this rock the true home of the diamond; had it come into being there, or been brought up from below? There was always a tendency in scientific men to throw back the origin of things farther and farther, and it was easy to say that the diamond was found under other conditions, and that this rock had brought it up from below. But there were other curious circumstances connected with it. This rock had passed through the shales and other beds charged with carbonaceous matter, and as the diamond was simply pure carbon, it was not impossible that it had been actually produced in this rock, under great pressure, and the influence of extreme heat. He only threw that out as a speculation, because there were not sufficient grounds for coming to a conclusion either way. Some thought the diamond was formed in the moist way, by the action of water, or the gradual change of organic matter through a long period of time, without heat; but in the present case there was no doubt it had been exposed to both heat and very violent action, because the surface of these diamonds exhibited certain lines, which had been shown by Gustava Rosa to be a constant result of the action of great heat, and they also gave evidence of having been knocked about and fractured. They were deposited in shale, which had since by hydrothermal action become quite rotten, showing the appearances to be seen on the table."

THE KNYSNA District still invites the attention of Colonial geological observers. In addition to the suggestions of Mr. Bain and Mr. Osborne, already given in these pages, we have the following note from Mr. Sewell:—

Rockwood, Plettenberg Bay, March 20th, 1876.

DEAR SIR,—In the March number of the *Magazine*, I find a letter from Mr. Thos. Bain, upon the possibility of gold being found at the Knysna, *but not coal*. I perfectly agree with Mr. Bain so far as the locality he has assigned for the same is concerned, viz., from the “Homtini” and to the north and westward; but from the “Gowkama” eastward the formation changes, and we find the old red landstone with its overlying new and carboniferous systems cropping out in several places between that river and Salt River to the eastward of the Keurbooms River, which is as far as my researches have gone in that direction. Between the two points mentioned there would appear to be a well defined basin of a more recent formation, as we find beds of limestone to the extreme westward, and also to the extreme eastward, a bed of “Clay Slate” between them, forming the bed of the Keurbooms River, which tends to north-east, dipping at an angle of about 60°. To the South of “Forest Hall,” the residence of W. H. Newdigate, Esq., I have obtained fossils which belong to the carboniferous system, and therefore, we have every reason to believe that “coal” exists somewhere in this neighbourhood, viz., that of Plettenberg Bay, and it would be well if the Government would send a person qualified to decide, as several gentlemen have been of opinion that coal deposits exist. The late Andrew Geddes Bain, Esq., F.R.G.S., was down here, many years ago, to inspect for a line of road between Knysna and Long Kloof; and as I was chosen as one to accompany him and the Hon. J. C. Davidson, then C.C. of George, I had the pleasure and benefit of Mr. Bain’s ideas respecting the geological structure of this portion of the district. He said he was convinced that there was “coal!” and I know no man whose opinion is more to be depended upon in anything relating to South African “Geology;” also a Mr. Bedford, who was a manager of some Coal Mines in “India,” when on a visit to Mr. Newdigate, pointed out a spot, upon some property then belonging to me, but which I subsequently sold to Mr. Newdigate, where he said he was certain “coal” was to be found.

I merely mention these facts to show that it was the opinion of disinterested parties, and who were only visitors to this part, that there were strong indications that “coal” deposits existed or they could not have pronounced so positively upon it.

Some years ago I prospected in the vicinity of the “Caratara” and “Olivenhout Bosch,” and I considered the rocks to be transitional. I collected several specimens. One which at first sight looked like Graphite I sent to an old friend, the late Dr. Rubidge, of Port Elizabeth, who pronounced it to be Chloritic Shale, and cautioned me from expending anything upon it, as the “Cawoods” had sunk a lot of money in working into similar stuff.

* * * * *

At all events, if we have not got “coal” we have some of the finest building material in the colony,—from the coarse grit “Red Sandstone” to the finest grained “white,” which is of a more compact nature, both of which become undurated by exposure to the atmosphere. There are buildings now standing, in the most exposed situations you can imagine, which were erected twenty-five years ago, and their present state is a sufficient proof of the durability of the stone they are built of, and as the deposit is close to the place of shipment, at Plettenberg Bay, it might be quarried, worked into the required form, and sent to Cape Town to erect the New Houses of Parliament at a cost as reasonable as any other part of the Colony.

I remain, &c., JOHN F. SEWELL.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE commences a story, in the May number of *Temple Bar*. It is to be entitled “The American Senator.”

THE *Athenæum* announces that Mr. Swinburne has recently furnished a poem called "The Last Oracle," which is spoken of as the most daring production since "Hertha." Starting from the answer brought back from Delphi to Julian by his envoy. (A.D. 361) the poem invokes Apollo to reappear—not as they called him in Greece, merely son of Zius, or son of Chronos, but older than Time, the light and Word incarnate in man of whom comes the inner sunlight of the human mind whence all ideas of gods possible to man take shape. Of this the sun-god and singing-god of the Greeks is assumed by the poet to be the most perfect type, and is called upon to return and reappear over the graves of intervening gods.

LORD LYTTON it is said, has taken so seriously to politics and the Indian Vice-Royalty, that he has withdrawn his new poem "King Poppy," which was on the eve of publication.

THE *Academy* states that a volume of some interest is shortly to be issued by the French Government on "Clement Marot and the Huguenot Psalter," the result of many years' research by M. Douen, who has brought together numerous specimens of the music and words of the early Calvinist hymnology. Some copies of old French Bibles with the Psalms in verse by Marot and Beize were brought to the Cape by the early Huguenot refugees.

THE same authority mentions that W. A. R. Wallace has brought to a conclusion his most recent labours in the field of Natural History, in a new work, which will shortly be published by Messrs. Macmillan, entitled "Geographical Distribution of Animals, with a study of living and extinct Faunas, as elucidating past changes of the Earth's Surface."

THE "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," edited by his nephew, Mr. Trevelyan, M.P., has appeared, and is referred to by the *Times* as the best biography of the great author and statesman.

THE last number of the *Geographical Magazine* contains very interesting maps showing Lieut. Cameron's recently accomplished journey across Africa. The traveller received much kindness from the Portuguese officials on the West Coast; he and his people were accommodated in the Fort during his stay at Loando. For this attention, thanks are due to our old Cape friend, Viscount Duprat, the Portuguese Consul in London, whose assistance and intervention in behalf of English travellers have been readily rendered on every possible occasion.

E. L. LAYARD, Esq., the first curator and, indeed, the founder of our South African Museum, by last accounts was at Fiji, where he had made a collection of interesting specimens, to be forwarded by the first opportunity to his old institution at the Cape. He has since been appointed to the Consulate at New Caledonia.

THE voyage of H. M. St. *Challenger* is approaching its termination. The ship arrived at Monte Video on February 15th; was to sail on February 23rd for Ascension and St Vincent, and was expected to arrive in England about the end of May. We have received some interesting extracts from Commander Maclear's letters, written from the South Pacific on last Christmas day; but, very reluctantly, we are compelled to omit them, owing to our crowded pages.

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Three Living Poets.

I.—TENNYSON.

OF the three Poets who now win most readily the ear of the public, Tennyson is the greatest master of words, Browning the greatest master of thoughts, and Swinburne the greatest master, when not the slave, of feelings. Each can press either hard in his own province, but each has his distinctive spirit and dominating tone. In Tennyson language is supreme. He does not create, but he appropriates prevalent ideas and emotions, and embodies and clothes them in pure, pregnant, and musical speech. We do not mean by this to insinuate that he is what Carlyle would call a tailor rather than a maker, but to indicate that he is the prophet who tells forth, not the prophet who foretells. If he does not always hold the mirror up to nature, he shows "virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." In Browning everything is subordinate to thought and character. Provided he can strike out some new line of meditation, or analyse the subtle workings of some original mind, he cares little for the form, and allows his ideas to clothe themselves in what garb they may: fig-leaf, skin, and samite, are all alike to him. In Swinburne sense and emotion are predominant. Though he claims all nature as the sphere of his art, and counts "all things good out of which good work may be produced," he is nothing if not passionate. This ebullience of feeling is accompanied by exuberance of language, hence the form is frequently rhetorical rather than poetic. He is carried away by the torrent of words as well as by the tempest of passion; instead of riding the whirlwind he becomes its victim. He has the possession of the energumen, but not the power of the exorcist. Tennyson's flowers are virgin lilies, carefully cultured in a select *parterre*, or forced into preternatural delicacy of tint and texture in a lordly palace of art. The result is, a constrained elegance of form and a crisp waxiness of substance, which, from over-refinement, suggests want of strength and hardihood. Browning's plants are wild and luxurious growths of sunny climes, in all their native vigour; or hardy and

rugged shrubs from the regions of the snow, in all their normal simplicity. He was surely thinking of himself when he wrote in "The Twins":—

Grand rough old Martin Luther
 Bloomed fables—flowers on furze,
 The better the uncouth :
 Do roses stick like burrs ?

Swinburne's blossoms are roses and passion flowers, poppy and rue ; blossoms, withering on the stalk and dripping with dew, or gathered, and crushed, and drenched with wine. The dewdrops sparkle like salt tears ; the winddrops steam like hot blood ; and, with the last breathings of fragrance, mingle the first vapours of decay. Tennyson's movement reminds us of the perfect regulation of art rather than of the spontaneity of nature. We hear the clanking of machinery when we would fain feel the pulsation of wings. His motion conjures up, incongruously enough, the dance of Taglioni instead of the sport of the wind or the play of the wave ; while his repose recalls the posturing of Blondin instead of the poise of the eagle or the brooding of the cloud. We dread a *faux pas*, and though this is rare, and never irretrievable save when he stands "on a tower in the wet," we give a gasp of relief as the performance is brought to a safe and triumphant conclusion. Browning can move, if he will, with all the grace of a Greek athlete ; but, from sheer waywardness, he delights to rush like a barbarian to the fight ; or, to spite us, he runs a-muck like any Malay. Swinburne moves, now

As the reflux sea-weed moves in the languid exuberant stream,
 and, anon, as the wild phantom-steeds of fear or of love

. . . . Press on the night, strain hard through pleasure and peril,
 Labour and listen and pant not or pause for the peril that nears.

But ever,

His fancy is furtively bound,
 Like a seed in the fugitive breeze,
 Like a leaf that whirls eddying round,
 Or a waif on the seas.

He ceases to govern his thought,
 Which, hither and thither, is thrown,
 As a bird in the hurricane caught,
 By no law of its own.

Till, dashed on the dark cliffs of Fate,
 It falls in the billows of Time ;
 And dies far away from its mate,
 Like a victim of crime.

A common-sense friend of ours complains that reading Tennyson is like living on a diet of plum-cake ; he has mean longings for bread

and cheese. Some of the fare provided by Browning has a striking resemblance to Paris siege-bread; even when he prepares a more dainty dish, he does not stone his raisins or remove the gravel; so that one's teeth suffer like Jeremiah's, for the food must be taken "all in all, or not at all;" it being impossible in his case

To pick out the plums from the pudding of thought.

The Swinburnian confection contains too much of the citron and the saffron, and an absolute surfeit of "sugar and spice, and all that's"—nasty; pepper is mingled with the pimento, and brimstone with the treacle; and the whole, steeped like tipsy-cake in *eau de vie* and *eau de mort*, may serve as an occasional trifle, but is far too good or bad

For human nature's daily food.

If we might compare qualities that are disparate, we should say that Tennyson is the poet-sculptor; Browning the poet-psychologist; Swinburne the poet-painter. Tennyson sings and narrates; Browning talks and argues; Swinburne declaims and plays a musical instrument. Tennyson is the poet for the boudoir and the drawing-room; Browning the poet for the study and the library; Swinburne the poet for the symposium and the casino.

No poem better illustrates Tennyson's power of seizing current thoughts and fixing fluent moods than "In Memoriam." The same gift is manifest, in varying method, in "The Princess" and in "Maud," in "The Two Voices" and in "Locksley Hall." But, in "In Memoriam," notwithstanding the prevailing minor key of which the metre bids fair to become the symbol, the sympathetic chords touched are more numerous, and the music has a wider range if not an intenser force. In a word, it is more human. The appeal to the universal heart, therefore, is more clear, and the response more general; for we are all chastened by sorrow, and saved by hope; and, whatever our belief or unbelief, we are all fascinated by that "something after death," of which we know so little and are yet constrained to think so much. This poem has not the condensed richness, the voluminous swell, and the luscious melody, of "Lycidas;" it has not the ethereal expanse, the prismatic hues, and the fragrant odours—wafted as from undiscoverable fields of asphodel—which charm in "Adonais;" it has not the antique unity and grace of "Thyrsis;" it has not the pathos and warmth of David's lament for Jonathan: but it has "tears of perfect moan," glistening sometimes in "the pure severity of perfect light." We do not find in it the firm theology of Milton, with its outburst of joyous faith,—

. Weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead, &c.

This certain grasp of the substance of things hoped for, is not of Tennyson nor of our day. We are not however left to the intan-

gible pantheism, so seductive to the imagination and so unsatisfying to the heart, which is all the consolation that Shelley can get or give. It presents, instead, the reflex of the religious spirit of our time,—the spirit which feels with pain the instability of the creeds, and yet shrinks with loathing from the fatuity of negations ; the spirit which is conscious of human weakness, as well as of human power ; the spirit which is reverent in its doubts or unbeliefs, yet timid and even vague in its faiths ; the spirit which is trembling in its hopes, yet without despair in its fears ; the spirit which, spite of faltering and failure, still looks on, with the patience of assurance, to the

One far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

Now, it is because Tennyson has brought the present phase of culture into direct contact with the feelings which belong to every heart and every age, that this poem is emphatically a voice of the time. Because it is a voice of the time, it has been heard. Because Tennyson has shown himself to be an efficient interpreter and exponent of his generation, he has received wider recognition and higher honour than others, of perhaps greater but less equable power, who are to the multitude but as “wandering voices.” Hitherto it is only of Shakespeare that Ben Jonson’s line is true—

He was not of an age but for all time,

Reading him, we got to know his characters and their contemporaries ; the poet and his period ; but, and this is of the greatest moment, we get to know ourselves and humanity. It is not given to every poet to be the secular prophet of mankind. Enough for most if, like Goethe and Tennyson, they can reveal their country and their age to the world ; and, while they unfold their own hearts and minds, register an epoch in the intellectual history of their race. This to many will seem scant praise for Goethe, and “ample room and verge enough” for Tennyson ; but *litera scripta manet*. In listening to “In Memoriam,” we hear the voice of a man, not only of like passions, but living under the same conditions as ourselves. However much interest we may acquire in a master’s delineation of other times and other men, the interest in ourselves and in our own time exists ready to our hand. The drama, as understood by Shakespeare, is a universal voice, and a very different thing from the dramatic poem now in vogue. A modern poet writes his dramatic lyric or monologue ; labels it “Sappho,” or “Empedocles,” or “Karshish ;” and tells us that the thoughts are not his own but those of his character, historic or ideal. But how often he is only putting new wine into old bottles, and giving us the inevitable reading-in of the present instead of the natural reading-out of the past. At best we get an imperfect glimpse of the remote in time and place, distorted and coloured by the lenses of the modern telescope, through which we are looking. Where the dramatic power

is most successful, we long that the artist who can so interpret the distant, would, with equal skill, interpret the near. If we do not, as "The Spectator" says, want to know all about a man before we have read his book, we do like to know something at least about him afterwards. We instinctively ask:—You who see the thoughts of others so clearly, what do you think yourself? You who can unfold the past, what of the present and future? You who have plucked out the secret of the ideal, what of the real about you? Artist! are you not also a man? Even an inferior artist, who will give what Rousseau professed to do, a faithful picture of himself, and what Boswell succeeded in doing, a genuine portrait of one whom he intimately knew, may create a deeper impression than the master who trusts to imagination only. Landor, a man of Titanic power and pronounced individuality, whose literary history extended over at least two generations, was largely ignored by both, because he ignored them; and reserved his sympathy for others who did not need it; and consecrated his genius to deities, who, like the gods of Epicurus, were too remote and indifferent. It may be treason to say so, but we would part with two or three of the Plays ascribed to Shakespeare, for a poem by his own hand, which, without the mystery and monotony of the Sonnets, should give us something of his own mental and emotional history. The few brief lines by Browning, in which he apostrophizes his deceased wife, beginning

O Lyric Love, half-angel and half-bird,
And all a wonder and a wild desire,—

these are to us worth ten times more than many a dreary page in "The Ring and the Book," in which he sinks himself in characters not worth the toil and skill exerted in their delineation.

We are aware that much of this runs counter to the modern, social, and artistic codes. "Why should a man," it is said, "thrust his puny personality and petty feelings before the public?" This may be an emotional age, but it is certainly not a demonstrative one. Our polite and conventional restraints check the natural gush of the heart; reticence is the golden rule of life; joy as well as sorrow had better be concealed, or be revealed, if at all, only in "measured language." The diction of diplomacy is rapidly becoming the language of common life. We are fast changing the fiction into a fact, that speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts. In personal matters, floods of words are as out of date as rivers of tears; tumultuous laughter has gone the way of the oil of joy, and sobbing grief, the way of rent garments, dust and ashes. Expressions of personal pain or pleasure are cut down to the dimensions of a business telegram. Byron was the last man to "weep for the press and wipe his eyes with the public;"—the last egoist, who

De sa solitude emplissait l'univers.

The personal interest in his case was of a kind injurious both to author

and public ; and, though it augmented his popularity at the time, it has already become an encumbrance. Now Tennyson, as we shall see, feels this as much as any man living. It has, indeed, been said of him that he sings in a world to which he is himself unknown. That he can adopt the dramatic form, if he will, was proved clearly enough long before the publication of "*Queen Mary*." How is it, then, that in apparent contrast to all this there stands out what is, on the whole, his greatest poem,—the record of a personal grief, and its mental and spiritual results in his own experience. Here the man explains the artist. Convention and custom are but second nature after all. As the American humourist puts it, "There is a deal of human nature in man." And, if a man can only reveal that first nature in himself, without shocking the second nature in others, he is sure of attention ; and, if the root of the matter be in him, of contemporary applause and after fame. This golden mean Tennyson has attained. Whether the happy day will ever come, hastened on by our plethoric novel literature, when the phantoms of the heart and brain will have more abiding interest for us than our brothers of flesh and blood ; whether, as some of our poets wish us to believe, the unembodied ideals of the imagination shall eventually receive more of our sympathy than the poetic realities which God has made incarnate, we care not to discuss. The fact remains that the day has not yet dawned. We love still to look upon the face, to grasp the hand, to hear the voice, to feel the heart-throb of a man. And it is the recognition of this fact, though sometimes unconsciously, at others even unwillingly, that has made Tennyson a power. Those who have heard Dickens read his own writings, will feel at once the difference between the man, who puts himself into his work ; and the artist, who feigns to put others in his own place, and then disowns, not only their thoughts, but the very voice with which they speak. We are glad, therefore, that in one marked instance Tennyson has obeyed Sir P. Sidney's first law of genius,

Fool, said my Muse to me, look in thy heart and write.

We know for a fact that Tennyson is not the best reader of his own poems ; but he is the best exponent of his own feelings, and one of the best of the thoughts of his time. He can reveal these better than he can reveal the heart of another man, if he forgets his own,—or the spirit of another age, if he ignores the one in which he lives. He is a standing proof of the truth of A. de Musset's words,

Ah ! frappe-toi le cœur, c'est là qu'est le génie,
C'est là qu'est la pitié, la souffrance et l'amour ;
C'est là qu'est le rocher du désert de la vie,
D'où les flots d'harmonie,
Quand Moïse viendra, jailliront quelque jour.

It has been contended, with some show of reason, that the intrusion of the personal element is a greater sin against the canons of

art than against the customs of society. The world knows least, we are told, of the men whose writings it knows best. Has not Ewald proved that the author of the "Book of Origins" is the Great Unknown? Has not criticism resolved Homer into his constituent parts, and left us only the name of a class,—a noun of multitude? Or, to come down later, with whom is our acquaintance the more intimate, with Chaucer or with his fellow-pilgrims? with Shakespeare or with his characters? With all our antiquarian research, and our scientific skill in reconstructing the whole from fossil fragments, what do we know of the men? Mr. Matthew Arnold informs us that the great secret of their power is their objectivity; and that the supreme duty of the modern artist is to revive the "Greek spirit," if he would "escape the danger of producing poetical works, conceived in the spirit of the passing time, and which partake of its transitoriness." With all due reverence for the modern apostle of "honey and wax," we think that his theory, like most others, only embraces one hemisphere of truth. If the word Homer does not recall the man, it represents a period; so with Chaucer; so also, spite of his universality, with Shakespeare; and their perennial interest derives, in no small measure, from this fact. But

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

We cannot reproduce in our day the child-like and unembarrassed objectivity of a time that is gone. Those poets who can find no subject of action or thought worthy of their muse save in antiquity, and no audience to which to make their appeal but posterity, must not be surprised if they fail to serve their own generation or win its approval. One of the diseases produced by our boastful culture is the futile effort to sum up prematurely all humanity in ourselves; we each want to be at once the archetypal and the consummated man,—

A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god doth seem to set his seal.

The consequence is, that in grasping at too much we lose what is within our power; in trying to reproduce ages that are gone, or to forecast generations yet to come, we miss that "transitory time" which is allotted to us, in which only we can act our part in the world's long drama. All honour to those who can raise us above the low levels of modern life, and translate us to a region where all is perfect in power and beauty; all honour to those who can take us out of our little selves, and make us, if only for a season, "beings of large discourse, looking before and after." But all the more honour to the man who can not only do this, but help us also to raise our life with our imagination; who, from the discords of our

day can beat out the eternal music ; who, amidst the stress of life and the "malady of thought," can bring us to a centre of peace and point of rest, and permit us

Still to know the life of one
Although we learn the love of all.

Mr. Morris, in his earlier poems, seemed to detach himself from his age and to reproduce the simplicity and objectivity of the world's childhood. Yet his art, for himself and others, was but the anodyne of life, and not the healing medicine of the soul. He sings as one who finds life too hard ; and who would fain escape, like the opium-eater, into a world of dreams. But there comes the inevitable reaction prepared for all who flee, and who will not face their foes. The present is upon him, and he can not shake it off. It clings like the robe of Herakles, dyed in the Nessos-blood his own arrow has poisoned, and he tears it only to wound himself and grow frenzied with agony. So it comes to pass that in his later poems the objective woof is woven throughout on the subjective warp. But, having forsworn the present, he can not understand it nor master its conditions. Thus:—

The warp of his life is withdrawn
And he tangles the weft ;

and he becomes, himself being judge,

The idle singer of an empty day.

He is morbidly weary of life, and yet effeminately afraid of death, which he dreads, and Swinburne hails, as the end of all. It is vain for our civilized pagans to try to live and sing as if Christendom had forgotten Christ, or ceased to feel the power of Christianity :

For an infinite Hope has swept over the earth ;
And in spite of ourselves, we must look to the sky.

We turn with relief from those who will not hope and can not help, to one who, like the subject of his song,

Fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them : thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own ;
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light
And dwells not in the light alone.

One of the sacramental host who have "learnt in suffering what they teach in song," Tennyson has made his personal experience the reflex of the healthier thought and nobler aspiration of his time. His relative rank may vary in coming days ; but, revealing the present to us, he will, "transitory" as we are, reveal us to the future.

The form of "In Memoriam" is as characteristic of the author and of his day as the substance. We might not only say that here, as in a proverb, "the wisdom of the many is fixed by the wit of one," but "'tis fixed as in a frost;" were it not that continually, when his harp would prelude woe,

The glory of the sum of things
Will flash along the chords and go.

And then he sings:—

I will not shut me from my kind,
And, lest I stiffen into stone,
I will not eat my heart alone,
Nor feed with sighs a passing wind.

But, in so far as it is a record of grief, the poem may be described in its own words as a

. . . deep vase of chilling tears,
That grief hath shaken into frost.

Tennyson's Niobe is chiselled from the wet marble; not a Niobe of flesh and blood,—“all tears.” At times his pictures have all the severity and precision of photographs from finished line engravings; not the colour, warmth, and body, of paintings from nature itself. Their light is of the moon rather than of the sun. But in this, again, he only the more faithfully represents that custom which has become second nature, of which we have already spoken. The daintiness of the phrasing is even more obvious than the tenderness of the emotion, the loftiness of the aspiration, or the broad sweep of the thought. Critics like M. Taine can see nothing else. To him the poem only recalls a modern gentleman religiously observing all the proprieties of grief, and wiping his moist eyes with the finest of cambric handkerchiefs. We have found something more, but we can also trace the restraining influence of prevailing reticence. He says:—

I sometimes hold it half a sin,
To put in words the grief I feel.

He has hushed his “deepest grief of all.” The same thought is worked out in Sections xx. and xxi. He does not, more than others, “wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at;” or, in order that he may throw it off with his coat. But out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh:

I do but sing because I must.

The brief snatches of music are equally characteristic of the poet and suited to his time. He has, indeed, never published what can be called a long poem. Even the connected “*Idylls of the King*” have only very gradually and tentatively assumed the dimensions,

without the unity of an Epic. He delights in "swallow-flights of song," and so do his contemporaries. In this busy modern world, men who stand aghast at the four volumes of the "Ring and the Book," or at the giant bulk of "Bothwell," welcome the brief and pregnant poems of the Laureate. We have no wish to limit all art by the convenience of the industrial multitude. Let the ambitious and capable appeal to their audience, fit, though few, who have time as well as training, and courage and patience as well as desire, to deal with the immensities. But let them at the same time remember that, if art is longer than ever, life is still short; and that a great book, now as of old, may be a great evil. Our western civilization does not admit of our sitting like the Chinese, day after day, and week after week, to witness the unfolding of a single drama. When we consider the possibilities of life, Poe's rule is not a bad one, that, other things being equal, the poem which may be read through at a sitting will leave the most consistent and satisfying impression.

We must take this lesson to ourselves, for the space at our disposal and the patience of our readers will be exhausted long before the subject. We will only glance at a few other points which the waves of criticism have usually passed by. In the "Idylls of the King," the virtues which win the admiration, if they do not secure the practice, of to-day, are set forth under the guise of old romance. It was with truth as well as courtesy that Tennyson spoke of the late Prince Consort as "scarce other than his own ideal knight." In these poems, as in the rest, Tennyson is the word-compeller. How many of the ideas he has gathered from others, he would himself be startled to acknowledge. The Round Table was the image of the Mighty World to the Merlin of Malory, four hundred years ago. One instance of the way in which Tennyson chases precious metal which has been previously wrought, we cannot refrain from citing. Compare the following with the well-known passage in the "Passing of Arthur:"—

"Said Arthur, take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water-side, and when thou comest there, I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again, and tell me what thou there seest. My lord, said Bedivere, your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again. So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and haft were all of precious stones, and then he said to himself, If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss. And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And as soon as he might he came again unto the King, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword into the water. What sawest thou there? said the King. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but waves and winds. That is untruly said of thee, said the King; therefore, go thou lightly again, and do my command as thou art to me lief and dear, spare not, but throw it in. Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then him thought sin and shame to throw away

that noble sword ; and so eft he hid the sword, and returned again, and told the King that he had been at the water, and done his commandment. What saw thou there ? said the King. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but the waters wap and the waves wan. Ah ! traitor, untrue, said King Arthur, now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have wend that thou that hast been to me so lief and dear, and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the riches of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands, for thou would'st for my rich sword see me dead. Then Sir Bedivere departed and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water-side, and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might, and there came an arm and an hand above the water, and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice, and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the King, and told him what he saw. Alas, said the King, help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long. Then Sir Bedivere took the King upon his back, and so went with him to that water-side. And when they were at the water-side, even fast by the bank hove a little barge, with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur. Now put me into the barge, said the King : and so he did softly. And there received him three queens with great mourning, and so they sat him down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head, and then that queen said, Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me ? Alas, this wound on your head hath caught over much cold. And so then they rowed from the land ; and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried, Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me now ye go from me, and leave me here alone among mine enemies ? Comfort thyself, said the King, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I will into the vale of Avilion, to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul. But ever the queens and the ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear."

Other instances might be adduced, but *ex pede, Herculem*. Yet why may not Tennyson claim the right of every artist ? Phidias wrought in Pentelic marble ; but it was his genius that made it instinct with mind and beauty. Cellini chased gems and gold ; but the jewels of his art added a ten-fold worth. May not the modern poet do with Malory what the great dramatist did with Plutarch and Hollingshead ? Did not Virgil and Dante imitate ? Did not Shakespeare adapt ? Did not Milton appropriate ? Does not Disraeli crib ? The allegoric interpretations, read into the "Idylls of the King," seem to us, for the most part, far-fetched. But who shall limit the application of principles clearly enunciated ? In the "Holy Grail" at all events, the baffling of the spirit in search of the ideal is portrayed in "words that breathe and thoughts that

burn." Each of us has trodden the path in which he has said of his vision,—It

Fell into dust, and I was left alone
And wearying, in a land of sand and thorns.

And this has been repeated, until the words have risen, unbidden to the lips,—

Lo, if I find the Holy Grail itself
And touch it, it will crumble into dust.

This Idyll stands unrivalled in its delineation of the emotions of the intellect, as "Guinevere" does in its picture of the emotions of the heart.

As he has treated the legends of Arthur, so, in his English Idylls, he has dealt with familiar situations in common life. When it was rumoured that Tennyson was composing a poem on Enoch, something after the manner subsequently adopted in George Eliot's "Legend of Jubal" was looked for. When Enoch proved to be "Enoch Arden," there was certainly a sensation of "falling-off." Tennyson had decided to speak again for that Greater Britain, the people; as well as to that Great Britain, the literary public. Few of his poems have secured a wider popularity; few have added less to his reputation. We had already, from various sources, "idylls good and bad, ugly and pretty; idylls of the farm and of the mill; idylls of the dining-room and the deanery; idylls of the gutter and the gibbet." We looked to Tennyson for something else. It was surely a consciousness of this fact that led him to publish, in the same volume, the trifle entitled "The Flower":

Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough
And some are poor indeed;
And now again the people
Call it but a weed.

His "Enoch Arden," with a far more dramatic *dénoûment*, though only partially worked out, was anticipated by Miss Proctor's simple ballad "Homeward Bound." Tennyson usually shrinks from the direct representation of strong situations, with all the fastidiousness of a classic purist. The most striking scenes in "Queen Mary" are narrated, not acted. When the Queen stabs, she stabs a picture, not a man. Should it be alleged that this was all historic truth permitted, we reply that it matters not. Had a violent death been necessary, Tennyson would have taken care to enact it out of sight and hearing. He manages the drama of thought better than the drama of action; but his power is best seen in narrative and song. He has little humour. His "Northern Farmer," "The Goose," "Amphion," and "Will Waterproof," are almost his only direct

attempts. The occasional efforts in the idylls are as ponderous as Lytton's fooling of Gawaine, in his still-born "King Arthur." The comic business in "Queen Mary" is painfully laboured. It may be all very well as a study of archaic and provincial English; but, whatever its use in the schoolroom, it will not do for the stage; being without redeeming laughter, light, or life. Of his classic portraits and pictures, let those judge who know

The glory that was Greece,
The grandeur that was Rome.

He neither fears their sentence nor needs their praise. Of his lyrics who can speak? What though in most the enammeller supplants the sculptor; what though some of the earlier seem like verbal mosaics, rather than flowers of song; what though some of the later seem like jingles of words, rather than the music of the heart; what though one or two, like the "Milkmaid's Song," press the simple right up to the borders of the silly; there are lyrics of every period, which are among the very sweetest, and purest, and most melodious that ever fell from lip, or held the ear, or charmed and filled the soul. They are as near perfection as human speech can go.

It is said, though we will not vouch for its truth, in this mythopœic age, that the late Lord Lytton dubbed Tennyson "Miss Alfred;" and that Tennyson retorted on Lytton, with—"You bandbox!" There is truth enough in the satire to give it sting. How well we all know Bulwer's bandbox. He assures us that it contains the head of a Genius or a Grace at least (with a capital G), but, to our dismay and his discomfiture, how often have we failed to find anything but an ordinary sample of the "latest tile," or, of the "sweetest thing in bonnets." The title applied to Tennyson may be explained, for those who need explanation, by a passage of Swinburne's, in which, after giving generous praise of his lyrics, he says of his idylls and their imitations:—"The idyllic form is best for domestic and pastoral poetry. It is naturally on a lower level than that of tragic or lyric verse. Its gentle and maidenly lips are somewhat narrow for the stream, and somewhat cold for the fire of song. It is very fit for the sole diet of girls; not very fit for the sole sustenance of men." A similar idea is worked out, in a very different form, by M. Taine, in his elaborate comparison of Tennyson and Alfred de Musset, and of their respective publics. There used to be a familiar saying that, "no one could be as wise as Lord Eldon looked;" there is now a common impression that no one can be as correct as Tennyson seems. It must be confessed that "Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat," is apt to become mawkish; even though Launcelot cross the scene, and Vivien be not far away. It is hardly fair to hit a man with his own weapons; but, at times, we cannot help thinking of Tennyson as,

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,

The exquisite sinks into enervation ; the exact does not rise to excellence. If we do not look for a redeeming vice, we should be glad to go with him into the smoking-room, where he might acknowledge a respectable frailty. Few can deny that it is a relief, occasionally, to escape from the elegantly appointed and delicately scented reception room, where Tennyson mingles with the *elite* of society—and where all observe with painful exactness, the strictest rules of artistic propriety and social decorum—into the broad air, where Browning fronts the strong and healthful breeze from moor or sea ; or, into the homeless wild, where Swinburne revels in the fervent sun or raves in the electric storm. Yet, when we have conceded so much, what have we confessed but that the humanity in us is too multiform to find complete and constant satisfaction in any one representative of it. We are beings of change and inconsistency, and the good God who made us, has some voice and message for our every mood. He has set every man in his own order, that there may be nothing lacking to any of us, and nothing deficient in the whole. But the fact remains, that, if Browning has given a fresher and keener analysis of our intellectual life, he has played fast and loose with our mother-tongue ; and, if Swinburne has given a freer and fuller expression to our passions, he has sported with our faith, and hope, and love ; while, in Tennyson, purity of diction is the outward sign of an inward and spiritual grace ; and tells of the purity and patience of mind and heart, which he assigns to the blameless king and would fain make the attribute of all. He received the laurel

. from the brows
Of him who uttered nothing base.

It has not gathered stain nor lost its green ; and, when he goes, like Arthur, the “long way” to a better crown, he will leave us many

Jewels five-words long,
That on the stretch’d forefinger of all time sparkle for ever :

and, even those who may not pine for the “touch of a vanished hand,” will long for the “sound of a voice that is still.”

DIAMOND DIGGER.



Scenes of other Days.

BY AN OLD COLONIST.

AT the close of the year 1834 I was living at the Mount Coke Wesleyan Mission Station. A lovely spot I then thought it, and I think it so still. From the high grassy ridge on which it stands, flanked by rich mimosa groves on the one hand, and the craggy banks of the Buffalo on the other, the thickly wooded tributaries of the Chalumna make their way through deep valleys and picturesque gorges to the Indian Ocean, which streaks with a line of blue the boundaries of the prospect seawards. Looking in the opposite direction, the mountain range of British Kaffraria stretches along from West to East, clothed, from the Kat River to the Dohne, with the dark forests that shade and nourish the spring-heads of the Chumie, Keiskama, Buffalo, and Kabusi. A glorious sight those mountains present when the summer thunder storms form above them, and cloud "Alps on Alps" arise, glistening in the sunlight like piled avalanches just falling, and then changing to the very "blackness of darkness" as they gather density, flashing fitful lightning glances and muttering deep toned warnings in their stern, gloomy course. I have watched them again and again, with mingled awe and rapture.

And beautiful as well as glorious is the winter view; when the "monarchs of the mountains," Gqirakazi, Umtwaku, and Hoho, that rise bare and bleak above the region of forest, are covered, cresting and slopes, down to the forest edge with real snow, which darkens by contrast the hue of the dark woods themselves, while the blue of our African sky comes out deeper and clearer than in summer time.

But this is not my subject. I was living, as I said, at Mount Coke. I had entered Kafirland for the first time, not many months before, and knew but little of the habits and manners of the barbarians around me. Things seemed in their ordinary state. I saw no unusual excitement among the people. The Chief of the tribe (Umkye) was on a visit to the colony. Trading stations then, as now, stood here and there over the land, and solitary white men, then as now, lived defencelessly in charge of them.

I was standing in front of my dwelling, when a wagon laden with hides from some trader's station beyond the Buffalo, drove up. "Als bleef, Mynheer, laat my hier uitspan?" said the Hottentot driver, "Ik durf ne verder gaan." "Dare not go further? Why what's the matter?" "De Kaffers wil my osse afneem, sieur." "Stay here, then, by all means. But, seize your oxen on the high road in open day! I can't understand it." We were puzzling our brains over this tale of the wagon driver, when down came a breathless messenger from a trading establishment about a mile off. "The Kafirs are

gathering like aasvogels round Dick's station. "They are going to kill him and plunder the station." Armed men, it seemed, increasing in numbers every moment, were inciting each other to a rush on the spoil, but had not courage to proceed at once to extremities, as the chief was absent. The solitary Englishman was holding them at bay at the risk of his life.

While he was yet speaking, a shout from the station people called attention in another direction. The wagon driver had "uitspanned" his oxen, and they were grazing comfortably up the slope beyond the stream which flows past the mission station. On a sudden, the forms of ten or a dozen men had been perceived stealthily moving among the bushes beyond them. Two or three of them approached the oxen, which were not half a mile from us, and full in view. The shout of the people startled them, and they ran back; but a bolder hand dashed forward alone, and with the magic whistle that electrifies the cattle of Kafirland, swept the whole span up among his companions before our eyes, and plunder and plunderers vanished over the ridge in a twinkling.

Then, "there was mounting in hot haste;" horses and arms were seized wherever hands could be laid upon them; and yelling in pursuit, every disposable man followed in the track of the marauders; while the "Hlaba umkosi" (the Kafir substitute for Clan Alpine's fiery cross) rang among the hills and down the valleys behind the station, "summoning to the rescue."

Bewildered and confounded in my utter inexperience, I was totally unable to account for what was going on around me, till the brief and terrible explanation—"Ilizwe lifile,"* cleared up the mystery, and told us that a barbarian war had suddenly burst upon us.

And now, like the messengers of Job's calamities, events thickened following upon the heels of each other. In response to the war cry, the Kafirs came streaming up from every valley, in ever gathering force, ignorant of what they had been called for, but ready either to defend or burn the mission station as might be directed. Meanwhile, the oxen had been overtaken, fought for, and recaptured. The pursuers returned in triumph, and received the commendation of the chief, second in rank, who had now arrived upon the scene. *Zetu*, ("Unkliziyotye"† was his name of salutation) had been left in charge by his brother during his own absence in the colony. He had news to tell us. "Tyali and Maqoma are in possession of Fort Wilshire, where the cannons were heard firing yesterday, and the soldiers are gone." "Impossible! the Kafirs could never take Fort Wilshire." "They are there; and the women are carrying away the things the English have left." The country was "dead" indeed, if this was true. And true enough it was, as fully appeared ere long.

But what had become of the beleagured trader all this time? The chief's wife had come to his rescue; had ordered the greedy vultures

* "The country is dead."

† "Rock heart."

to disperse, and had given directions that he and his goods should be removed to the Mission Station for safety. Poor "Dick's" fears subsided as he took up his quarters with us. "I've not lost a sixpence worth" said he, when the removal was completed. Getting into more civilized society, he cut down his dirty forest of black beard, and became, his protectress said, "quite a handsome fellow" by the change.

And now we had another arrival. A trader at the Qugwala, whose disposition had made him unpopular, was marked as a victim when the signal for the general spoliation of the traders was given; and escaped with his life only through being hidden by a black "friend in need," and brought in the darkness to Mount Coke—leaving his wife and children to the protection of Kafir women. It was, however, perhaps the wisest thing to do, as, had he stayed, their presence would not have saved his life, while his presence might have compromised theirs. They were brought in safety to join him next day; but all they had left behind fell a prey to the Kafirs. H—— had brought his gun with him, and now he felt himself safe, vowed dire vengeance against *Qasana* (the Chief who had headed the spoilers), should he meet him again. Poor fellow! He escaped the dangers of the war only to be crushed to death by his own wagon soon after its close.

And now there was another ominous startling. A strange scarecrow-looking object was seen approaching from a distance. We went to meet it, and found it to be an Englishman, wandering in his shirt, half dead with hunger and cold; his white, blank, dazed countenance showing his senses nearly gone. When brought to himself by being clothed and fed, he told us he had been trading at the Tamacha among Siyola's people; that the Kafirs had suddenly surrounded his place, plundered it completely, stripped him, and turned him adrift to live or die as he might. That he had wandered through the night he knew not whither; that a party of young Kafirs had met him that morning, and had amused themselves by driving him, naked as he was, through a vlei of water. They saw he had nothing worth killing him for. This poor fellow's life was thus saved; but his health was utterly ruined. Rheumatic fever set in and deprived him of the use of his limbs. I last saw him in Graham's Town limping on crutches, a helpless cripple.

Yet another refugee found the Mission Station an ark of safety. R—— B——, a settler's son, who is still living, was trading among a branch of the tribe that owed allegiance to Nonibe, the "great wife" and widow of Dushani—the chief, by the way, who led the Kafirs in their attack on Graham's Town, in 1819. B—— was popular among the people, and so was not murdered at once like so many of the other traders. But the possibility of *having* to put him to death was coolly discussed, and that in his presence; and the object of their dubious attention, though unread in the system of ancient philosophy, was *Stoic* enough to give his black guardians

lessons in shooting, in order that, if they did kill him, they might "put him to as little pain as possible!" The discussions were, however, cut short by the arrival of messengers from Nonibe, charging the people to deliver the trader safe and sound into the hands of the missionary at Mount Coke. "The white people are my people," she said; "their blood runs in my veins, and no white man whom I can protect, shall come to harm." Nonibe prided herself on being one of the descendants of the white women who were wrecked on the coast some time in the last century, and were taken as wives by some of the chiefs near the mouth of the Umtata; and her regard for her ancestry stood poor R. B—— in good stead on this momentous occasion.

Meanwhile, however, what was the *origin* of all this? The tempest was raging, but what had raised it? Intercourse with the Colony was cut off; and we could hear nothing from that side. At length from the station of my friend the Rev. J. Brownlee—where King William's Town then was *not*—we learned what threw some light, though of a lurid kind, on the darkness. He had gone to meet his two sons, the present Minister for Native Affairs and his lamented brother, James, then boys coming home from school for the holidays. He travelled through the country of the Gaika tribe at some risk, though known as their missionary. The brain-fever of war-excitement was raging. A skirmish with a patrol in pursuit of stolen cattle, had resulted in a chief getting his head grazed by a stray shot. This was enough. Royal blood had been shed. "A chief is *killed*." It fired the train already laid; and the tribes along the whole line, from Fort Beaufort down to Trompeter's Drift, rushed over the border like troops of Russian wolves. The Gaikas under Tyali and Maqoma, the Imidange under Botumane, the Amambalu under old Eno, and the Imidushane under Qasana and Siyola, carried terror and death into the homes of the astonished settlers on that memorable Christmas Day, in many cases without an hour's warning.

And where was our chief Umkye during the earlier stages of this national movement? On the colonial side of the Fish River. It had filled, and for several days he could not cross. He was waiting at the farm of the Messrs. Southey, near the banks of the river. They had not as yet retired from their position. Messages (which was natural enough), were interchanged between the chief and some people on the other side; as he could not cross, and wished to give his directions to his tribe at such a juncture. The Europeans, however, suspected him of playing them false; and some of them wished to shoot him and his retinue on the spot. Had they done so, his fate would probably have sealed ours; for we were preserved unmolested, on the ground that the chief was absent, and it was unknown which side he would take. He arrived at last, not knowing, probably, how narrow his own escape had been. He announced at once his resolution to be faithful to the Colonial

Government at all risks, and gave positive orders to his tribe to take no share in the war.

By this time news of the wide-spread success of the irruption had penetrated to the most distant tribes of Kafirland. Tens of thousands of colonial cattle thronged the eastern kloofs of the Fish River, and swarmed the frontier valleys within the Kafir border; for no colonial force had as yet mustered to disturb them. Small return parties of plunderers, laden with spoil from the farm-houses, were from day to day passing through our station, laughing at us in our helplessness, and promising to "eat us up" at their leisure. No direct intelligence from the Colony could reach us but such as the light of burning dwellings could give. Of this there was more than enough reflected night after night from the horizon. Our chief was taunted with cowardice by his followers, forsaken by his brothers, and deserted by many of his people, who could not resist the lure of colonial spoil which was so marvellously enriching their neighbours. At length completely isolated in position, surrounded by the tribes who were at war, and himself threatened with attack for his "treason to the common cause," he told us he could defend us no longer where we were. We must abandon the station, and join the neutral tribe of Pato, at Wesleyville, to which neighbourhood he and the remnant of his people would remove with us. We did so; and the flames of Mount Coke Mission lighted up the sky the first night after we were gone.

Such was the view from the Kafirland side of the border, of one of the "scenes of other days." Twice since then that Frontier tragedy has been repeated, each time on a grander scale. There are those who tell us, men of thought too, some of them, that it is about to be performed *once more*, and with a "cast" that will throw all its former effects into the shade. Where are our "actors?"

Marguerite.

Born of the moonlight, cradled in foam,
 Deep beneath Oman's waters
 A pearl lay nestled within its home,
 Where the laughter of the sea-nymphs' daughters
 Came ringing along through the rock-roofed caves
 Which they made their gladsome dwelling,
 And shivered the crests of the wind-swept waves
 That over their heads were swelling.

Down where the twilight is misty and green,
 Where the gold sands cradle the amber,
 Where the richest gems of the main are seen
 And the snaky sea-weeds clamber;

Where the sea-shells sing the songs they caught
 When they roved on the seething billow
 Ere they laid them down, like a solemn thought,
 To serve for the Peri's pillow.

Close lay the pearl within its shell
 Till the hand of the diver caught it,
 And, tearing it forth from its natal cell,
 To the glare of the daylight brought it.
 Snatched from the home of its magic birth,
 While the waters sobbed their sadness,
 The song of the Peris rose to earth
 From their happy homes of gladness :—

“ Child of the ocean, we Peris shall miss thee,
 “ Gone from the cleft where thou usedst to hide ;
 “ Never again shall the sea-weed kiss thee
 “ As it lazily swings in the murmuring tide.
 “ Never again, O child of the ocean,
 “ Shall the song of the conches lull thee to rest,
 “ As softly moving in dreamy motion
 “ We rocked thee to sleep on our snowy breast.
 “ But our wishes shall follow wherever thou goest,
 “ Though far over mountain and sea thou should'st roam,
 “ And, whate'er in thy new life befalls thee, thou knowest
 “ We remember thee still in thy ocean home.”

So it wandered on through many a land,
 From its ocean depths of azure ;
 Lingering now by some tropic strand,
 Now borne beside the glacier ;
 Ever ablaze with the beauty's light
 Which its wondrous birth had given,—
 One had deemed it a seraph's tear-drop bright,
 If the angels weep in Heaven.

But at length it reached the long-sought rest
 For which it had wandered far,
 When I placed it upon my darling's breast
 Where it shone like the morning star :
 And yet, for all it gleamed so bright
 As it lay on her bosom fair,
 It blushed to find itself less white,
 And glowed a ruby there.

Onomatopœias.

THE researches of Dr. Bleek have established the curious fact that the Bushman language is one almost wholly composed of onomatopœias, that is, a language borrowed from the sounds made by certain animals, or expressive, in themselves, of the sounds intended to be conveyed, and resembling them as nearly as possible. This language therefore, goes back to an era probably beyond even the primitive hieroglyphic age of the Egyptians and the Mexican Indians, and seems at present the most ancient tongue of which we have any knowledge. All modern languages spring from the same stock; a fact proved equally by science and by observation. It is an undoubted fact, however, that European languages are particularly rich in onomatopœias, and a very slight examination will convince us of it. In the present article I do not intend to go into the subject from a purely scientific point of view, but rather from the acoustic or musical side of the question. To a musical ear of keen discrimination of tone—effects, many words are strongly onomatopœian, which to an ear of dull or duller susceptibility would convey no meaning whatever, beyond being associated with the ideas which they represent, and not with the sounds endeavoured to be preserved in writing. Words may be onomatopœian in one of three ways. They may distinctly express the very sound that falls upon the ear, or by the intensity of pronunciation may produce the effect described already, or they may carry in their component elements the musical tones necessary to render them exact pictures of the ideas. The Saxon part of our language, or, to speak more correctly, the language of the early English period, is particularly rich in these expressive words, as references to the writers of that period will show. The number of onomatopœias in use daily among us is astonishing. What can be more expressive of flatulency than the word “belch,” in which the very sound of rushing air is intimated by the sharp sibilant at the end of the word. The dull, heavy sound caused by a person falling when knocked down, or produced by a large heavy body falling from a height, is well described by the word “thud.” What can be more suggestive of temporary annihilation than “squashing” a fly? The word “smash” has not the same meaning, and refers rather to disintegration of particles. In “bark” and “yelp” we have exact representations of the short, irritable noises uttered by intractable terriers and impatient pugs; and in the French *aboyer* we have another excellent representation of this sound. In the word “yawn,” the broad and long-drawn-out vowel portrays exactly the wide stretch of the mouth and weary extension of the muscles. Our English word “spit,” beginning with a sibilant, and ending with a sharp dental, has a significant sound about it, which is exceeded only by the French *crâcher*, the latter being most disagreeably suggestive when pronounced with the strong Parisian *grassement*.

The Dutch word *spuwen*, is more suggestive of vomiting than of spitting, and is no doubt a congenitor of our old English word "spue," the latter occurring several times in the authorised version of the Bible. The word "click," is the only sound that can be employed to represent certain noises produced in the action of gun-locks and the working of machinery. The French expression *clapin-clopant*, used to denote a person who walks with one leg shorter than the other, and especially applied to one who has the misfortune to wear a wooden leg, can be best translated by our phrase "dot and carry one." Everybody must be struck with the peculiar "clogging" sound made by wooden-legged persons, every time the tip of the stump reaches the ground. Again, the Spanish word *muchachon*, meaning a big, hulking fellow, or in ordinary English, a lazy lout, when pronounced by a Spaniard, is such an obese and slowly delivered mouthful, as to express the idea perfectly. What can be more beautiful or suggestive than the "murmur" of the stream, the "purling" of the brook, the "ripple" of the wave, the "limpid" stream; and when we hear about the "rushing" waters and the "foaming" sea, we are carried at once mentally in sight of a mighty flood and a heaving ocean. One of the most beautiful and extraordinarily onomatopœian lines in our language is found in Gray's *Elegy* :—

"And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."

It is almost impossible to repeat this line several times, without feeling a sense of drowsiness steal over one. The tired bell-wethers, turning lazily in their sleep within the quiet fold, and setting in motion those musical pendants so familiar to those who have visited English sheep pastures, appear before us in a manner as startling as natural. There is something very suggestive in the rifleman's "ping" of the bullet, describing how it forces its way through the opposing air; in the sportsman's "whirr" of the pheasant; in the boy's "whizzing" of an oyster shell, as on leaving his hand it skims over the surface of the water, for "ducks and drakes" has always been a favourite pastime with boys of all nations. How very expressive of a noisy, impertinent, and detestable sound, is the "cackle" of a goose. What an exact onomatopœia is the "quack" of a duck, the "buzz" of a bee, or the "fizz" of champagne! Do we not hear the sound, after the cork of that popular beverage is withdrawn? What is more suggestive of fluid trickling down one's throat than the word "gurgling," and what words could more thoroughly describe the animalism of a glutton and drunkard than "guzzle" and "swill?" There is a sharp, unmistakeable sound in the word "crack," caused by the explosive consonant with which it ends. Of all language, however, monosyllables are the most onomatopœian; and perhaps the most remarkable instance of this in our language is Lord Byron's marvellous poem on the destruction of Senacherib. What can be more expressive or suggestive to the mind, what can cause so great a thrill

of tremor to run through the frame, as the horrible and awful intensity of expression conveyed by this verse? :—

“ For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed,
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.”

In these lines there are, as pronounced, but four words of more than one syllable, and only two, “angel” and “face,” not of Saxon origin.

Perhaps the place where onomatopœias flourish most, is the nursery. Who among us does not still remember, with something like affection, his monstrosities of wooden playthings called the “moo-cow,” the “baa-lamb,” the “gee-gee,” the “bow-wow,” and the “quack-quack?” How expressive of that peculiar voice of the cat so irritating to sensitive nerves is the French word *miau*, in which each vowel is pronounced separately, while the English expressions “caterwauling” and “molrowing,” although decidedly slang, are purely onomatopœian. The word “glug-glug,” defines exactly the noise made by beer as it leaps from bottle to glass; but it is equalled, if not excelled, by the French “glou-glou,” as the man says in the play, “Oh, que j’aime le glou-glou de la bouteille.” There is a curious expression in Scotland applied to candidates for the ministerial office who have broken down in the preaching of their trial sermon; they are called “stickit” ministers, or those who have stuck at the end of their college career and can go no further. The cuckoo and the peewit, evidently derive their names from the sounds they emit. The words “lisp,” “whisper,” “harsh,” and “glum,” as well as “curt,” “snap,” and “sniff,” are perfect onomatopœias, the last being disagreeably true. The action of suddenly swallowing is admirably expressed by “gulp;” and the “twittering” of swallows under the eaves, and the “cooing” of doves, could find no better exponents than our words. The interjections “hush,” and the French “bah,” speak for themselves, while who does not see the very action of the tailor’s scissors in the word “snip?” The word “twist,” purely Saxon, and a class of words beginning with “sw,” such as “swish,” “swirl,” and with “sq,” as “squeal” and “squander,” are particularly good examples of this class; but the greatest onomatopœia I have met with is the Hebrew word “atee-sha,” meaning sneezing. Imitation could surely come no closer than this.

OMICRON.



Enfant Perdu.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE).

In freedom's fight, forlorn redoubts defending,
 For thirty years did I defy attack :
 I fought on, hopeless of victorious ending ;
 I knew that scathless I should not come back.

I watched by day and night ; I could not slumber,
 As in their tents the friendly heroes dozed :—
 (The tuneful snoring of their mighty number,
 Had waked me even if to sleep disposed).

And in those nights, if weariness came near me,
 Or fear (for only fools are not afraid),
 I trolled, to scare away the gloom and cheer me,
 The mocking music of some pasquinade.

Yes, wakeful stood I, with my weapon ready ;
 And when a foe's suspected head I saw,
 I took sure aim, and ever lodged a steady,
 And well-warmed bullet in his craven maw.

But it might happen (I have not denied it)
 That some such craven likewise understood
 The art of shooting. Ah I cannot hide it—
 I, too, am wounded—I am bathed in blood.

One post is vacant ! sadly be it spoken—
 As one foe falls, another plays his part :
 But I fall fighting, and with arms unbroken,
 With arms unbroken, but with broken heart.

C. B. F.

*Macaulay's Life and Letters.**

It has been said that the biography of a literary man is always to be found in his works ; that consciously or unconsciously he tells the story of his life in his books. To this general rule, Lord Macaulay was a marked exception. His literary productions—History, Essays, and Lays—bear the unmistakeable marks of the artificer's hands, but never portray his features ; and although his career as a statesman familiarised the public with his eminence and ability in the senate and society, it gave no indication of his private character or personal qualities. These aspects of the great author's life are now, however, most unreservedly revealed to us in two newly-published volumes of biography, compiled from his family papers and correspondence, and edited by his nephew, Mr. Trevelyan. They make us intimately acquainted with the honourable, generous, and affectionate characteristics of the man whose brilliant writings have diffused instruction and delight wherever the English language is known ; they give us an insight into the gradual progress and development of his prodigious intellectual powers ; and they present to us one of the most prosperous and happy lives which it has fallen to the lot of any person to enjoy.

Lord Macaulay was born in England, although his family was of Scotch descent and birth. His father, Zachary Macaulay, the younger son of a Highland clergyman, after some varied experience of life in the West Indies and on the West Coast of Africa, settled down in London, and joined the company of indefatigable workers who were agitating against the slave trade. He was regarded as the "Atlas" on whom the work rested ; and he laboured himself as if impressed with a conviction that God had called him into being to wage war with the gigantic evil. His house was a centre where many of the moving spirits of the day met—Wilberforce, Clarkson, Buxton, Charles Grant, afterwards Lord Glenelg, and others ; and in later years the South African poet, Thomas Pringle, was associated with him. The "Clapham Sect" was the depreciative term applied to them ; but as Lord Macaulay himself says, from that little knot of men emanated the Bible and missionary societies, the anti-slavery and liberation associations, and other semi-religious and philanthropic enterprises, which marked the early history of this century ; and the reforms which accrued from their labours are still on the right side of the national ledger. In the atmosphere of his father's home, therefore, the future historian was at an early date familiarised with public affairs and literature, and to the direct and indirect example of the worthies who were brought together there, his biographer observes, may in a considerable measure be due the fact that his

* "THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LORD MACAULAY." By his nephew, GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, M.P. London : Longmans, Green, & Co., and J. C. Juta, Cape Town.

matured judgments upon the statesmen of many ages and countries were formed in accordance with the dictates of honour and humanity, of ardent public spirit and lofty public virtue.

The early years of the historian were marked by extraordinary precocity. Those intellectual peculiarities which afterwards distinguished him were plainly discernible almost from his infancy. The child was the father of the man. From the time that he was three years old, he read incessantly, for the most part lying on the rug before the fire with his book on the ground, and a piece of bread and butter in his hand. He did not care for toys, but was fond of taking his walk, when he would hold forth to his companions, whether nurse or mother, telling interminable stories out of his own head, or repeating what he had been reading in language far above his years. When he was sent to school, his mother explained to him that he must learn to study without the slice of bread and butter, to which he replied, "Yes, mamma, industry shall be my bread and attention my butter." He nevertheless crept very unwillingly to school, and frequently made piteous entreaties to be excused, which ever met with the unvarying formula, "No, Tom, if it rains cats and dogs you shall go." For a little time, Mrs. Hannah More had the superintendence of his studies, and in after years he acknowledged that she had first called out his literary tastes, and her presents laid the foundation of his library. All his teachers seem to have taken notice of his superiority of intellect, and marked him as "an extraordinary youth who had much classical and more miscellaneous reading, a vivid imagination, and a wonderful memory." Even at Cambridge, where he afterwards entered, although there were many clever and distinguished men among his contemporaries, none so irresistibly created an impression of future greatness. Rarely indeed have there been instances of so much early promise followed by ample fulfilment.

While at the University, Macaulay was led to believe that he would never have to work for his bread. His father was then in tolerably affluent circumstances, and declared to the young man that by doing his duty in regard to his studies, he would, as the eldest son, have the privilege of shaping his career at choice. But this prosperity was short-lived. Indications of pecuniary disasters began to show themselves when he was at Cambridge; and while waiting for a scholarship, he was glad to make a hundred guineas by taking pupils. As time went on, it became evident that he was to be an eldest son only in the sense that throughout the coming years of difficulty and distress his brothers and sisters would depend mainly upon him for comfort, guidance, and support. He quietly took up the burden which his father was unable to bear, and before many years had elapsed the fortunes of all for whose welfare he considered himself responsible were abundantly assured.

His first public appearance and maiden speech was at a meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society in the Freemason's Hall. This obtained for him the favourable notice of the *Edinburgh Review*, with which he

soon afterwards became connected as a contributor. He had already broken ground as a writer in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, along with Praed, Moultrie, and others ; but it was in the *Edinburgh* that he achieved literary distinction. His article on Milton made its appearance in 1825, and like Byron he awoke one morning and found himself famous. Other essays followed, displaying his wonderful power of illustration and his vast stores of erudition. There were few such productions in our literature at the time. Amazement at the range of learning they displayed was heightened by its rare accuracy and minuteness ; astonishment at the profusion of imagery was increased by its splendour, freshness, and exquisite points ; and above all, the public heart rejoiced that the genius ministered to by such taste and such treasures was kindled and presided over by noble sentiment and devotion to truth. The reputation which Macaulay thus early obtained, opened the doors of Parliament to him. Lord Lansdowne handsomely offered to be the means of introducing him to public life, and secured his election as a member of the House of Commons for Calne. He accordingly made his *debut* in the House, speaking for the first time on the Removal of Jewish Disabilities Bill, and afterwards in advocacy of the great question of Parliamentary Reform, and from the outset taking a high position, winning the ear of all parties

Who but hung to hear,
The rapt oration flowing free,
From point to point with power and grace.

Macaulay's circumstances at this time were not very flourishing. Lord Lyndhurst fortunately nominated him to a Commissionership in the Bankruptcy Court, which he held for a short time, and afterwards the Government rewarded his political services by making him one of the Commissioners, and then the Secretary of the Board of Control, which for the quarter of a century from 1784 onwards, represented the Crown in its relations to the East India directors. The young politician who thus depended on office for his bread, and on a seat in the House of Commons for office, adopted an attitude of high independence ; and when the Government brought in a Bill for Slave Emancipation which stopped short of the point his zealous father approved, he was prepared to sacrifice everything rather than run counter to his worthy parent, of whom he says: "He has devoted his whole life to the question, and I cannot grieve him by giving way when he wishes me to stand firm." Happily, the course of events enabled him to preserve his consistency and his place : the Government consented to seven, instead of twelve years, as the term of apprenticeship for the emancipated labourers, which was agreed to by the abolitionists. Macaulay's resignation although twice tendered ed, was not accepted, as the Ministry valued his services too highly to part with them. But the precarious nature of the political position he occupied became deeply impressed upon him, and when a vacancy

in the Supreme Council of India, worth £10,000 a year, was within his reach, he at once jumped at it, as a way to get out of his difficulties. What these difficulties were, he frankly stated in a letter to his friend, Lord Lansdowne:—

“Every day that I live I become less and less desirous of great wealth. But every day makes me more sensible of the importance of a competence. Without a competence it is not very easy for a public man to be honest, it is almost impossible for him to be thought so. I am so situated that I can subsist only in two ways: by being in office, and by my pen. Hitherto literature has been merely my relaxation, the amusement of perhaps a month in the year. I have never considered it as the means of support. I have chosen my own topics, taken my own time, and dictated my own terms. The thought of becoming a booksellers’ hack; of writing to relieve, not the fulness of the mind, but the emptiness of the pocket; of spurring a jaded fancy to reluctant exertion; of filling sheets with trash merely that the sheets may be filled; of bearing from publishers and editors what Dryden bore from Jonson, and what to my own knowledge, Mackintosh bore from Lardner is horrible to me. Yet thus it must be, if I should quit office. Yet to hold office merely for the sake of emolument would be more horrible still. The situation in which I have been placed for some time back, would have broken the spirit of many men. It has rather tended to make me the most mutinous and unmanageable of the followers of the Government. I tendered my resignation twice during the course of last session. I certainly should not have done so if I had been a man of fortune. You, whom malevolence itself could never accuse of coveting office for the sake of pecuniary gain, and whom your salary very poorly compensates for the sacrifice of ease and of your tastes to the public service, cannot estimate rightly the feelings of a man who knows that his circumstances lay him open to the suspicion of being actuated in his public conduct by the lowest motives. Once or twice, when I have been defending unpopular measures in the House of Commons, that thought has disordered my ideas and deprived me of my presence of mind.

“If this were all, I should feel that, for the sake of my own happiness and of my public utility, a few years would be well spent in obtaining an independence. But this is not all. I am not alone in the world. A family which I love most fondly is dependent on me. Unless I would see my father left in his old age to the charity of his less near relations; my youngest brothers unable to obtain a good professional education; my sisters who are more to me than any sisters were to a brother, forced to turn governesses or humble companions,—I must do something, I must make an effort. An opportunity has offered itself. It is in my power to make the last days of my father comfortable, to educate my brother, to provide for my sisters, to procure a competence for myself. I may hope by the time I am thirty-nine or forty, to return to England with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds. To me that would be affluence. I never wished for more.”

The records of Macaulay’s life in India, from 1834 to 1838, are not the least interesting portion of his memoir. The official work he was engaged with, and the preparation of a digest of the criminal

code of the country which he undertook, occupied most of his time ; but he still carried with him his passion for literature. He had agreed with the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* to contribute from time to time,—the remuneration for his articles, at his own suggestion, taking the shape of a supply of such books as he wanted. The “invincible love of reading” was strong upon him, and the sum total of the volumes he got through sounds very portentous. His studies chiefly lay among the classics, and most of them he read over and over. When his official work was brought to a conclusion, and he was making arrangements for his return, he wrote thus from Calcutta to a friend in London :—

“What my course of life will be, when I return to England, is very doubtful. But I am more than half determined to abandon politics and to give myself wholly to letters, *to undertake some great historical work which may be at once the business and the amusement of my life* ; and to leave the pleasures of pestiferous rooms, sleepless nights, aching heads, and diseased stomachs to Roebuck and to Praed. In England I might probably be of a very different opinion. But in the quiet of my own little grass plot, when the moon at its rising finds me with *Philoctetes* or the *De Finibus* in my hands. I often wonder what strange infatuation leads men, who can do something better, to squander their intellect, their health, their energy on such objects as those which most statesmen are pursuing. I comprehend perfectly how a man who can debate, but who would make a very indifferent figure as a contributor to an annual or a magazine—such a man as Stanley, for example, should take the only line by which he can attain distinction. But that a man before whom the two paths of literature and politics lie open, and who might hope for eminence in either, should choose politics, and quit literature, seems to me madness. On the one side is health, leisure, peace of mind, the search after truth, and all the enjoyments of friendship and conversation. On the other side is almost certain ruin to the constitution, constant labour, constant anxiety. Every friendship which a man may have becomes precarious as soon as he engages in politics. As to abuse, men soon become callous to it ; but the discipline which makes them callous is very severe. And for what is it that a man who might, if he chose, rise and lie down at his own hour, engage in any study, enjoy any amusement, and visit any place, consents to make himself as much a prisoner as if he were within the rules of the Fleet ; to be tethered during eleven months of the year within the circle of half a mile round Charing Cross ; to sit, or stand night after night for ten or twelve hours inhaling a noisome atmosphere, and listening to harangues of which nine-tenths are far below the level of a leading article in a newspaper ? For what is it that he submits, day after day, to see the morning break over the Thames, and then totters home, with bursting temples, to his bed ? Is it for fame ? Who would compare the fame of Charles Townshend to that of Hume, that of Lord North to that of Gibbon, that of Lord Chatham to that of Johnson ? Who can look back on the life of Burke, and not regret that the years which he passed in ruining his health and temper by political exertion were not passed in the composition of some great and durable work ? Who can read the letters to Atticus, and not feel that Cicero would have been an infinitely happier and better man, and a

not less celebrated man if he had left us fewer speeches, and more Academic Questions and Tusculan Disputations ; if he had passed the time which he spent in brawling with Vatinius and Clodius in producing a history of Rome superier even to that of Livy ? But these, as I said are meditations in a quiet garden, situated far beyond the contagious influence of English faction. What I might feel if I again saw Downing Street and Palace Yard is another question. I tell you sincerely my present feelings."

On his homeward voyage from India in the *Lord Hungerford*, Macaulay made a short stay in Cape Town ; and years afterwards, when visiting Holland, he was on more than one occasion reminded of the old Dutch character which the streets of the South African metropolis presented to him.

Soon after arriving in Europe, he travelled for pleasure in Italy and then returned to London, seriously intending to commence his history. But he was again, for a time, called upon to serve under the Whig banner, entering the House of Commons as member for Edinburgh, and accepting office as a Cabinet Minister.

At length a change of Government in 1841, gave him the freedom to adopt the plan of life which he himself selected as best suited to his tastes, and the nature of his avocations. He quartered himself in chambers in the Albany, "every corner of his rooms being library," and applied himself to literary avocations. Occasional essays and contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, and the *Lays of Ancient Rome* occupied intervals, but his chief time and thought was given to the execution of the *magnum opus*. His biographer presents to us some interesting details of his manner of workmanship while so engaged :—

"The main secret of Macaulay's success lay in this, that to extraordinary fluency and facility, he united patient, minute and persistent diligence. He well knew, as Chaucer knew before him, that

‘ There is na workeman
That can bothe worken wel and hastilie.
This must be done at leisure parfaitlie.’

If his method of composition ever comes into fashion, books probably will be better, and undoubtedly will be shorter. As soon as he had got into his head all the information relating to any particular episode in his History (such, for instance, as Argyll's expedition to Scotland, or the attainder of Sir John Fenwick, or the calling in of the clipped coinage), he would sit down and write off the whole story at a headlong pace, sketching in the outlines under the genial and audacious impulse of a first conception ; and securing in black and white each idea, and epithet and turn of phrase, as it flowed straight from his busy brain to his rapid fingers. His manuscript, at this stage, to the eyes of anyone but himself appeared to consist of column after column of dashes and flourishes, in which a straight line with a half formed letter at each end, and another in the middle, did duty for a word. It was amidst a chaos of such hieroglyphics that Lady Trevelyan, after her brother's death,

deciphered that account of the last days of William, which fitly closes the History. As soon as Macaulay had finished his rough draft, he began to fill it in at the rate of six sides of foolscap every morning; written in so large a hand, and with such a multitude of erasures that the whole six pages were, on an average, compressed into two pages of print. This portion he called his 'task,' and he was never quite easy unless he completed it daily. More he seldom sought to accomplish; for he had learned by long experience that this was as much as he could do at his best; and except when at his best, he never would work at all."

When the History was published at the close of 1848, he was nervously apprehensive lest it might after all prove a failure. His misgivings, however, were of no long duration. His work was greeted with an ebullition of national pride and satisfaction, and congratulations flowed in upon him from every quarter of the compass. No man ever reaped so much golden fruit of learned labour. The pecuniary profits from the sale outran all the calculations of author or publisher,—a cheque for £20,000 was paid into his bankers as the gain of one edition, "but that," he remarks, "was harvest-day; the work had been near seven years in hand." Since then upwards of 140,000 copies of the History have been printed and sold in the United Kingdom alone, and it has been translated and published in no fewer than eleven Continental languages. The sacrifice of political triumphs which Macaulay had made to literature were thus rewarded in no ordinary manner. It is needless to refer to the honours which crowned his closing years—the universal admiration of literary critics, the warm regard of friends, the satisfaction of feeling that his worldly prosperity would benefit those relatives who had affectionately devoted themselves to anticipating his wishes; and finally the offer of a peerage from the Queen, which he gratefully accepted, choosing the title of Baron Macaulay of Rothley, the place where he was born. The end came before the work he had allotted to himself was completed. Melancholy anticipations of decaying power indicated that "the wine of life was spent," and at the close of December, 1859, the great student ceased to breathe in his library chair, a number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, open at the story of Thackeray's "Lovel the Widower," lying on the table beside him. Then followed his burial in Westminster Abbey, where, amidst memorials of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Addison, lies a stone bearing the inscription, "Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay: His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth for evermore." A writer in the *Times* truly remarks,— "Perhaps no tomb in the great national mausoleum ever closed on such a wealth of accumulated treasures, which the possessor had been using to the last to such brilliant purpose."

The letters and journals of Lord Macaulay, which form a great part of Mr. Trevelyan's pleasant volumes of biography, are full of political, literary, and social gossip of the most interesting kind. Among these letters those written to his sisters make us intimately

acquainted with his private character, and show him as a man of most affectionate and lovable nature, with the gifts of inspiring intense attachment and admiration. Strange to say he never married, nor did he ever indicate any desire to do so, although few men ever showed more appreciation of domestic life and affection than he did. To his sister, Lady Trevelyan (who, before her marriage, accompanied him to India), he was devotedly attached. She was quite at home with him in the world of literature and romance. When they were discoursing together about a work of history or biography, a bystander would have supposed that they had lived in the times of which the author treated, and had a personal acquaintance with every human being who was mentioned in his pages. Pepys, Addison, Horace Walpole, Dr. Johnson, Madame de Genlis, the Duc de St. Simon, and the several societies in which those worthies moved, excited in their minds precisely the same sort of concern, and gave matter for discussions of exactly the same type as most people bestow upon the proceedings of their own contemporaries. The past was to them as the present, and the fictitious as the actual. When one of his sisters was snatched from him by death, and the other was likely to form new ties in the natural course of things, he gives vent to his feelings in these words:—"From that moment, with a heart formed, if ever any man's heart was formed for domestic happiness, I shall have nothing left in this world but ambition. There is no wound, however, which time and necessity will not render endurable; and, after all, what am I more than my fathers,—than the millions and tens of millions who have been weak enough to pay double price for some favourite number in the lottery of life, and who have suffered double disappointment when their ticket came up a blank?"

The feelings with which he regarded children were near akin to those of the great writer to whom we owe the death of little Paul, and the meeting between the school boy and his mother in the 8th chapter of *David Copperfield*. "Have you seen the first number of '*Dombey*?' " he writes, "There is not much in it: but there is one passage which made me cry as if my heart would break. It is the description of a little girl who has lost an affectionate mother, and is unkindly treated by everybody. Images of that sort always overpower me, even when the artist is less skilful than Dickens." In truth, Macaulay's extreme sensibility to all which appealed to the sentiment of pity, whether in heart or in nature, was nothing short of a positive inconvenience to him. His poetical, no less than his epistolary style, was carefully adapted to the age and understanding of those whom he was addressing. Some of his pieces of verse are almost perfect specimens of the nursery lyric. From five to ten stanzas in length, and with each word carefully formed in capitals,—most comforting to the eyes of a student who is not very sure of his small letters,—they are real children's poems, and they profess to be nothing more.

Apart from Lord Macaulay's eminence as orator, statesman, jurist, and historian, the reader of his biography will be most impressed with his wonderful devotion to literature. "What a blessing to love books as I love them," he writes to his friend Ellis; "to be able to converse with the dead, and live amidst the unreal." His way of life would have been deemed solitary by others, but it was not solitary to him. While he had a volume in his hands, he never could be without a quaint companion to laugh with or laugh at; an adversary to stimulate his combativeness; a counsellor to suggest wise and lofty thoughts, and a friend with whom to share them. His ardent and sincere passion for literature, Mr. Trevelyan remarks, was the source of much which calls for admiration in his character and conduct; it assisted him not a little to preserve that dignified composure with which he met all the changes and chances of his public career, and that spirit of cheerful and patient endurance which sustained him through years of broken health and enforced seclusion. This essential secret of his happy life is appropriately expressed in one of the finest poems to be found in his published "Miscellanies." It was written in 1847, on the evening of his defeat in the contest for the representation of Edinburgh. While the city was alive with the popular jubilation over that party triumph, Macaulay, in the grateful silence of his chamber, was weaving his perturbed thought into these exquisite stanzas:—

The day of tumult, strife, defeat, was o'er;
Worn out with toil, and noise, and scorn, and spleen,
I slumbered, and in slumber saw once more
A room in an old mansion, long unseen.

That room, methought, was curtained from the light;
Yet through the curtains shone the moon's cold ray
Full on a cradle, where, in linen white,
Sleeping life's first soft sleep, an infant lay.

And lo! the fairy queens who rule our birth
Drew nigh to speak the new-born baby's doom;
With noiseless step, which left no trace on earth,
From gloom they came, and vanished into gloom.

Not deigning on the boy a glance to cast
Swept careless past the gorgeous Queen of Gain;
More scornful still, the Queen of Passion passed,
With mincing gait and sneer of cold disdain.

The Queen of Power tossed high her jewelled head,
And o'er her shoulder threw a wrathful frown;
The Queen of Pleasure on the pillow shed
Scarce one stray rose-leaf from her fragrant crown.

Still Fay in long procession followed Fay;
And still the little couch remained unblest:
But, when those wayward sprites had passed away,
Came One, the last, the mightiest, and the best.

Oh glorious lady, with the eyes of light
 And laurels clustering round thy lofty brow,
 Who by the cradle's side didst watch that night,
 Warbling a sweet strange music, who wast thou ?

" Yes, darling ; let them go ;" so ran the strain :
 " Yes, let them go, gain, fashion, pleasure, power,
 And all the busy elves to whose domain
 Belongs the nether sphere, the fleeting hour.

" Without one envious sigh, one anxious scheme,
 The nether sphere, the fleeting hour resign.
 Mine is the world of thought, the world of dream,
 Mine all the past, and all the future mine.

" Fortune, that lays in sport the mighty low,
 Age, that to penance turns the joys of youth,
 Shall leave untouched the gifts which I bestow,
 The sense of beauty, and the thirst of truth.

" Of the fair brotherhood who share my grace,
 I, from thy natal day, pronounce thee free ;
 And, if for some I keep a nobler place,
 I keep for none a happier than for thee.

" In the dark hour of shame, I deigned to stand
 Before the frowning peers at Bacon's side :
 On a far shore I smoothed with tender hand,
 Through months of pain, the sleepless bed of Hyde.

" I brought the wise and brave of ancient days
 To cheer the cell where Raleigh pined alone ;
 I lighted Milton's darkness with the blaze
 Of the bright ranks that guard the eternal throne.

" And even so, my child, it is my pleasure
 That thou not then alone shouldst feel me nigh,
 When in domestic bliss and studious leisure,
 Thy weeks uncouth come, uncouth fly.

" Not then alone, when myriads, closely pressed
 Around thy car, the shout of triumph raise ;
 Nor when, in gilded drawing-rooms, thy breast
 Swells at the sweeter sound of woman's praise.

" No : when on restless night dawns cheerless morrow,
 When weary soul and wasting body pine,
 Thine am I still, in danger, sickness, sorrow,
 In conflict, obloquy, want, exile, thine ;

" Thine most when friends turn pale, when traitors fly,
 When, hard beset, thy spirit, justly proud,
 For truth, peace, freedom, mercy dares defy
 A sullen priesthood and a raving crowd.

"Amidst the din of all things fell and vile,
Hate's yell, and envy's hiss, and folly's bray,
Remember me ; and with an unforced smile
See riches, baubles, flatterers, pass away.

"Yes : they will pass away ; nor deem it strange :
They come and go, as comes and goes the sea :
And let them come and go : thou, through all change,
Fix thy firm gaze on virtue and on me."

David Hamon's Story of the Battle of Boom Plaats.

"Truth is often stranger than fiction."—*Someone.*

THERE are, perhaps, few of our readers who have not heard of the Battle of Boom Plaats ; and probably a still smaller number who have been privileged, as I have, to hear a narrative of that celebrated conflict by an eye-witness, and not only an eye-witness, but one who took the most prominent part in the fight,—one, indeed, to whom the victory is mainly attributable, and without whose intervention the hero of Aliwal and the British arms must have suffered an inglorious defeat.

That the narrative is thoroughly reliable, and true in all its stirring details there can be no reasonable doubt, as any ingenious mind must be ready to admit after reading the account, not given second-hand, but written down as nearly as I can recollect in the very words of my hero and informant ;—translated, it is true, for I regret exceedingly my inability to transcribe the rich patois in which the event was so graphically portrayed, a glorious admixture of Cape Dutch and unimaginable English.

My informant, David Hamon, who is, I trust, still alive and well, was born of honest parents ; he claims some relationship to a certain Captain Alexander of ancient Cape notoriety, and calls himself a Scotchman of Cape extraction. Of his mother he speaks but little ; he, however, admits that she was a Cape lassie, *en Kaapsche meisjie* and very beautiful ; beyond this, I could gather nothing. He himself may be shortly described as a man about sixty years of age, in stature limited to, say, five feet three inches, black wiry hair, scarcely frosted by the hand of time, black sparkling eyes, somewhat dark complexion, and, judging by appearances, of rather doubtful nationality, but he calls himself a Scotchman, and I have no desire to question his claim ; nor had his education been neglected, as will be noticed further on, for he had evidently been sent to school. He lives in a *house* of his own—I write *house* advisedly—yes, it is a house, as houses go in this part of the world, to which he has applied a most perfect and unique system of ventilation. The structure is made of timber slabs

placed vertically, and between each of the slabs a small space is left to admit air, which is thus evenly distributed through the two rooms of which it consists. He is married (his second matrimonial venture) to a lady of Teutonic origin, and has a numerous family, for whom he had provided, so he stated when I last met him, "een Engelse lady," as governess, giving her a salary of ten shillings a month and board.

The most wonderful thing about David Hamon, is his ubiquitous nature. He often appears to have been in ever so many places at the same time, and were it not for his well-known veracity, one might, as a *stranger*, doubt his word, but once having known him, never. One thing is certain, that it is impossible to mention any important event in the history of the Cape since the date of his birth, but he had been there; and it matters little to him if the events referred to happened on the same date and two or three hundred miles apart; he would always say, "Ik was daar. Ik zal tell you eberything about it." For my own part I would rather attribute any apparent discrepancy to errors in recording dates. I never could recollect dates myself; and, in this respect, I have little faith in the memory of other people.

A blacksmith by trade, his occupations have been varied in the extreme. He has tended vines in the Western Province. Again he is found in the interior shooting lions and elephants with Gordon Cumming. Mention Natal, and he at once enlarges on the privations he endured in living on horseflesh and carrion crow with Colonel Smith. Never a military man, yet his martial spirit carried him into every fight. How many Kafirs have bitten the dust at the report of his trusty rifle, I am afraid to state. And when, somewhere about the latter end of the year 1848, Sir Harry Smith resolved to punish the rebel Boers, David Hamon was there, in a sort of supernumerary capacity, attached to the baggage train. But let him now speak for himself:—

"We were approaching some stony kopjies near Boom Plaats. I had given my little thoroughbred mare to an attendant, and took my seat on the *voorkist* of one of the baggage wagons, the better to view the scene. A few Boers were seen riding into the kopjies and there was an ominous silence which, as I remarked to Sir Harry Smith who was close alongside, foreboded mischief. Sir Harry looked at me with his keen grey eyes, and said, 'Who the d—l are you?' I replied, promptly, 'David Hamon, your Excellency, and I have come to see the fight.'

"The General now ordered the advance guards to storm the kopjies and the cannon unlimbered and poured in shot and shell among the ironstone rocks, *dat die spaanders zoo vlieg*, but the Boers, nothing intimidated, being well protected by the rocks, opened a murderous fire on the troops, who began to fall like locusts, and the advanced guards had to retire on the main body, which gave rise to a mighty cheer from the Boers. I soon saw that this sort of

thing would never do, and walking up to the Governor, who was dressed very like myself, I said, 'Your Excellency, if I had the command of this army for half an hour I could drive those Boers out.' Sir Harry in a great rage turned upon me and swore at me like the very mischief (*en hij vloek my dat dit zoo gons*).

"I was just returning to my seat on the box, when an officer who knew me touched his hat (*slaait aan zyn hoet*), and said, 'Sir, listen to what David Hamon has got to say; he is a very intelligent man, and a true subject of Queen Victoria.' So I took the governor aside, and told him my plan, but when the old fellow heard it, a grim smile lit up his face (*maar toen de Ou det hoor hij grimlach*), and dismounting from his charger, he said, 'David Hamon; mount, you are general for half an hour.'

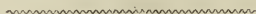
"What could I do. I knew I would be taken for the Governor by the Boers, and probably shot; but I was not going to show the white feather, so I mounted, and turning to the bugler, shouted, 'Sound a retreat, the whole army is to fall back about two miles, as far as the first spruit.' The astonishment depicted on the countenances of the officers of my staff, with the exception of Sir Harry, who acted as my aide-de-camp, may be better imagined than described; but there I sat on Sir Harry's best charger, stern and determined, every inch a general, conscious of my superiority, proudly indicating the brim of my old *pluis hoet* with my right forefinger in reply to the salutes of the various companies as they marched past with dark lowering looks and ill suppressed, half muttered curses; but I cared not, for I had a duty to perform, and knew what I was about. I now saw a movement amongst the Boers as if they were collecting their horses with intent to follow us, so ordering a strong guard to protect the rear, I dashed spurs into the flanks of my noble charger, and, followed by my brilliant staff, soon passed the advanced guards, and never drew rein till we arrived at the spruit above-mentioned. I now selected the ground upon which I had determined to re-form the troops, in a slight hollow, so that they could not be seen by the Boers, who, thinking they had gained an easy victory, followed us up, and began making long shots at the retreating columns. But the time of retribution had arrived. Our line of battle was formed, and, dismounting from my charger, I handed him to Sir Harry, and touching my hat, I said, 'Sir, I am no longer general, the half hour is up. As soon as the foremost Boers appear, order the charge, and David Hamon will head the cavalry.'

"I now mounted my little thoroughbred mare, and, like a true soldier, waited for the word of command. The Boers rode nearly on to us before they noticed that we had formed up to meet them, and looking round I saw Sir Harry wave his hat. I could wait no longer, but shouting with all my might, 'charge!' I was off, taking the head by about one hundred yards. The boers fired a harmless volley and bolted. I was soon up to the hindermost, who was a stout dopper; a shot from my revolver bought him down, *Ik skiet hom zoo dwars*

duur zyn pens. The next man I overtook I was just about treating to another shot from my revolver, when he looked round and said, 'David Hamon, don't shoot, I am an old school-fellow of yours.' 'Piet,' I said, 'I know you, but you are a rebel, and I must shoot you.' 'Spare my life, David, for the sake of my wife and children.' Well, I am a soft-hearted man, so I said, 'what have you got in your saddle bags?' 'Biscuit, sausage, and coffee,' he replied. I then said, 'As soon as I fire, you fall from your horse, but take care you hold on to the bridle. If you let your horse go, you are a dead man.' So I had a shot at the pipe sticking out of the side of his hat, which I sent flying, and he obeyed me to the letter. I dismounted, and as the red jackets came up, I told them to pass on, that I had shot this man and the plunder was mine. As soon as the last of the troops had passed, I told my prisoner to make himself scarce, giving him his horse, from which I had taken the saddle bags and cloak. He begged for some of his property, but I told him he might be content to escape with a whole skin and his horse. I now investigated the saddle bags and cloak, and found plenty of biscuits, sausages, and biltongue, and rolled up in the cloak was a tin canteen, well corked, full of coffee, quite hot. This young Boer had hurriedly poured his coffee into the canteen on hearing that the red jackets were running away in order to be in time for some of the spoil, intending to make his breakfast at his leisure after routing the English. But little did he dream that David Hamon was there. I made a hearty breakfast, and then rejoined the troops. The cloak was a great comfort to me, as it was quite new and waterproof. I used it for years afterwards. Of course the Boers were thoroughly beaten, and David Hamon was the hero of the day. But such is the ingratitude of great men, that I have neither pension nor farm given me, and I have to labour for my living as if I were no better than other people."

The above veracious narrative is correct as far as the incidents are concerned, but I fear that scant justice has been done to David Hamon's ready flow of language and graphic descriptions. Then it is only a translation from memory. There may be other accounts of the battle of Boom Plaats differing from the above, especially the newspaper reports of the period. All I need say about them is *they were not by* DAVID HAMON.

A. E. M.



The Future Language of South Africa.

BY THE HON. J. H. DE VILLIERS, CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE CAPE COLONY.

WHAT is the future language of South Africa to be ?

In speaking of the language of South Africa, I mean the language of the bulk of the population, including not only the officials, the mercantile community, the professional and other highly educated classes, but also the agricultural population and the labouring classes. Will the language of Holland, pure and undefiled, re-establish its supremacy ? Or will it be the language of Holland as altered, or as some would say, corrupted, in this Colony by contact with the language of Englishmen, Germans, Malays and Hottentots, and by the slow process of dialectic growth and phonetic decay ? Or will English prevail over both the former ?

To most people the answer to these questions will appear a simple one. "This is an English Colony," they will say, "and sooner or later English must become the mother-tongue of the inhabitants." In arguing thus, however, they are apt to forget that the mother-tongue of a country cannot, like a worn-out garment, be cast aside when it has served its purpose, that it takes many years before a strange language can be taught to the mass of the people, that it must take several generations before it can become familiar to them, and that even after it has become familiar, old associations and prejudices will ever combine to resist the intruder. At the present moment, incredible as it may appear, there are still persons born, bred and living in the Highlands of Scotland and in Wales who do not understand or even speak the English language. In Canada a portion of the population still speak and understand French only, in some portions of Alsace the peasants, after a French occupation of about two centuries, speak German only, and in parts of Friesland the language spoken by the peasantry is wholly unintelligible to the inhabitants of other provinces of Holland. It is the peasantry who are always the most tenacious of a language, and it is the peasantry who constitute the bulk of our own population.

Let me, not however, be understood as arguing for the impossibility of one language being supplanted by another as the living and spoken language of a nation. If this were my contention it would be unnecessary to say another word, for it would follow ; as a logical sequence, that Cape Dutch, which is the language of the bulk of the people of this Colony, will not, and cannot be superseded by any other. My object has rather been to show at the outset that the question which forms the subject of this discourse is not so easy of solution as some would suppose.

There have undoubtedly been instances in which a whole nation

has adopted a foreign language to the exclusion of its own. In some cases the language of a conquering nation has entirely superseded that of the conquered, for example the language introduced into England by the Angles, Saxons and Jutes superseded that of the early Britons who spoke a Celtic dialect. A few traces of the ancient language still lingered here and there, as up till lately in Cornwall, but in the end Anglo-Saxon or English prevailed. So also the Latin language established itself in many of the countries of Europe which became subject to the Roman Empire. Before the conquest of ancient France by the Romans the inhabitants spoke a Celtic dialect, but in an incredibly short space of time they adopted the language of Rome together with her laws and institutions. In other cases the conquerors adopted the language of the conquered. The Franks, who were a Teutonic race, overran France after the fall of the Roman Empire and adopted the language spoken by the inhabitants as their own, retaining only a few Teutonic words, idioms, and phrases. For three centuries after the Norman Conquest of England, French and English lived side by side, until in the end English displaced the language of the conquering nation. But we need not go far in search of illustrations. In the Western districts of this Colony the languages of the aborigines have already given way to Cape Dutch, and in the Eastern districts they are slowly but surely retreating before the steady advance of English and Cape Dutch.

What is true of nations and tribes is also true of large bodies of immigrants who settle in countries where a language different from their own is spoken. The Huguenots who fled from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes towards the end of the seventeenth century, readily acquired the language of the countries in which they respectively settled, and their descendants in most cases lost the knowledge of their mother-tongue. The Abbé de la Caille, who visited the Cape for astronomical purposes sixty years after the arrival of the French refugees, gives the following testimony derived from personal observation. After describing the valley of Drakenstein in the neighbourhood of which the Huguenots first settled, he says :— “In regard to these refugees they preserved the French language and taught it to their children ; but the latter being obliged to speak Dutch partly because they transact all their business with Dutchmen and Germans who speak Dutch, and partly because they are either married or related to Germans and Dutch, have not taught their children French, so that as none of the original refugees are left, it is only their children who speak French, and they are all old. I have not seen a single person under forty who spoke French unless he had himself come from France. I cannot, however, assert that this is universally true, but I have been assured by those who speak French that in twenty years’ time there will not be a person in Drakenstein who will be able to speak that language.” If instead of twenty years the Abbé’s informers had said fifty years the prediction would most certainly have been correct. At the beginning of this century the

knowledge of the French language was wholly lost among the descendants of the Huguenots, and if at the present time there are a few of them who understand or speak French they may have acquired it from their French teacher, but they certainly have not inherited it from their forefathers. It is clear, then, that in this Colony the native languages are doomed to perish and that French will not revive, but it is not equally clear which language will permanently take their place. Two or more European languages may for a time exist here side by side, but it requires no prophetic foresight to foretell that in the end one will displace the other. The question is which is it to be?

Sixty years ago it was confidently predicted that Dutch—that is to say, the language of Holland as distinguished from Cape Dutch, the language of the Cape—would prevail. At that time—so far as one can judge from the scanty literature of the period—the antagonism between Dutch and English was at its height. The Dutch party considered it a mark of patriotism to speak and propagate Dutch. The English party, on the other hand, considered it a mark of loyalty to speak and propagate English. Gradually, however, the bitterness of feeling diminished in intensity, but it never wholly died out. When at the end of 1825 the Dutch *Tydschrift* came to an end, the English *Chronicle* sounded a note of triumph in the following terms: “Othello’s, occupation’s gone. Died at the age of 365 days *Het Nederduitsch Zuid Afrikaansch Tydschrift*, deeply regretted by the Antediluvians of the Cape and the descendants of Van Riebeeck, whose writings the deceased deeply studied, and whose arms have lately been renewed over the Town-house of His Majesty George IV. The departed was of a peculiar disposition and temper, and although nursed, dandled, and rocked in the very cradle of Government and the sworn son of Great Britain, yet he never opened his lips in praise of her customs, manners, laws, and language.” Amenities like these, so far from discouraging the advocates of the Dutch language, rather urged them on to greater efforts and the deceased periodical saw the light again under a slightly different title. It was felt, however, that the corruption which the Dutch language had undergone, was a serious obstacle to its general diffusion, and its supporters now strove to purify it of its adulterations, or, in other words, to restore the language of Holland free from the colonial alloy. As a first step towards attaining this end a very learned professor undertook to write a work in which the barbarisms of Cape Dutch would be exposed and the people of this colony taught not only to read but also to converse in good Dutch—a work, in short, which would have the miraculous effect of immediately substituting one language for another as the mother-tongue of the people. The idea was conceived in 1840. In 1844 the work appeared under the title: “The Dutch language restored in South Africa,” but, instead of fulfilling the ambitious designs of its promoters, it was an ordinary grammar of the Dutch language with a paragraph here and there pointing out idioms peculiar to the Cape

and with an appendix containing a list of words used at the Cape, but not recognised as sterling in Holland. The preface, however, explains the alteration in the design. After stating that the object which the writer originally had in view was to restore the Dutch language in South Africa, he adds: "In writing this we cannot refrain from smiling at the very thought that we should at the commencement of our undertaking have persuaded ourselves that this was so much as possible. Three years and a half have since elapsed, and during that time we have observed so many fresh proofs of indifference in regard to the Dutch language that we have altogether changed our opinion as to the possibility of further checking the evil. We have come to consider the language, to which we have been devoting our labours, as a physician does an incurable patient whose worst sufferings may perhaps be allayed, whose certain dissolution may perhaps be retarded, but of whose complete recovery there no longer exists the faintest hope." In the body of the work, however, the author admits (p. 28) that "the civilized classes are everywhere doing their utmost to get rid of the Cape idioms," and that the Cape vulgarisms of which the book gives examples, are characteristic of the speech of the lower classes. He adds that those who speak grammatically are said to speak high Dutch, and that an Englishman who speaks Dutch always uses the vulgar tongue of the Cape.

From 1844 to the present time the indifference complained of by Dr. Changuion has been increasing rather than falling off, while, if he were still amongst us, he would no longer have the consolation of thinking that the civilized classes are forsaking the Cape Dutch dialect. On the contrary he would find that what is wrongly termed High Dutch has been almost altogether banished from ordinary conversation, and that even in the pulpit the younger generation of Dutch Reformed clergymen do not always aspire to that grammatical accuracy which distinguished and still distinguishes the older generation of Dutch Reformed clergymen, and which is still expected from a pulpit orator in Holland. Even immigrants arriving here from Holland gradually adopt our Cape idioms, and their children soon learn to converse in our soft and easy patois in preference to their harsher mother-tongue. This may be owing to the very small number of these immigrants who come out to South Africa, but there exists no likelihood that a stream of immigration will ever flow from Holland large enough to have any influence upon the future language of this country. Judging, then, from the experience of past times and from the tendencies of the present, we may safely conclude that the present language of Holland is not destined to become the future language of South Africa.

No longer, indeed, do we hear of endeavours to restore the Dutch language in South Africa. But probably very few of you are aware that strenuous efforts are now being made in certain quarters to give permanency to the Cape Dutch dialect by recognizing and adopting it as the literary language of South Africa. A journal under the name of the *Patriot* has been started, which professes to employ this

language only, and I understand that the promoters of the journal intend before long, to publish a history of South Africa, and a translation of the Bible in the same language. If the object of the movement is to reach the mind and understanding of those to whom any other language is unintelligible, nothing can be more praiseworthy. But it appears to me doubtful, to say the least, whether there is any considerable portion of our population who are unable to understand correct Dutch. Corrupt as the Cape Dutch may be, I apprehend that those who would have sufficient education and intelligence to read and understand it, would also be able to read and understand grammatical Dutch. There can be no doubt that the wants of the Dutch-speaking colonists must for a long time to come be supplied by other than English newspapers, but I am not aware that the existing Dutch papers which have hitherto been conducted with so much ability, fairness, and moderation, are unable to supply those wants, and their conductors certainly have not yet deemed it necessary to descend to the use of the Cape Dutch, merely for the purpose of making themselves understood. Nor am I aware that the Dutch state translation of the Scriptures is unintelligible to any considerable portion of the Dutch-speaking inhabitants of the Colony. The language of this version, like that of the English authorised version and Luther's German translation, is at once so simple and so pure, that it is difficult to believe in the necessity for another version better suited to the intelligence of the upper or of the lower classes. Of course, I am not now concerned with the question whether a nearer approach might not be made to the original in accordance with the suggestions of modern criticism, but merely with the question whether or not the language is intelligible. So attached are English Protestants to the translation known as King James' Bible, that although the number of words or senses of words which have become obsolete since 1611, amount to nearly one-fifteenth part of the whole number of words used in the Bible, any proposal to substitute for it an improved version more in conformity with the spoken language of England would, I apprehend, meet with very little encouragement or approval from them. At all events no Englishman who values the dignity of the Bible would seriously propose a new version in some provincial *patois* on the ground that the existing authorized version is not perfectly intelligible. The German Protestant still clings with fondness not unmixed with pride to the celebrated translation of Martin Luther, and would resent as an outrage on his sense of propriety any attempt to substitute for it a version in Platt Deutsch for the benefit of the lower classes. The Dutch authorized version has indeed undergone some alterations in spelling and in some points of grammar, but in the main it still retains the language and grammatical structure which were given to it by the pains-taking translators appointed by the Synod of Dort in the year 1619. It has been reserved for our South African patriots to discover that there is a depth of simplicity beyond even that which the Dutch version has reached, and that there exists a

class of people in our midst, whose simple minds and weak understanding cannot be reached without (if I may use the expression) levelling down the Scriptures to their standard.

For my own part I do not believe that the Dutch-speaking inhabitants of this Colony have attained that stage of intellectual degradation; but even if they had, it would be a far more useful and noble employment to assist in levelling up their intelligence than to suppress the only book which by being universally read, still preserves amongst us a standard of correct, pure, and idiomatic Dutch. For scientific purposes no doubt it may prove useful to preserve evidence of the great change which the Dutch language has undergone by being transplanted from Holland to this Colony. In the same way the promoters of the movement I have mentioned might do good service by collecting those bits of humorous and racy poetry in which the country abounds, and for which the language is not ill adapted. But if the new South African literature is intended to arrest the spread of English and to prevent the importation of Dutch literature, I am firmly convinced that it will prove a mistake and end in failure. It is idle to expect that Cape Dutch will soon, if ever, become a literary language, in the highest sense of the term, capable of competing either with Dutch or with English. Poor in the number of its words, weak in its inflections, wanting in accuracy of meaning, and incapable of expressing ideas connected with the higher spheres of thought, it will have to undergo great modification before it will be able to produce a literature worthy of the name. And the force and energy which would be wasted in bringing the language into such a condition would be more usefully employed in appropriating that rich and glorious language which is ready to our hands as a literary language of the first rank.

The worst feature of the new movement is that it appeals to the patriotism of the colonists for support, as if patriotism consisted solely in a retention of the customs of our forefathers whether such customs are worthy of retention or not. Surely it would be a more genuine patriotism to improve and elevate the mental condition of our countrymen by opening up to them those vast resources of intellectual wealth which a study of English literature must reveal. And if any prejudices stood in his way the true patriot would combat them, at the risk of his own popularity, in order that his countrymen might not be left behind in the race after culture and mental improvement. But in truth it is a misuse of terms to speak of patriotism in connection with this subject. The French colonist of Canada or the Dutch colonist of the Cape does not love his own country the more because French or Dutch is his mother-tongue. The Australian or the Canadian of English descent does not love his own country the less because English is his mother-tongue. The Americans before the war of independence spoke English, but they nevertheless manfully asserted their rights against the Government and Parliament of Great Britain. When they had obtained their independence, their use of the English language did not prevent them from becoming one of the

chief rivals of the mother-country. I have no fear, therefore, for the patriotism of South Africans—whether they be inhabitants of this colony or of the neighbouring states—if they shall cease to use a Dutch dialect as their mother-tongue.

All honour be to that country, physically so small, morally so great, which first introduced civilisation into South Africa. I often wish that her history were more studied here, especially by those who profess to look up to her as the model for our imitation. But it is unfortunately too true that the country which was herself the birthplace of the religious and civil liberty of modern times was the indirect means of establishing the grossest form of despotism in her colonies. If the statesmen of Holland had been immediately responsible for the good government of her colonies, I have no doubt that things would have been different. But the government of her East Indian possessions was entrusted to a trading company, which cared little for the moral, intellectual, or material advancement of the inhabitants so long as the company enjoyed the monopoly of trade and brought in a good return to the proprietors. The Cape of Good Hope as one of the trading stations of the company fell directly under their sway. For a century and a half they misgoverned this country to such an extent that the evil effects of their misgovernment are still perceptible. If you wish to have proofs for this assertion, let me refer you to the excellent lectures of that learned judge and true patriot, whose early death the members of his profession and the whole Colony have not ceased to deplore, I mean the late Mr. Justice Watermeyer.

Certainly, our Dutch rulers gave very little encouragement to any language but their own. I have already mentioned the two causes to which the Abbé de la Caille ascribed the decline and gradual extinction of the French language among the descendants of the Huguenot refugees. He might have added a third more potent than either. It was the firm determination and fixed policy of the Chamber of seventeen, as the General Council of Direction of the Dutch East India Company was called, to allow the use of the French language only so far as it was absolutely necessary, and to prevent its spread altogether, and the local Councillors at the Cape were not remiss in carrying out the wishes of their superiors. To the truth of this assertion the old records of this Colony bear ample testimony, but I will content myself with a very few quotations. In the year 1701 the local Council wrote to the Chamber informing them that the French Minister, Pierre Simon was about to leave the colony, and requesting them to send our another minister in his place. The answer, addressed to Governor van der Stel, and signed by all the members of the Chamber, is dated the 20th September, 1701, and runs thus :—

“We presume that the Rev. Pierre Simon will not leave the Colony until another minister arrives to take his place. One who understands the Dutch and French languages will be sent out by the Chamber of Amsterdam, not, as we understand it, with the view of preaching in the

latter language, but only for the purpose of visiting, admonishing, and comforting those old colonists who do not understand our language. By such means we may in course of time succeed in having that language destroyed (the Dutch word is 'gemortificeert'—mortified), and, as it were, banished from the place; and with this object in view you will take care that the schools shall serve no other or further purpose than to teach the youth to read and write in our language."

After carefully searching the records, I do not find that any formal resolution on the subject was passed by the Council upon receipt of this despatch, but in their reply, dated the 3rd February, 1702, and containing a very interesting report on the social and financial condition of the Colony, the following passage occurs:—

"We will take care that through the use of the Dutch language in the church and school at Drakenstein, the French language shall come into disuse among the members of the congregations, and thus in course of time be entirely rooted out; and this will the more readily happen, inasmuch as there are no longer any French schools."

The Council kept their promise faithfully, and lost no opportunity for discouraging and even prohibiting the use of the French language. Thus I find that in December, 1709, upon receipt of a letter in French from the Consistory at Drakenstein, submitting the names of certain persons as fit and proper persons to be elected members of the Consistory, the council passed the following resolution:—"That the consistory be informed that they shall not in future have to write letters to Government in the French language, but that it shall be done in Dutch only."

From what I have said about the Dutch East India Company, it seems clear that we owe but a trifling debt of gratitude to their memory; and such a debt as we do owe, we should but inadequately discharge by perpetuating a language which in the ears of the Directors, would have sounded more odious than French, and more barbarous than the English language itself. But I do not believe that it will be perpetuated. For several generations the two languages may live more or less peaceably side by side, but in the end the fitter one will survive.

Gradually the old prejudices against English are giving way to more rational views. The youngest of us can probably remember the time when it would have been considered a species of sacrilege to propose that a sermon in the English language should be preached in the Dutch Reformed Church of this town, whereas we now find that an English service is held as regularly as a Dutch service. In many a so-called Dutch household, English is the home language of the family; and as the rising generation grows up, this tendency may be expected to increase. In the capital of the Orange Free State itself, I am credibly informed, that English is as frequently heard in ordinary conversation as Dutch, nay, it has been confidently asserted by the chief Free State paper that English is spoken more accurately and more generally in Bloemfontein than in the capital of this Colony.

When we refer to the literature imported into this country, we find that English books exceed in number all the rest put together. In such of the country villages as have public libraries English books constitute the great bulk of the collections. In this library itself, which may be looked upon as to a certain extent indicative of the tastes of the reading public of the Colony, English books outnumber the Dutch in the proportion of nine to one. Nor is all this to be wondered at. The practical usefulness of a language will always be the best guarantee for its diffusion. In the conduct of important mercantile transactions and in the carrying on of official correspondence, the use of English has become well nigh indispensable. Stern necessity moreover requires a knowledge of the English language from those who desire to serve their country in Parliament, or to practise in the Law Courts, or to become members of Divisional Councils and Municipalities, or to become qualified for the office of Justice of the Peace, or to engage in the noble occupation of teaching the youth of the Colony.

But, independently of the practical usefulness of a language, its inherent richness and power will give it immense advantage over its poorer and weaker rival. It has been eloquently remarked by Donaldson in his *Varronianus* that "a language is only dear to us when we know its capabilities, and when it is hallowed by a thousand connections with our civilization, our literature, and our comforts. So long as it merely lisps the inarticulated utterances of half educated men, it has no hold upon the hearts of those who speak it, and it is readily neglected or thrown aside in favour of the more cultivated idiom, which, while it finds names for luxuries of civilization before unknown, also opens a communication with those who appear as the heralds of moral and intellectual regeneration." The truth of this remark is illustrated by the readiness with which the ancient Gauls accepted the language of the Romans. It is no doubt true that the language of a nation is the product rather than the cause of their mental qualities. But it is also equally true that the intellectual progress of a nation is mightily influenced by the character of the language which they use, whether they have inherited it from their ancestors or adopted it from another race. "Men," says Bacon, "believe that their reason is lord over their words, but it happens, too, that words exercise a reciprocal and reactionary power over our intellect." Can the language of a people, then, be a matter of indifference to those who have their interests at heart? If it be true that our words exercise a reciprocal and reactionary power over our intellect, it surely is a matter of the greatest importance that they should be exact in their meaning, that they should be capable of dealing with a wide range of subjects, and that they should not be deficient in the power of giving expression to the thoughts of great thinkers. Where qualities like these are wanting in the old language, but are abundantly present in the new, it is no presumption to predict that the former must yield to the latter. Ideas which were incapable of expression in the old language find ready admission by being clothed

in new. In the course of time the new language becomes interwoven with the daily life of the people and instead of being regarded as an intruder becomes as precious to them as it is to those with whom it had its origin.

As an abstract proposition no one will doubt that it is good in every respect for a people that they should speak a common language. The occupations of life are so pressing and the natural indolence of man is so great that it is vain to expect that a large proportion of the population will be able to master two or more languages. So long, however, as different classes speak different languages no community of interest can permanently exist between them. With so many elements of discord existing in our comparatively small and scattered community it would be a real advantage to this country if the antagonism arising from a difference of language could be entirely done away with.

At the present time the question I have been discussing assumes more than ordinary importance. A vague yearning for a closer union of the disjointed fragments of the European population has come over the land. The desire for a confederation of the different States and Colonies of South Africa is gradually gaining ground. With some the idea takes the shape of a dominion under the British Crown, with others that of a confederation of independent states. I am not now going to tread on the delicate and forbidden ground of politics, but this I will say, that whether we are to have a South African dominion under the British flag or a union of independent states under a South African flag, the advantages of a common language will be equally great. What the future will bring forth none of us can tell. Taken at our best, the range of our mental vision is so limited that we oftener than not fail to detect the full operation of all those circumstances which are silently moulding the events of the future. Sudden catastrophes, too, will sometimes upset the most careful calculations. But considerations such as these need not deter us from studying the signs of the times, and bringing our knowledge and experience of the past to bear upon the probabilities of the future. Something is gained if we are thus enabled to prepare and bid others prepare for those coming events whose shadows we see dimly cast before them, and nothing will be lost if our anticipations should not be fully realised. And where it is found as a fact that the current of events is uniformly tending in one and the same direction, it may be our duty to do everything in our power to stem the current, or it may be a wiser course to accept what is inevitable, but it would be sheer folly to close our eyes to the existence of the fact.

Applying these remarks to the question with which I started, I have only to add that all the facts and arguments which I have to-day brought forward appear to me to point to the conclusion that the time is still far distant when the inhabitants of this Colony will speak and acknowledge one common mother-tongue; that it will, however, come at last, and that when it does come the language of Great Britain will also be the language of South Africa.

The Public Library.

THE South African Public Library is deservedly the glory of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope. In its spacious reading-room is treasured up the knowledge acquired by "the poets, the philosophers, the historians of all countries, and of all past ages," which may be consulted and used by any students—whether residents or strangers—who choose to resort to it. The recurring gathering of its supporters and patrons is fittingly made the occasion for the delivery of addresses on various topics of either a literary or scientific character; and from its chair, year after year, there have gone forth discourses which have instructed and stimulated the public mind throughout the whole country in things belonging to intellectual culture. His Honour the Chief Justice, who presided at the anniversary meeting held during the past month, selected a subject of special colonial interest, and as a colonial-born,—the descendant of one of the Huguenot refugee families, who, nearly two centuries ago, contributed a most valuable element to our mixed population,—no one could more appropriately have discussed the question of the "Future language of South Africa." The address—which we give in its entirety in the preceding pages of the Magazine—was philosophical in its tone, valuable in its historical research, and practical in its suggestions and application. For successive generations yet to come, Dutch will be the spoken language of a large portion of our country population, and the utility of a knowledge of it cannot be overlooked by those having intercourse with them. But year by year the use of the English tongue is rapidly and widely spreading, and its practical usefulness is so certain to accelerate its diffusion generally, that it may assuredly be accepted as the language of the future. There is no reason, however, why the different members of our community, sprung as they are from various races, should not cherish their national remembrances as well as their language with mutual respect for each other's feelings, and yet unite in a common patriotism towards the land they live in, and the free institutions which it is now their privilege to enjoy.

The Annual Address is usually the principal business of the day at these anniversary meetings; but on this occasion some important proposals affecting the constitution and management of the Library were submitted. These have elicited, as they deserved, considerable public discussion, and call for a passing notice here.

Since the address delivered by the late Attorney-General Griffiths in 1869, it has been fashionable with a particular coterie to say that the Library does not adequately meet the requirements of the public; that it encourages literature of a comparatively ephemeral kind in preference to really enduring works; that its circulating department should therefore be closed, and no book allowed to be removed from the custody of its officers or the walls of the building; that, in fact, it should be simply a Library for reference, and become

to the Cape what the Library of the British Museum is for England. These views seem now to have obtained favour with a majority of the managers of the Institution, judging from their recent action.

At a special meeting of the Committee of the Public Library, the Trustees of the South African Museum, and the Trustees of the Grey Collection, held on the 28th April, it was unanimously resolved :—
 “ 1. That the Library and Museum building is essentially a public one and belongs to the Government, the Committee of the Library and Trustees of the Museum having the use of the building for the purpose of their respective trusts. 2. That the trust now reposed under Ordinance No. 8 of 1836 in a committee annually elected by the subscribers to the Public Library should be abandoned, and be undertaken by the Government, and be administered on the same principle as the National Library in the British Museum.” These resolutions were apparently agreed to, without dissent, by the gentlemen who constituted the meeting, all of whom save two were elected members of the Public Library Committee. A copy of their proceedings was forwarded to Government, with a request to take such steps thereon as may be thought to be most conducive to the interests of the entire community; and the Committee of the Library having submitted these results in their annual report to the subscribers, the decision of the later will be expressed thereon at a special meeting to be convened for the purpose.

In considering the radical changes which the proposed re-organisation of this most important Institution involves, its past History, and the provisions of the Law at present in force for its management, should not be overlooked.

The nucleus of the Public Library, forming what is entitled the “Dessinian Collection,” was bequeathed by will, in the year 1761, by Mr. Van Dessin, a junior merchant, and Secretary to the Orphan Chamber, during the administration of the Dutch East India Company at the Cape. His collection of books, embracing 4,500 volumes, was given to serve as “the foundation of a Public Library for the advantage of the community.” About sixty years afterwards the Colonial Government adopted measures to make it more directly advantageous, by taking over the collection, and supplementing and increasing its value. As the wine trade was then the principal source of opulence and comfort to the inhabitants, a portion of the public revenue derived from it, as a gauging-tax, was ordered to be set aside to “contribute to the permanent welfare of the rising generation.” The Proclamation of the 20th March, 1818, which enacted this gauging-tax, says that the design of the Government was “to lay the foundation of a system which shall place the means of knowledge within the reach of the youth of this Colony, and bring to them what the most eloquent of ancient writers has considered to be one of the first blessings of life—*home education*.”

The new and promising institution thus established, was first opened to the inhabitants on the 2nd January, 1822, the direction of its affairs

being entrusted to the care of a committee, consisting of the Colonial Secretary, the Chief Justice, the Fiscal or Attorney-General, and the Ministers of the Dutch, Lutheran, and English Establishments. From the Library's own funds a suitable building (now the Supreme Court or Judges' Chambers), was erected for the reception of the Dessinian Collection; but this was very soon appropriated for other purposes. The reform introduced in the administration of justice in the Colony, which provided for a Court of Judges, made it convenient for the Government to take possession of the new building; and on a complaint being made of these things by the Library Committee, that body, with the two Librarians, were dismissed from office! Happy days of despotic rule, to which some would now wish us to revert!

For two years afterwards, the Library property was accommodated in hired premises, in St. George's-street, when a refusal to pay the rent took place by the positive order of the Home Government, and the Institution was about to be closed to the public.*

In 1828 the Government of the Colony repealed the guaging-tax proclamation of 1818, and made known its intention to abandon "all claim, interference, and future pecuniary succour to the Library." A public meeting of the inhabitants was then held early in 1829, at which it was determined that a committee of six should be elected to take over and conduct the Library on the new footing of its being one of circulation as well as of reference, under certain regulations, subsequently confirmed by an Ordinance, which is in substance the law now in force.

From that date, 1829, until 1862, the maintenance and augmentation of the Library depended entirely on the annual subscriptions of individuals, who have thereby acquired the right to use the books as in a library of circulation. During these thirty-three years a total sum of over *ten thousand pounds sterling* was spent on the purchase of new works and additions to the Institution.

In 1860, the commodious, but as yet externally-unfinished building in which the Library and its kindred Institution, the Museum, are housed, was completed, and inaugurated by Prince Alfred. Towards the erection of this, its new home, a capital sum of £2,000 was contributed by the Library, the remainder being granted by the Legislature; and several private individuals—prominent among whom were Mrs. Jamison and Advocate Hiddings—generously gave considerable benefactions, which enabled the committee to complete the internal arrangements of the large reading-room.

On the accession to the Library of Sir George Grey's munificent gift of rare books and manuscripts, the inhabitants of Cape Town

* When the late Librarian, Mr. Jardine, succeeded Mr. Thomas Pringle in 1824, the contents of the Library were presented to his charge and the catalogue was comprised in a single sheet of foolscap. The present excellent Librarian, Mr. Maskew, informs us that now the Library has on its shelves nearly 45,000 volumes in every branch of literature and science.

came forward and liberally subscribed about £1,000 to furnish the room set apart for the reception of the collection in a manner suited to its importance. It was then deemed necessary that so valuable a treasure should have a special custodian. The services of the late lamented Dr. Bleek were available, and his appointment was most suitably recommended, both in consideration of the opportunity it would afford him for carrying on his studies of our native languages, and on account of a claim he had on Government for abolition of office he had held under the High Commissioner. In consideration of this, the Government of the day, in 1862 acceded to the application of the Library Committee,—then made for the first time,—for a grant in aid of the salary of the custodian of the Grey collection and of the general purposes of the Library. This grant, amounting to the sum of £600 per annum was given, until the paroxysm of the “retrenchment fever” reduced it for a couple of years to £400, but the Legislature afterwards properly restored it to the former amount, which is still continued. The total sum thus contributed by Parliament from 1862 until 1875 was £7,800 and during the same period the local subscriptions were £4,700, exclusive of bequests and gifts from several members of the community.

This glance at the history of the Library shows that the citizens of Cape Town have, to a great extent, created and steadily supported what Sir John Herschel, with prescient mind, forty years ago, termed “the bright eye of the Cape of Good Hope;” and to those who have rendered the institution what it is—its benefactors and subscribers—the Cape Colony owes a debt of ceaseless gratitude. For it is almost impossible to realise or estimate the immense amount of good which its treasures have exercised in every direction. The circulation of its books has undoubtedly contributed to raise the tone of thought and feeling and to educate the public mind throughout the whole country, as well as to create a desire for reading and a thirst for the acquisition of knowledge among no inconsiderable portion of the community. These benefits, a majority of the managers of the Library would now propose to curtail. They are of opinion that it ought to be altogether a library of record and reference, like the National Library or British Museum, and handed over to the Government. “That the time is come when it should throw itself more fully upon the generous sympathies of the public and transfer to other hands the work of meeting the requirements of those whose intellectual wants are sufficiently met by the ephemeral literature of fiction.” In other words, that it should no longer be the means of *circulating* books among the public generally, but that it should be kept as a store-house where the very few men of letters, science, and professional pursuits among us may be able to get at a moment’s notice any work they want for *reference*.

It is somewhat remarkable—nevertheless it is a fact—that under the Ordinance of 1836, which at present regulates the administration of the Library, the fullest provision for all practical purposes is made for

the creation and accretion of a permanent library of reference ; and yet no committee of management has, within our recollection for the past twenty years, taken the trouble to avail themselves of the provision, to add one volume to that department. The Ordinance (in the eleventh section) expressly states that " the several books, maps, and other works, which, previous to the passing of the Ordinance, were classed as belonging to the Library of Reference, shall not be put in circulation by any committee under pain of *ipso facto* forfeiting their office." It further states that the committee elected by the subscribers, for the time being, shall have the power of " placing any other books or maps in the said Library of reference, *provisionally*, until the next following meeting of subscribers, who shall, at such meeting, decide whether the same shall be finally placed in the Library of Reference or not ;" and it further adds that " after such decision is come to by the public meeting of subscribers, it shall not be lawful for the committee nor for the subscribers to remove or put in circulation any of the contents of that library of reference ;" but provision is made, however, that the committee shall have the power, " upon application in writing being made to them, to lend out to any individual, on special occasions, under such conditions as they shall see fit, any of the aforesaid works."

These provisions of the present law should surely satisfy the *dilettante*, who wish to have at their disposal any necessary books of reference ; and had they been acted upon instead of ignored by past committees, the officers of the institution would have been able to point out to any visitor what are the standard permanent works set aside for reference, and what are those available for circulation. It is not too late, however, to rectify the oversight and omission which has so long been permitted to pass unnoticed ; and the occasion might serve also for an inquiry and report as to the works still required to fill up the blanks and to augment the collection of those books within which the scientific classification of the day embraces " human knowledge." This once ascertained, an appeal might properly be made to the Legislature for a special grant of the few thousand pounds that might be required to bring up the Library of Reference " to the level of the human mind at this present epoch." And we are satisfied from the awakened energy and interest now shown by Parliament, in all that concerns higher education, that such an appeal would be liberally responded to.

There are other matters connected with the management of the Library, calling for remedy, which the Ordinance we have referred to also provides for ; such as clearing off old rubbish and heaps of damaged worn-out books and periodicals which encumber the compartments and side-rooms of the library. Regulations to meet such cases have only to be passed, and due notice of the same given to the subscribers, to have the effect of law.

On the main question of adopting the proposition of the late committee,—to close the Library against subscribers, and to make it purely

a place of record and reference, leaving its support entirely dependent upon the Government,—the opinion of the public has been pretty clearly expressed, and we hope it will be confirmed by the subscribers themselves, in whose hands the matter rests. Reasons as plentiful as blackberries in the season could be advanced to show why, at present, it is not desirable to stop the circulation of books from the Library. We are not disposed to give much weight to the evident ungallantry of the proposal as it affects the “*Lydia Languish*” of the city and neighbourhood ; but we cannot overlook the advantages of the *home education* which is carried on in our families by means of the supply of healthful instructive books which are now within the reach of every one *for a subscription of twenty shillings per annum*. Nor can we withhold our expression of astonishment that the *close* system should be suggested at a time when public feeling is more and more in favour of the extension of the advantages of the Library among the community, and when the members of the Legislature have almost stipulated that, like similar institutions in the towns of the Colony, it shall be open in the evening, so as to give an opportunity to the numerous and important classes who, being regularly engaged in public or private business during the day, cannot otherwise avail themselves of its use.

To the comparatively few whose sympathies are in favour of the *close* policy, we would repeat the words uttered from the Library Chair, by the Hon. Mr. Porter, now the worthy Chancellor of the Cape of Good Hope University : “ *I cannot, in truth, imagine a greater misfortune for this Colony than the occurrence of any event which should shut the doors of a repository which, by being the library of the public is in fact the library of every man in the community.*”

Scottish Philosophy : Question and Reply.

QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Cape Monthly Magazine.

“PHILOSOPHY is everywhere in Europe fallen into discredit. . . . Every day the conviction gains strength, that philosophy is condemned, by the very nature of its impulses, to wander for ever in one tortuous labyrinth, within whose circumscribed and winding spaces weary seekers are continually finding themselves in the trodden tracks of predecessors, who, they know, could find no exit.”

Thus, G. H. Lewes, in his introduction to his Biographical History of Philosophy. Shall we hail the downfall of Philosophy with delight, or weep over it in secret? Is the discredit into which it is fallen a blessing or an evil? Has philosophy ever been a trustworthy guide, or has it always been a deceptive Will-o'-the-whisp? Such questions we unphilosophical outsiders ask ourselves, when we see philosophers disagreeing among themselves, contradicting each other, differing, not merely on those abstruse questions which we ordinary mortals do not and cannot understand, but in some which lie at the very threshold of the subject, which ought to be the very a b c of Philosophy.

Take, for instance, the article in your December number on Scottish Philosophy. There we had the opinions of Dr. M'Cosh, who made the subject a special study; and I wish to point out how he is contradicted by Buckle, who spent, I believe, fifteen years in preparing his great work on the History of Civilization. On page 381 of the *Cape Monthly*, Dr. M'Cosh is made to answer the question:—What are the merits of Scottish philosophy, and what legacy has it left to posterity? And what is his answer? "It proceeds on the *inductive* method. . . . Former inquiries, with few exceptions, were conducted in the dogmatic, analytic,* or *deductive* method. *The Scottish philosophy avowedly and knowingly followed the mode of procedure as adopted by Bacon.*" Be it remembered that this answer is given after the philosophy of Reid has been treated of at length.

Now what does Buckle say? He takes great pains to make it plain, and to let us distinctly understand that the Scottish policy is *deductive*, Reid's among the rest. In fact his whole argument rests on this, he relies on it to show why that philosophy did not influence the masses. This will appear to any one who reads the fifth chapter in the third volume. For instance, page 289. "The inductive method exercised no influence over them (the Scottish philosophers). This most curious fact is the key to the history of Scotland in the 18th century." Page 291. All the great thinkers (of Scotland) belonged to the former (deductive) division." And speaking of Reid, he says, page 355, "But it is one of the most curious things in the history of metaphysics, that Reid, after impeaching the method of Hume, follows the very same method himself. When he is attacking the philosophy of Hume, he holds deduction to be wrong. When he is raising his own philosophy he holds it to be right." Page 360. "But what is quite certain is that nothing can be more absurd than to suppose, as some have done, that he (Reid) adopted the inductive or as it is popularly called, Baconian method. Bacon, indeed, would have smiled at such a disciple, &c."

But enough. Now what are we to believe? This is no question about the "Hegelean or Fichtean fog from the German ocean," but simply one about the "Scotch mist" of the "common sense" Reid.

Who shall be our guide in this labyrinth? Is there any use traversing it? May there not be more truth than we like to admit in the Scotch blacksmith's definition of metaphysics. "Metapheesiks," says he, "is just twa folk disputing, one doesna ken what the other wants to say, and the other doesna ken himself."

GAMMA.

* Are analytic and deductive synonymous? Ought it not rather to be synthetic or deductive. See "Buckle," vol. III, p 289, 11th and 12th lines.

REPLY.

The object of "Gamma" seems to be to throw discredit on the study of philosophy. He finds "philosophers disagreeing among themselves, contradicting each other, differing not merely on those abstruse questions, which we ordinary mortals do not and cannot understand, but in some, which lie at the very threshold of the subject, which ought to be the very a b c of philosophy." This sweeping assertion is founded on the mere *ipse dixit* of G. H. Lewes, a disciple of Comte, who considered Herbert Spencer as the only philosopher capable of "organizing into a harmonious doctrine all the highest generalizations of science, by the application of the positive method," and who, therefore, hails with delight the displacement of metaphysics, except where it is required to support some tottering theory of the "Philosophie Positive." It might easily be shown how those who have declared war on metaphysics have borrowed their weapons from its armoury; how even Spencer is indebted to the Scottish philosophy, in laying down the "First Principles of a New Philosophy;" but I do not consider it necessary to enter upon that question here. In the great "struggle for existence," which every department of knowledge is undergoing, it would be strange indeed, if philosophy should be allowed to stand aloof. What the outcome of this struggle will be, no one can venture to predict; truth cannot suffer by it, for truth is eternal. Error may prevail for a time; but men will rise on the stepping-stones of error to higher things, and the "end of a thing is better than the beginning thereof." That department of knowledge, which occupies itself with the study of mind, can never be neglected. If "on earth there is nothing great but man, in man there is nothing great but mind;" to study man is to study mind, and to study mind is to study philosophy. If "Gamma" is ready to throw philosophy overboard, he must be prepared to sacrifice every other science; the struggle is as severe in other departments of knowledge.*

There are and have been weary seekers after truth, who "for ever wander in one tortuous labyrinth," who nowhere find "rest for the sole of their feet," who despair of everything, who, like Mathew Arnold, are ready to exclaim:—

"Your creeds are dead, your rights are dead.
Your social order too:
Where tarries He the Power who said,
See, I make all things new."

But even these cannot long remain in doubt, for universal scepticism is not only an unsafe but an unsatisfactory standpoint.

* Had Goethe lived in our day, he could not have better described the weariness which characterises every kind of intellectual research just now, than he did in 'Faust.' Many who have wandered away in quest of "pastures new," have become more hopelessly entangled than before. If philosophy is to suffer, then all science must suffer. Faust, living in our day, would have more right to exclaim:—

Habe nun ach! Philosophie,
Juristerei und Medicin,
Und leider! auch Theologie
Durchaus studirt mit heissem Bemüh'n,
Da steh' ich nun, ich armer Thor!
Un bin so klug als wie zuvor.

To prove that philosophers disagree among themselves, and that philosophy is "an unsafe guide and deceptive will-o'-the-whisp," "Gamma" quotes Buckle's criticism of Reid to the effect that the Scottish school does not proceed on the *inductive*, or Baconian method. Buckle's words are as follows :—"What is quite certain is, that nothing can be more absurd than to suppose, as some have done, that he (Reid) adopted the inductive, or, as is commonly called, the Baconian method ; Bacon indeed would have smiled at such a disciple." Buckle, in spite of his ponderous learning, and display of learning, is in many respects, an untrustworthy guide. It will be therefore necessary to bring this assertion to the test of fact.

Was the Scottish school inductive or deductive as to its method ? By the *inductive* method, we of course understand that, which is based on observation, and works upwards by a gradual generalization to arrive at laws ; beginning with facts, analysing those facts in their various complexities, and again grouping them so as to lay down principles. The *deductive* method is the very opposite. It takes for granted certain principles and works downwards, trying to explain phenomena by the principles thus assumed. The mode of procedure recommended by Bacon is the former, and not the latter. The ante-Baconian method had not been that of induction. In the east, in Greece and Rome, in scholastic times, men looked at the phenomena of nature merely as furnishing a starting point to their theories, or a corroboration of them ; they laid down their laws, explained phenomena by assumed principles, twisted and tortured facts to support tottering theories and baseless hypotheses. With Bacon came the reaction ; he swept away that host of crude assumptions with which the physical sciences were encumbered, and instituted the method of observation and induction, instead of the old dogmatic and deductive plan. His method he considered applicable to all the sciences. "Does any one doubt," says he "whether we speak merely of natural philosophy or other sciences also, such as logics, ethics, politics, as about to be perfected by our method ? We certainly understand all these things which have been referred to ; and like as the vulgar logic, which regulates things by the syllogism, pertains not to the material but to all sciences, so ours, which proceeds by induction, embraces them all. For thus we would form a history and tables concerning anger, fear, modesty, and the like, as also examples of civil affairs, not omitting the mental emotions of memory, composition, division, judgment, and the rest, just as we form such of heat and cold, of light, of vegetation, and such like." The employment of Bacon's method in philosophical investigation was for ages slow, and uncertain. Des Cartes, Hobbes, and Locke felt its influence, but never fully. It remained for the Scottish school to adopt the inductive method, and to follow it systematically in psychological investigation. Hutcheson and Turnbull, Reid and Stewart, have persistently maintained, that the mind is to be studied exclusively by the method of observation, and to them is due the honour of employing it in all their investigations. How then did they apply Bacon's method ? They differ from Bacon as to the *instrument* employed ; they agree as to the *method*. Bacon, as we have seen, considered as the agency of observation "the history and tables concerning anger, fear, modesty, the mental emotions of memory, composition, division, judgment, and the rest." The Scottish philosophers employed *consciousness* as their agent. They began by observing the mind itself, followed it in all its workings, analysed the various complexities of mental

distinction, and thus attempted to give a complete map of the human mind. Whether they failed in this is a different question; whether the results arrived at are valuable and lasting, may give rise to a serious doubt. But we have here to do only with their *method*; and that was strictly Baconian.

To illustrate this, let us hear what Dr. M'Cosh says of Hutcheson:—"Hutcheson has nowhere very fully or formally explained the method on which he proceeds. But he everywhere *appeals to facts*; he brings all theories *to the test of the actual operations* of the human mind as disclosed to consciousness (a word frequently employed by him); *he sets no value on speculations built up in any other way*; and he everywhere speaks doubtfully or disparagingly of the logical distinctions and verbal subtleties of the schoolmen, and of the rational deductions of Des Cartes and Samuel Clarke. Proceeding on the method of observation, he discovers certain cognitive powers, which he calls, perhaps unhappily, senses which have a place in our very nature and constitution, and operate independent of any notice we take of them." Hutcheson's method, therefore, was Baconian; and Hutcheson may be regarded as the founder of the school.

A careful analysis of Reid's "Inquiry" leads to the same result. Reid tells us that he once believed the Berkeleian theory of ideas, and adopted the whole system, until he was roused into activity on discovering the consequences to which that theory had been driven by Hume. In opposition to the latter, he began by making a careful inquiry into the nature of the senses as inlets of knowledge; and this is one of the great excellencies of his philosophical system, as compared with that of his predecessors. "He goes over the senses one by one, beginning with the simpler, smelling and tasting; and going on to the more complex, hearing, touch, and seeing. Under smelling, he announces a number of general principles applicable to all the senses, as in regard to sensation considered absolutely, and the nature of judgment and belief. Under hearing, he speaks of natural language; and under touch, of natural signs and primary qualities. He dilates at greatest length on sight: discussing such topics as colour, visible figure, extension, the parallel motion of the eyes, squinting and Berkeley's theory of vision. He treats them physiologically, so far as physiology could then carry him; but he treats them also, which so many later German and British psychologists do not, in the light of the revelations of consciousness." Reid, therefore, closely followed the inductive method; and Reid is no exception.

Thus adopting the Baconian plan, analyzing the human mind by the observations of consciousness, the Scottish philosophy reaches certain laws or principles, which are prior to and independent of experience. And here, as in all induction, the analytic and synthetic processes touch and overlap. It may perhaps be better again to hear Dr. M'Cosh, where he discusses this point very fully:—"This is another grand characteristic of the school distinguishing it from empiricism and sensationalism, on the one hand; and from dogmatism and *a priori* speculations of all ages and countries, on the other hand. It agrees with the former in holding *that we can construct a science of mind only by observation*, and out of the facts of experience; but then, it separates from them, inasmuch as it resolutely maintains, that we can discover principles which are not the product of observation and experience, and which are in the very constitution of the mind. These are somewhat differently apprehended and described by

the masters of the school, some taking a deeper, others a more superficial view of them. Hutcheson calls them "senses," and finds them in the very constitution of the mind. Reid designates them "principles of common sense," and represents them as being natural, original, and necessary. . . . But whatever minor or major differences there may be in the fulness of their exposition, or in the favourite views which they individually prefer, all who are of the Scottish school agree in maintaining, that these are laws, principles, or powers in the mind, anterior to any reflex observation of them, and acting independently of the philosopher's classification or explanation of them. While the Scotch school thus far agrees with the rational and *a priori* systems, it differs from them most essentially, in refusing to admit any philosophic maxims except such laws or principles as can be shown by self inspection to be in the very constitution of the mind." We thus see how the Scottish school, employing consciousness as their agent of observation, reached certain principles, rejecting every other philosophical maxim which is not the result of that self inspection. This Mr. Buckle has entirely overlooked. He makes it appear that Reid laid down in the most arbitrary fashion, certain assumed first principles, multiplying them indefinitely as it suits his fancy or purpose; entirely forgetting, that these very principles, though prior to, and independent of experience, are proved "by self-inspection to be in the very constitution of the mind." Reid's is no *a priori* system, based on assumptions, which may or may not be true; but a careful review of mental processes, and application of first principles reached in this mental analysis. The Scottish school must be studied as a whole. A few extracts here and there, taken promiscuously, apart from the context, and without regard to the whole philosophic system, might be made to prove almost anything. "But," says Dr. M'Cosh, "Mr. Buckle was never able to understand the difference between the method of *deduction* on the one hand, and the method of *induction with consciousness as the agent* on the other; the former derives consequences by reasoning from principles, the latter reaches principles by internal observation." This is the fundamental error of Buckle's criticism of the Scottish philosophy. To charge Reid, therefore, with an *anticipatio naturæ*, as though he "trusted to the spontaneous and uncorrected conclusions of the human mind," and as "refusing to analyse preconceived notions," is not in accordance with fact. "That Mr. Buckle's whole notions on this subject," adds Dr. M'Cosh, "were confused, is evident from the circumstance that he represents women as proceeding (like Scotchmen) by deduction!"*

We have already given a short analysis of Reid's "Inquiry" to show that his method is purely inductive. It may throw some additional light on the subject, were we to hear Reid himself. In the introduction to the above-mentioned work, he explains his method very carefully, and insists on the Baconian plan being adopted, not only in the physical sciences, but also in mental philosophy. "Wise men," he says "now agree, or ought to agree, in this, that there is but one way to the knowledge of

* Mr. Buckle's confusion of terms is still more apparent from the fact, that he considers inductive and analytic as synonymous, and contrasts with them deductive and synthetic. The inductive method combines the analytic and synthetic; but is in reality a synthetic process. See Hamilton's "Metaphysics," vol. I., pp. 101 and 102. Also "Discussions," p. 173.

nature's works—the way of observation and experiment. . . . All our curious theories of the formation of the earth, of the generation of animals, of the origin of natural and moral evil, so far as they go beyond a just induction from fact, are vanity and folly. Perhaps the philosophy of the mind hath been no less adulterated by theories, than that of the material system. . . . All that we know of the body is owing to anatomical dissection and observation, and it must be by an *anatomy of the mind that we can discover its powers and principles.*” To discover these powers and principles, by a careful analysis of mental operations, is the object which Reid set before himself, and to a certain extent successfully carried out. His method therefore must be, from his own saying, *a purely inductive one.*

That Reid's whole system is one of observation, is considered by his French disciples, Jouffroy and Cousin, to be one of the great benefits conferred by him on students of mental science. In his “*Oeuvres Complètes de Thomas Reid*,” the former says in the preface :—“If there be a service, and indeed an eminent service, which the Scotch have rendered to philosophy, it is surely that of having established once for all, that it is *a science of observation, a science of facts*, a science which has the human spirit for its object and the internal sense for its instrument, and of which the result ought to be the determination of the laws of the mind, as that of the physical sciences ought to be the determination of the laws of matter.” Cousin, the brilliant French eclectic, another disciple of Reid, speaks as follows :—“His (Reid's) mission was to *proclaim the application of the experimental method* to the philosophy of the human mind, on the ruins of the hypotheses which had issued from the Cartesian school ; this mission he has completely fulfilled, for he has purged philosophy one after another, of the theory of ideas, of the desolating scepticisms of Hume, of the idealism of Berkeley, of the demonstrations of Des Cartes ; he has thus made a *tabula rasa*. . . . To distinguish philosophy from the sciences, which have nature for their object, he defines it—*the science of the human mind* ; he thus considers philosophy as a science no less special than the others, which is only discriminated from them by the nature of its object, and which, moreover, has with them the same method and the same end. The same method : for, *like the natural sciences it observes* ; only the facts which it observes are immaterial. The same end : *for it proposes the discovery of laws*, like the sciences of nature ; the only difference being in the nature of these laws.”

These testimonies speak for themselves. They might be multiplied. They prove that Dr. M'Cosh is right, and that Mr. Buckle is wrong. For they are the testimonies of men, who have carefully studied the whole system. The influence of the Scottish philosophy was felt far and wide, and it is a significant fact that Herbert Spencer, in laying down some of his “*First Principles*,” had to fall back on Hamilton's Theory of the Unconditioned to prove the relativity of human knowledge. In the face of such testimonies I must leave “*Gamma*” to judge of the trustworthiness of Mr. Buckle. A calm and judicious study of Reid and Stewart and Hamilton, along with Dr. M'Cosh's luminous exposition, will clear away much that now seems contradictory. No “*Scotch mist*” will cast a gloom over the landscape ; the stirring pages of Hamilton, the rounded periods of Stewart, the clear limpid sentences of Reid, are an intellectual treat.

Perhaps "Gamma," after such study, might be led to subscribe the rap-turous words of Lord Cockburn :—"His (Stewart's) lectures were to me like the opening of the heavens. I felt that I had a soul. His noble views, unfolded in glorious sentences, elevated me into a higher world."

Or, if still drearily sceptical of the benefits of philosophical study, let "Gamma" re-examine his grounds for condemnation, and meanwhile ponder the following sentences from Reid :—

"If, therefore, a man find himself entangled in metaphysical toils, and can find no other way to escape, let him bravely cut the knot which he cannot loose, curse metaphysic, and dissuade every man from meddling with it; for, if I have been led into bogs and quagmires by following an *ignis fatuus*, what can I do better than to warn others to beware of it? If philosophy contradicts herself, befools her votaries, and deprives them of every object worthy to be possessed or enjoyed, let her be sent back to the infernal regions from which she must have had her original.

"But is it absolutely certain that this fair lady is of the party? Is it not possible she may have been misrepresented? Have not men of genius in former ages often made their own dreams to pass for her oracles? *Ought she then to be condemned without further hearing? This would be unreasonable.* I have found her in all other matters an agreeable companion, a faithful counsellor, a friend to common sense, and to the happiness of mankind. This justly entitles her to my correspondence and confidence, *till I find infallible proofs of her infidelity.*"

J. J. MARAIS.

Hanover, March, 1876.

Love.

"Could love for ever flow like a river."—Lord Byron.

I.

Love is a river—

Threadlike first wending,

Scarcely descried

Through mazes unending

Soon doth it wide;

Its waters extending

Bear on its tide

Navies and argosies floating in pride;

So Love invading

Our natures by stealth,

By its flow aiding

Exchange of heart's wealth,

Though such sweet trading

May give the soul health,

And from self's bonds deliver.

I I.

Love is a river—
 Maiden so fair
 At the detection
 Blushing ; scarce dare
 See her reflection
 Shine mirrored where
 Her swain's affection
 Serves as the glass that may shew her perfection ;
 Just as the clear
 Pellucid stream
 Unsullied,—pure,—
 Shows the mild beam
 Of Luna's pale sphere
 With tremulous gleam
 On its rippling waves quiver.

I I I.

Love is a river ;
 In torrents now rushing
 'Midst rocks see it pour
 The drooping boughs brushing
 Aside, which hang o'er ;
 Boulder-barriers crushing
 To sand, with deep roar
 It reverberates, shaking the banks on its shore ;
 So may Love also reign
 With such furious might ;
 So the mastery gain,
 So blind Reason's keen sight
 That its object t' attain
 'Twill all obstacles slight
 Or with Titan strength shiver.

I V.

Love is a river
 From rocky cliff, from wild ravine
 To moorland, marsh, or fen ;
 From water-meadow's vivid green
 To sterile salt sand-plain ;
 Through waving corn-fields yellow sheen ;
 Through shady woodland glen
 Impelled by unseen force its progress never to restrain ;
 Thus man's affection we see range
 O'er objects no less fair,
 In unrest, ever seek for change,
 For old loves cease to care,
 Attracted by the new and strange
 Prey to Hope, Joy, Despair—
 Alas ! constant never !

V.

Love is a river,
 Ah ! should you bid some gentle maiden dear—
 Whom you think fond and faithful—sad adieu !
 No doubt, as you kiss off the farewell tear
 She'll ever to her whispered vows be true,
 Since when you find naught but a silence drear,
 Nor that she ever really cared for you,
 In earnest can believe, nor hope those sweet hours to renew,—
 Still loving her, forgiving her faithless,
 Your hapless passion will you sadly deem
 Like joyous stream born in an oasis—
 Shrubs, trees, fair flow'rs reflected in the stream
 Only to flow through arid wilderness
 'Neath sands to sink, far off from ocean's gleam,
 In vain endeavour.

VI.

Love is a river
 It rises pure, cold, stainless, amidst youth's virgin snows
 But from these "heaven-kissing" hills descendeth
 Alas, too soon, too often ! and as it downward flows
 With lust-soiled currents its clear waters blendeth,
 And manhood's fierce desire, in headlong torrent, shows
 The wildest passion-whirls—but not thus endeth,
 And God be thanked, who in our after years peace tranquil
 sendeth ;
 Affection then flows deeper, more strongly than of yore
 But slower, calmer and more placidly ;
 And happy is that man, who, his life course nearly o'er
 Thus travels onward to eternity—
 Leaving the stream of human love, with its contracted
 shore,
 For our Almighty Father's boundless sea
 Of love for ever.

CEPI.

Notes of the Month.

MR. JUTA has now in preparation for publication some works of Colonial interest. One is a new (fourth) edition of Tennant's admirable "Notaries' Manual," edited by H. Tennant, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Another is a volume on "The Colonies and States of South Africa," which will form a complete hand-book and guide to the present condition and resources of the Cape Colony, Kafirland, Natal, the Diamond-fields, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal Republic.

* "New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,—Hamlet, Act III., scene 4.

The Cape Legislature, some time ago, suggested the employment of some person of scientific knowledge and experience to investigate the causes of the various diseases which prevail among sheep and cattle in the Cape Colony, with a view to the prevention and cure of such diseases; and we are glad to learn that Government has now found a fit and qualified person in Mr. W. C. Branford, professor of veterinary medicine and surgery in the "Dick" Veterinary College, Edinburgh.

The Rev. James Read, pastor of the Independent Church, Stockenström, in connection with the London Missionary Society, has sent a communication bearing upon an incident mentioned in the "Fragment of Frontier History—Hairbreadth Escapes," which appeared in the April number of this Magazine. Mr. Read conceives that the reference therein to his presence at the meeting of insurgents at Blinkwater, conveys the impression that he was mixed up with them, whereas he was "sent by the Government to remonstrate with the misguided men." Our reading of the passage mentioned did not leave any such impression, and we believe nothing could have been further from the mind of the writer than to have conveyed it. Mr. Read may rest assured that history will bear record of the loyalty, zeal, and Christian feeling evinced by the ministers of religion in the Kat River Settlement, in endeavouring to induce the misguided insurgent bands to return to their allegiance, in 1851.

Lieut. Cameron, as might have been expected, met with an enthusiastic reception on his return to England from his journey across the Continent of Africa. The Geographical Society awarded him its principal gold medal of the year, the "Blue Riband of Scientific Geography;" and the Duke of Edinburgh, who presided at the welcome meeting, introduced him as an honoured member of the gallant naval profession to which he belongs. A narrative of his explorations is in the press, and will shortly be published. It promises to be as interesting as Livingstone's first work, and to confirm the truth of the old writers who said that "Africa is always producing something new."

It is stated that the Committee of the German African Society has decided upon making another attempt to explore Central Africa from the West Coast, under the direction of Mr. Mohr, the traveller and author of "To the Falls of the Zambezi." St. Paul de Loando is to be the starting point for operations.

The death of Mr. Frederick Green, the South African traveller and elephant hunter, is announced in the Cape press. The intelligence will be received with very deep regret by all who knew him. For nearly twenty years past he has been engaged in exploration and sport in Damaraland and Ovampoland; and the adventures and perils undergone by him at his various expeditions would furnish a thrilling narrative of "wild life" in that part of South Africa. In 1865, he explored northwards from Damaraland to the Cunene River, on the border of the Portuguese territory, and his descriptions of the river and country, which for years before had been enveloped in mystery, excited much interest. Mr. Green was a most accurate observer and graphic writer; but was too modest respecting himself and his work. It is chiefly from the testimony of his fellow-travellers, such as the late Charles J. Anderson and his hunting companions, many of whom still survive, that we know of his courageous, resolute, and chivalrous character. Numerous interesting incidents might be recorded illustrative of his genial good nature as a man, and his true and brave spirit as an explorer.









